

AUGUST, 1907

FIFTEEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED

BY

Joe Mitchell Chapple



THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., BOSTON, U. S. A.

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THE AMERICAN
CONSTITUTION
ADOPTED 1789

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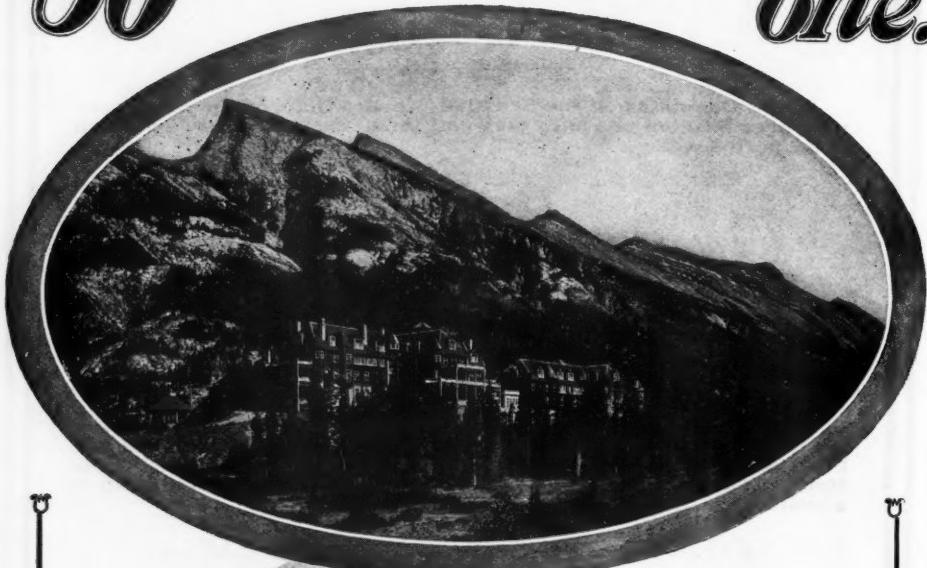
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI.

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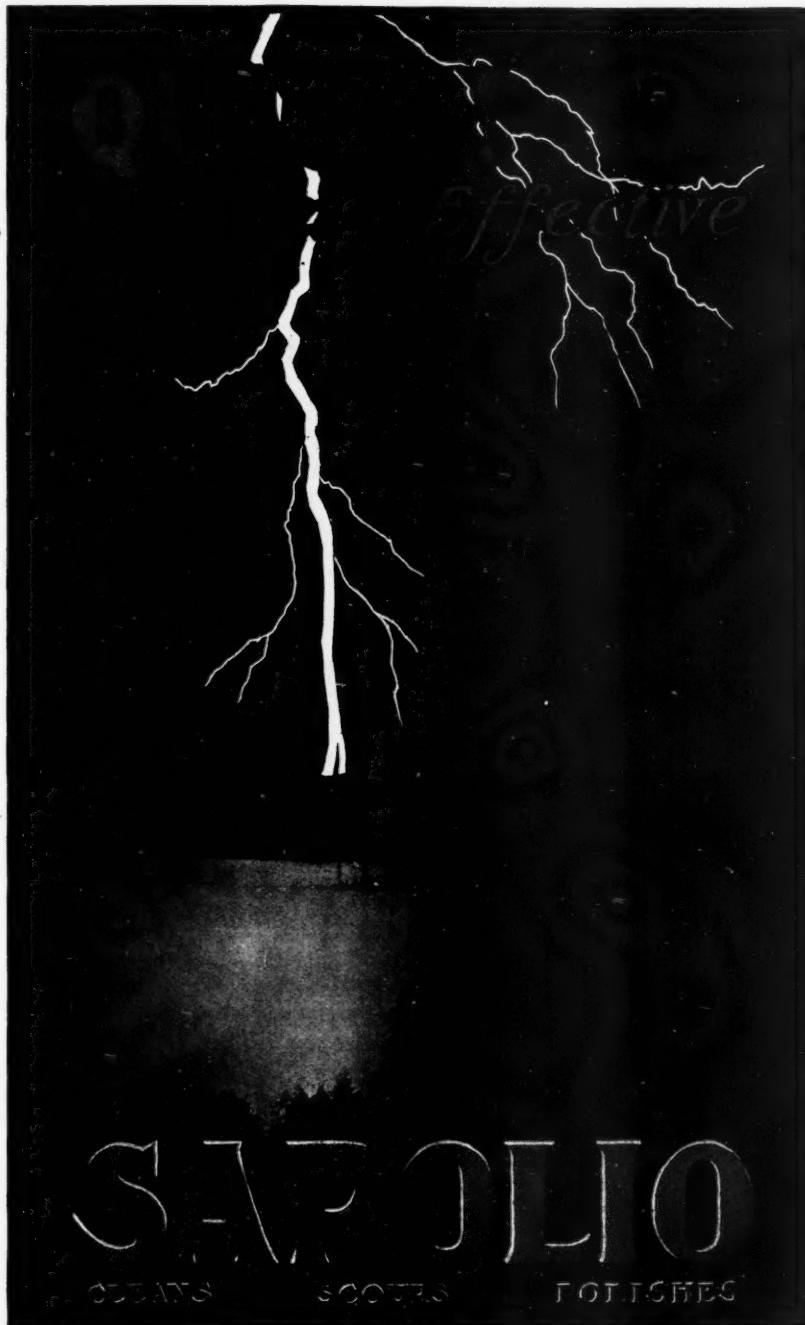
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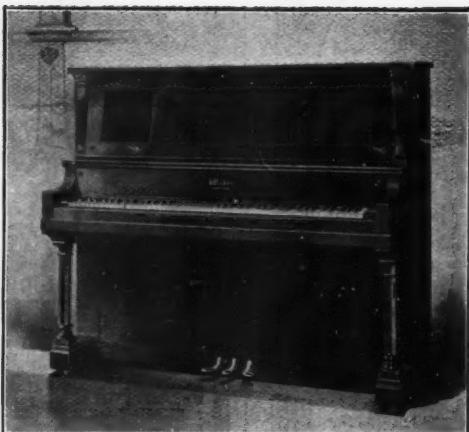
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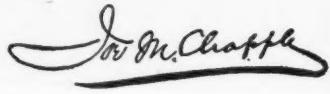
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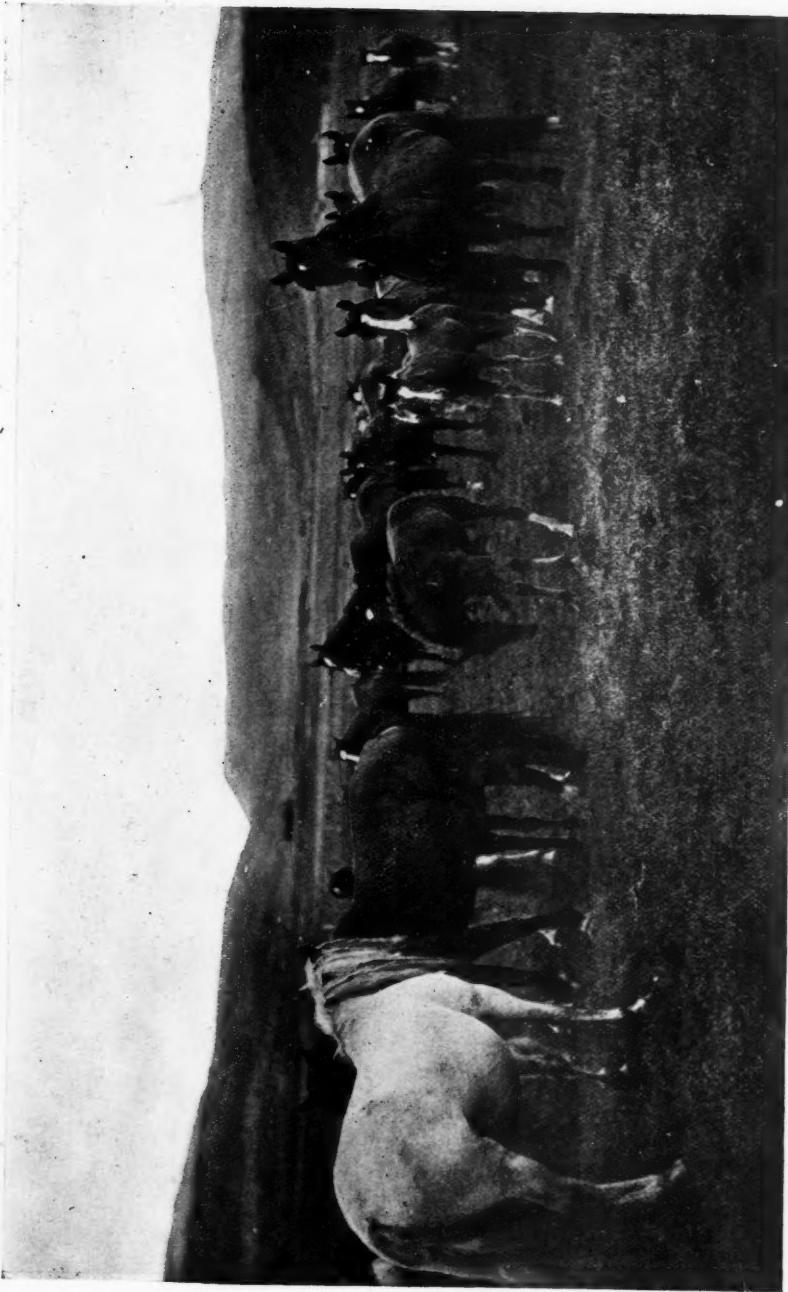
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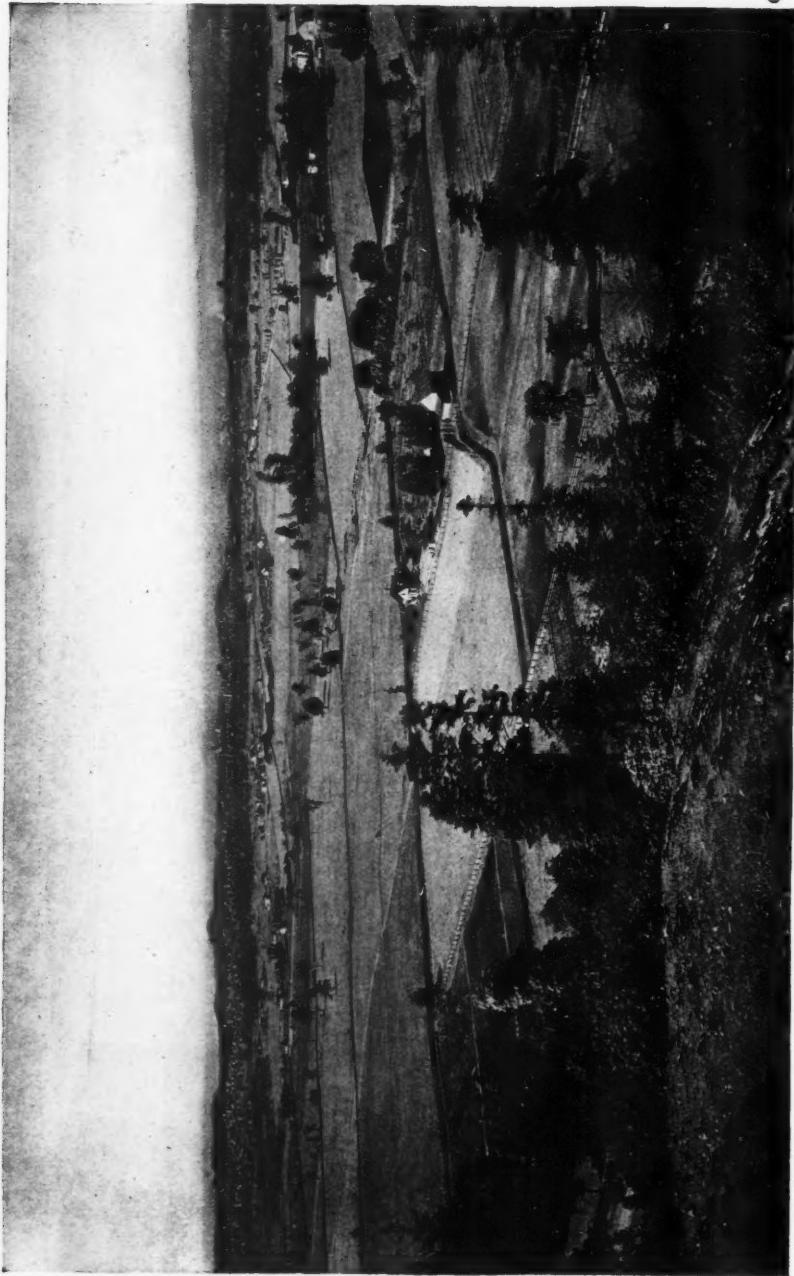
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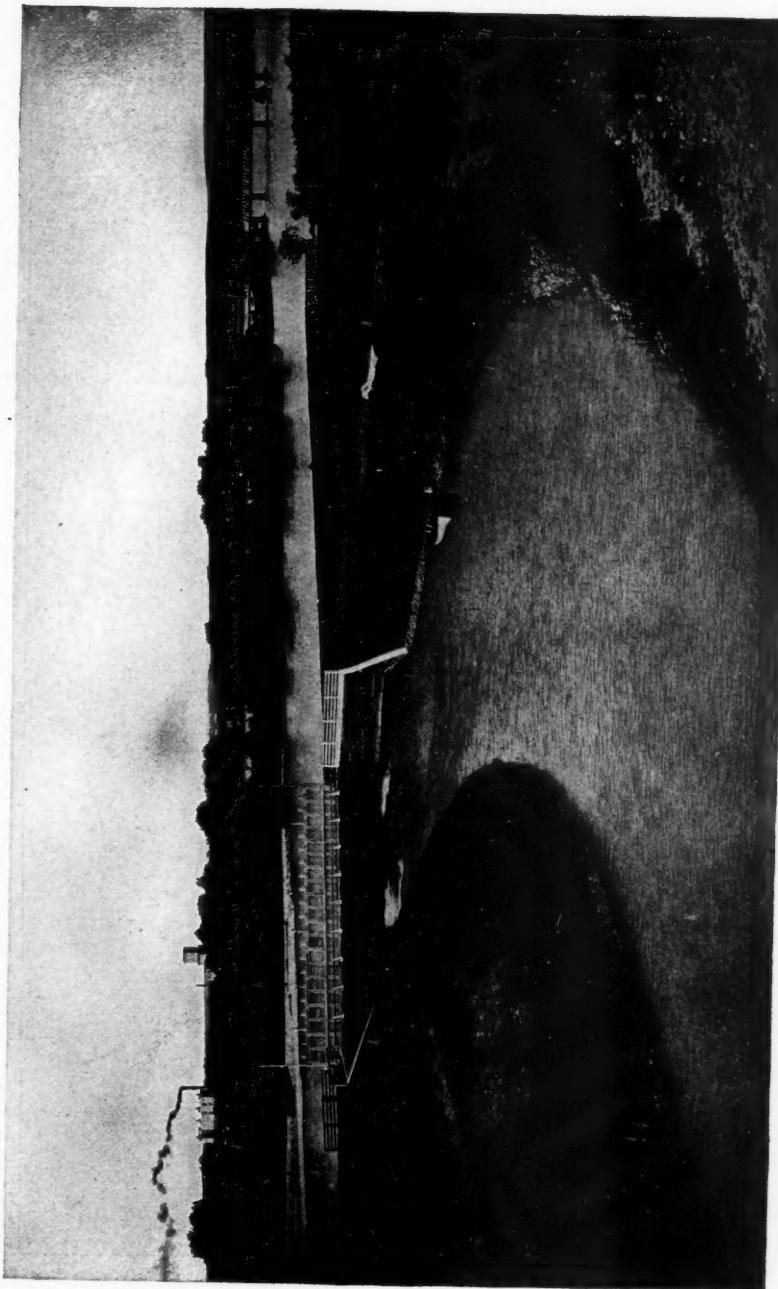


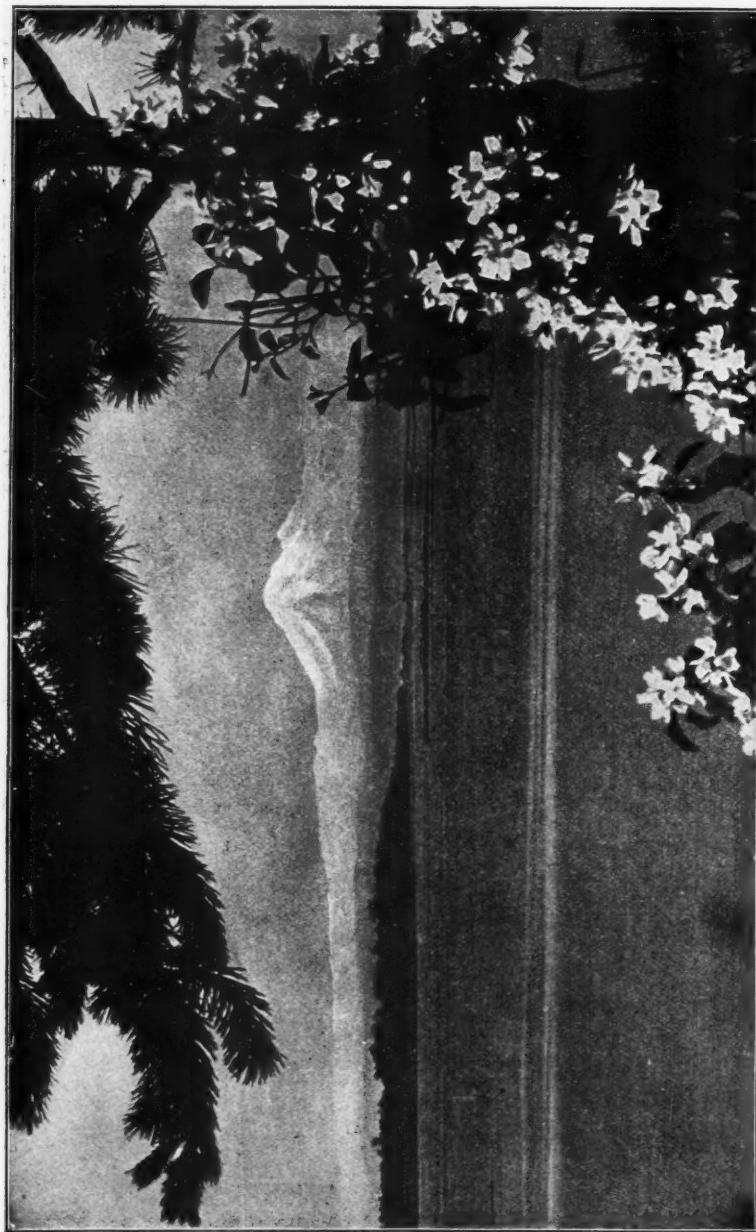
"THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD A VALLEY SO SWEET"—A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL COLUMBIA



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A GLIMPSE THROUGH FLORAL BOWERS UPON THE BEAUTIES OF MT. BAKER FROM VICTORIA

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI

AUGUST, 1907

NUMBER FIVE



LIMP and damp are the dog days in Washington. It was a wise forethought of our forefathers that congressional sessions were not planned for August. Changing linen five times in one day, mopping moisture assiduously from the face every two seconds,—this is braving the climate in Washington during dog days. An army of clerks and other government officials remain at their posts the whole year around, with the exception of the liberal breathing-spell allowed them by way of annual vacation—thirty days regular, and thirty days sick leave.

The buzzing honey bees around the executive mansion had no presidential candidatorial stories to tell on that hot day, but tourist bands from the exposition insisted upon looking "at the place" where the President transacts business. The stuffy air of the corridors in the Capitol and the sizzling pavements—on which an urchin remarked that "you could fry eggs"—did not deter these much-enduring sight-seers.

Postmaster-General George von L. Meyer was at his desk, having come from Boston to keep his hand on the lever of the great Post-office Department. Senator Lodge stuck manfully by his post until the sultry days of July. Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, was busy organizing new ways of doing things in the old gray stone building at the head of the avenue. A few stray congressmen came in now and then, to make plans for the winter, but the whole routine of governmental work is reduced to the least possible effort during the summer months.

A TRIP to Washington cannot be mentioned these days without thinking also of seeing the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition. Now that the Government Pier is actually completed, the Exposition certainly promises an attractive spot for the summer holiday tour or an early autumn vacation.

Georgia Day was the last strenuous effort of President Roosevelt before going to Sagamore Hill. The platform arrangements this time did not necessitate his mounting the table, as on the opening day. The President seemed to feel very much at home in speaking from the reviewing stand to the people of his mother's native state. It was a touching personal tribute that he paid to her kith and kin. This, with the review of the parade and addresses in the afternoon to the National Editorial Association, made up one of the busiest days of the season for the President. His words had a touch of the baccalaureate. His personal peculiarities, just as in private conversation—for instance the breaking of his voice when a humorous allusion is about to be made—indicated that day the sense of humor and close colloquial relations he enjoys with his auditors as well as the people at large.

* * *

THERE was a nor'easter next day—a real twister, too. The storm was splendid in its fury, as it lashed the pier at Old Point Comfort and swept the sands on Sewall's Point. From a window of the Inside Inn, we gazed out on the storm; a sharp contrast from the scene of the previous holi-

day. Scarcely a soul was stirring in the driving, chill rain outside. Thirty-four large war-ships could be seen, lying like giants at anchor, facing the wind unpertrubed. It was on that sad night that eleven naval cadets lost their lives while returning from the festivities of the ball room to the battleship Minnesota. This week was enlivened by the West Pointers, who encamped on the Exposition grounds. How soldierly they bore themselves as they passed in parade,



W. W. FINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

in their smart gray clothes and jaunty tall caps, recalling the military style of the Mexican war. There is something in the uniform swing of hand and foot, their elastic step and keen swift glances of the eye which shows what the drill and training of West Point does for its cadets. A foreign visitor remarked that, of all the sights he had witnessed in America, during a three months' tour, none was more interesting than the West Pointers' drill. It is something different from the automaton movements of the perfected regular troops. The fascination of the freedom and vivacity of youth is what charms you as you look upon the soldiers and realize that

each has an officer's commission awaiting him. No wonder that the lassies and elderly ladies alike seemed very partial to the lads trained on the banks of the Hudson, and that brass buttons were prized as souvenirs.

* * *

THE military parades were called "Uncle Sam's circus," they certainly furnish a better idea of the army and West Point cadets, naval cadets and artillery, coast defence, cavalry, infantry, militia and military schools than can be gained in any other way; for every branch of the service was represented on the spacious area of the Lee Parade Ground.

When the sea-fighters of the foreign vessels swung by they were given a hearty ovation, and as the procession passed the grand stand, the flags dipped in salute and the officers there rose to their feet and bared their heads.

There must be some disappointment in every exposition, to old habitues, who contrast the present one with some other; not finding equal charms in all; but no one visiting Jamestown Exposition can fail to observe that thousands who are there are evidently seeing an exposition for the first time, and experiencing the full strength of new impressions impossible to the *blase* exposition goer—unfortunately these persons are not the people who give voice to their impressions.

The scene from the Government Pier at night, when the illuminations are at their best, is unrivaled. The harbor presents a magnificent appearance, with the vessels outlined in electric lights, this scene alone worth going thousands of miles to witness.

* * *

THE National Editorial Association had a notable meeting at the Exposition. The addresses by Jacob A. Riis, John Temple Graves, Governor Glenn, the Hon. Crosby H. Noyes and many other well-known speakers made a feast of discussion. These addresses, fraught with eloquence, were delivered on a cold, rainy day which drove nearly everybody indoors;—listening to the inspiring words of these speeches, one was convinced that the "sun was still shining." A real optimist—one who sparkles and sheds forth lustre with every gesture, and in each sentence—is Jacob Riis, the be-



MRS. W. L. JONES, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN JONES FROM THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

loved friend of Roosevelt,—and everyone else who knows him. The address of President Finlay of the Southern Railroad, to the editors, indicated a tendency in editors and railroad men to get together for a better understanding of conditions. President Finlay told his story in a plain, straightforward manner—calm and dispassionate—and was well received. On the other hand, the editors insisted that the railroads should elimin-

Roosevelt will not allow his name to be considered for re-nomination, there seems to be a fair prospect for many "starters."

What we want is an expression of opinion from the readers of the National as to who is their favorite candidate for president. If possible, write us about 200 words, telling why you have selected your particular candidate, and what your reasons are for thinking that he should be nominated.

Modern politics are too often managed on the old haphazard plan of drawing lots; but a careful consideration should be given to determination of one's choice. If it is made in good faith, it will not readily be changed, and each individual will aid in forming public opinion along rational lines. Your honest expression of opinion on this subject is desired. With such information gathered from every part of the country, a clearer idea of the general situation may be obtained, and there will be a possibility of understanding the real preferences of the people.

There has never been a time in the history of the country when the choice of a president was of more importance than now; it is imperative that the right man be chosen. We have passed through, and are passing through, a revolutionary period, and students of history look upon the campaign of 1908 as one of critical importance in the history of the nation. Exercise the rights of free men and women as readers of the

National, and let us know your personal preferences on this subject.

* * *

THE great international event of the month was Mark Twain's visit to Oxford, where he received an L.L.D. degree and cavorted with the real red royalty, while we on this side of the water stood agape, scarcely recognizing our democratic humorist clad in angelic white.

Dear old Uncle Mark. I did not know, when I saw him at Norfolk, only so recently,

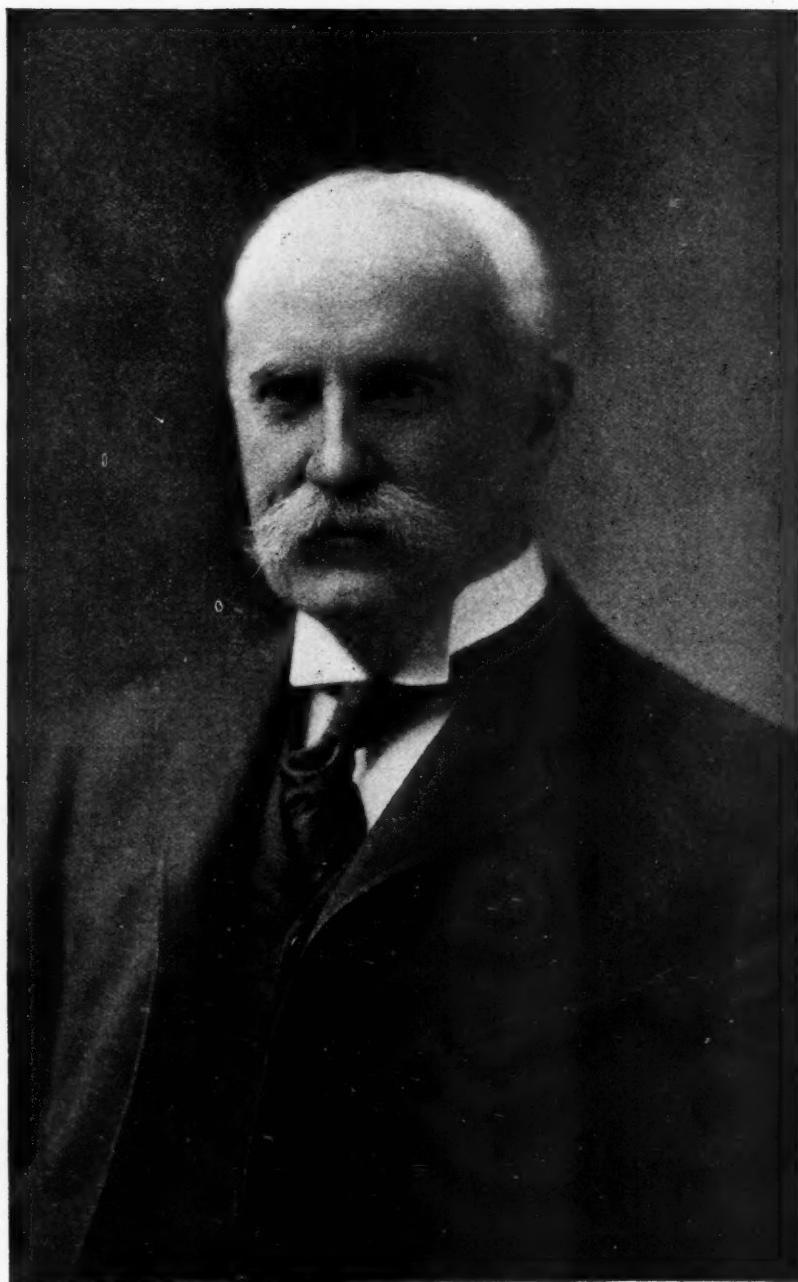


HON. W. L. MACKENZIE-KING, C. M. G., DEPUTY MINISTER OF LABOUR
OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

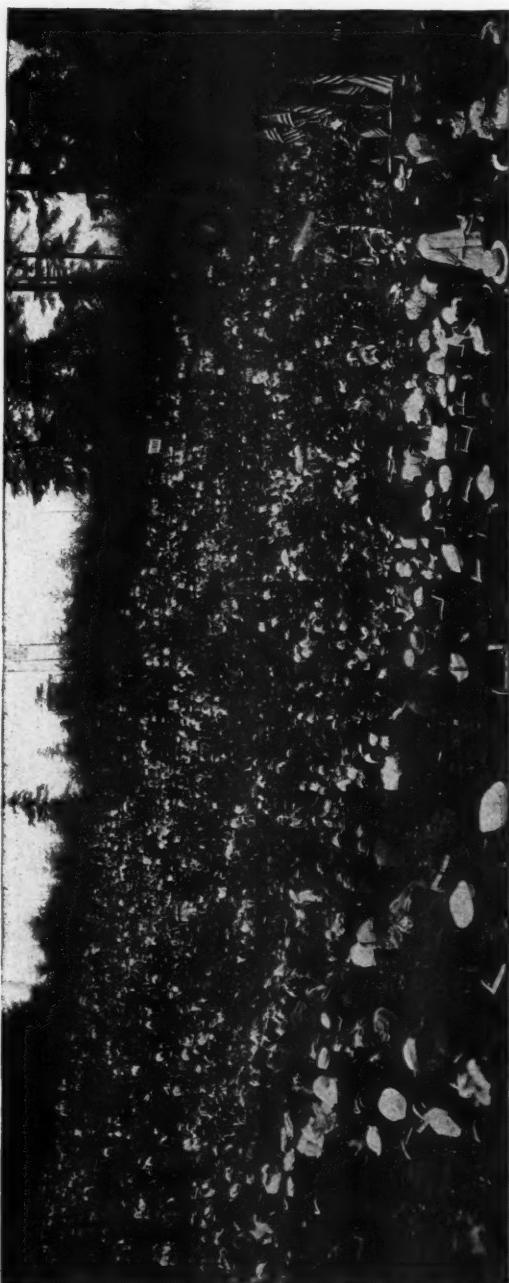
ate the mystery and secrecy of their operation; let the people know more about railroads through the newspapers. They held that the people have a right to know how the public welfare is served in these quasi-public corporations. The good-natured response of President Finlay showed a significant change of policy among some of the railroads.

* * *

WHOMO for president? Public opinion is now crystallizing on candidates for the presidency, and, assuming that President



SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH



NATURE'S AMPHITHEATRE AT SEATTLE.

A portion of the crowd of ten thousand people who witnessed the ground-breaking ceremonies of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. The natural acoustic properties of this outdoor amphitheatre are so perfect that a person talking in a natural speaking voice, from the speaker's stand, can be heard on the outermost edge of the grounds, which are capable of seating nearly thirty thousand people.

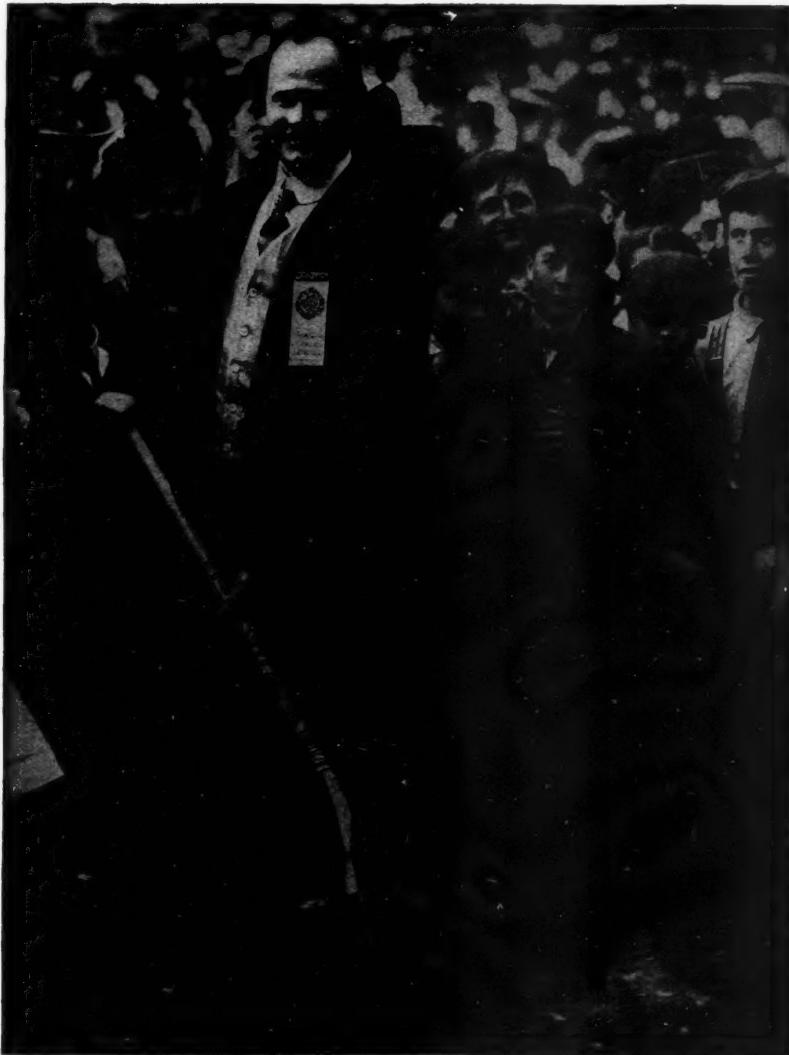
that he had such designs on the Great of the Earth. We are told that even the king indulged in laughter until his sides ached at some of Sir Mark's stories. The Great Chief asked Uncle Mark which order he preferred, at which the humorist replied:

"If it is all the same to you, I will take an order on the Bank of England."

It is veritably reported by the press, that numbers of Englishmen have *already* laughed at Uncle Mark's sally, and it is believed that, as the months pass, thousands more will see the joke and smile at the humorous retort of the international wit, who insisted that the rumor of his death was false—because he started it himself.

* * *

THREE were some exciting times at the Weather Bureau in Washington in mid-summer, when an earthquake was indicated in the direction of the West Indies. For weeks after the signs appeared, a search was kept up for the locality where it had occurred, but it was not discovered, though it may have happened in some of the remote islands on the Spanish Main, where no lives were imperiled. An almanac dated one hundred years ago was recently



PRESIDENT J. E. CHILBERG TURNING THE FIRST SPADEFUL OF DIRT AT THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE.

Just after the breaking of ground, hundreds of persons rushed in and grabbed handfuls of the broken earth to keep as souvenirs. There were several attempts made to get away with the gold shovel and pick that were used, but J. C. Marmaduke, acting chairman of the ceremonies and entertainment committee, apprehended the spoilers and saved the valuable relic to be exhibited at the Exposition in 1909.

brought to Washington, which had a manner of prophecies for years in advance of its own date. It was indicated that in 1907 the summer would be the hottest one felt for the past half-century, and, also, that the spring would be one of the coolest. The temperature record certainly indicates that the writer of that old almanac was "weather-wise" when he came to write about 1907.

men of the old school. With firm-set chin, nestling behind the points of his collar, and the courage of mature manhood stamped on every feature, who could listen to his recounts of the agitation concerning the Isthmian Canal without feeling a thrill at the prospect of the successful completion of this project. While the change of the route from Nicaragua, as first passed by Congress, to Panama was a great disappointment to



THE LATE SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN AND HIS LETTER TO AN EDITOR

IN the death of Senator John T. Morgan, the United States Senate lost one of its "Grand Old Men." There can be no higher honor than to know personally, such men as John T. Morgan, and Senators George F. Hoar, M. A. Hanna, and the other stalwarts of the Senate who have passed away in the last few years.

It was always a delight to talk with Senator Morgan, and watch his blue eyes sparkle, as he conversed in that gallant and deliberate style which is possible only to the gentle-

the senator, yet the historian must concede that the Isthmian Canal itself is largely the result of the life and labors of the late Senator John T. Morgan.

In my pleasure file I find one of the last letters I received from him, which shows how even the stern giants of our legislature appreciate a kind word. He wrote me that what I had said, "goes home to my heart and comforts me," and I felt proud indeed to realize that he retained, as a valued souvenir, a paragraph written about him for



MRS. ROBERT J. GAMBLE
WIFE OF UNITED STATES SENATOR GAMBLE FROM SOUTH DAKOTA

the Washington department. It emphasized again that uncompromising belief that after all, no man, no matter how great, ever passes beyond the pale of appreciation of kind words.

All honor to the memory of the grand old man of Alabama. The nation is greater because he has lived, and all humanity is the richer because of his unselfish and steadfast devotion to public duty.

* * *

IT was simply a fish story, related by a senator, who had strayed back to Washington on a summer's day. He was an expert trout fisherman, who aspired to rival ex-President Cleveland. He had obtained an unusually fine mess of trout which he brought back with him to his office to show his skill.

Calling his coachman he asked him to parcel up the fish carefully, and take it to a friend to whom he wished to pay a delicate compliment. At the same time he handed the man several copies of the London Times, which he desired to have at home that he might read the foreign news at his leisure. Having given his instructions, he thought no more about it.

Next day the good wife observed a peculiar odor in one part of the house, coming, as she supposed, from the library. The stench increased toward evening, and as the hot days followed each other it became unbearable. The situation was canvassed, and the family came to the conclusion that there must be a dead rat somewhere. A carpenter was called in and he began to rip up floors and pry behind wainscotting and upset things generally, in the search for the offensive rodent. Meantime, the stench became so bad that the good wife and children had to go to the nearest hotel, and the senator himself was about to give up the battle and follow them, but concluded to remain in the house and pursue the attack on the morrow. Just before leaving the library,—headquarters of the smell—he noticed the package containing the copies of the London Times, which he took up and removed to his bed-chamber, intending to read them if he possibly could remain the night, as he had planned, but the odor finally drove him from the room.

The lady of the house, returning in the morning, observed that the terrible stench seemed to now permeate the bed-chamber.

So there was another day of tearing down partitions and wainscotting of the bed-chamber, in a vain hunt to remove the deadly cause of the annoyance. Finally, with the grim determination of a Spartan warrior, the senator determined to remain at his post that night and find the cause of the annoyance, if he had to go after it with a forked hazel-rod, or call in the aid of witchcraft,—that deadly aroma must be located. Before commencing the search, with a closepin on his nostrils, he thought to secure a few minutes slumber, and, to sedately compose his mind before retiring, he picked up the London Times. He untied the carefully made up parcel, and lo, and behold! securely folded in many layers of printed paper, was a putrid mass—what had once been his beautiful catch of speckled trout.

He flew to the telephone:

"Come home, Mary; it's only the fish, and I have caught 'em. The trouble was all inside the London Times."

Then he hied him to the cellar and procured a spade, and out into the garden he went and that night buried many feet deep, that offensive trout, that had been the glory of his sportsman's soul, but had almost become the breaker on which a happy home might have been wrecked.

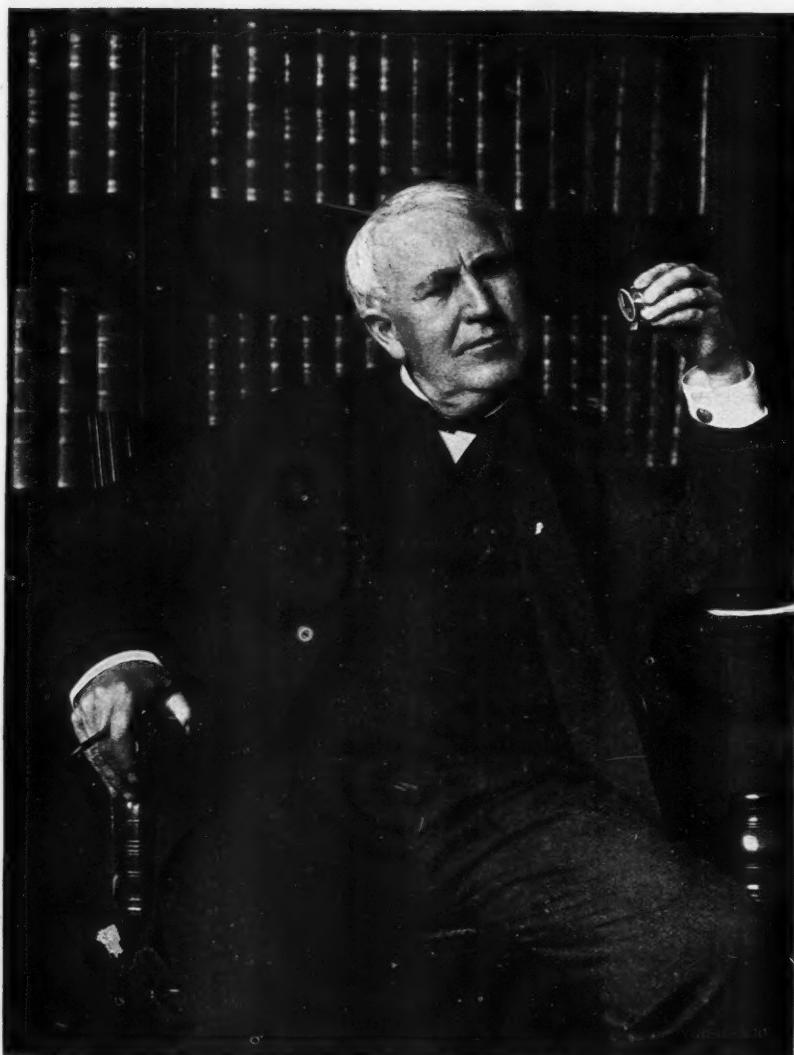
Next day the carpenters and plumbers went to work to undo all that they had done—the pictures were hung once more, the floors relaid, and the carpets put in place and peace reigned in the dwelling.

Now, the senator likens his mournful experience to that of the rival departments in the public school, portrayed in Kipling's tales of his youthful days, when the boys took a "brolly" and pushed a dead pussy cat beneath the floor of the head master's room, to punish him because he was so fussy about having the boys take a daily bath. To the tune of "'Tis but a little faded flower," the cat was deposited, and the mischievous urchins went their way. The tale of after results appealed to the senator who never tires of telling it,—in connection with a real exploitative fish story.

"This was the most important catch I ever made. It cost \$136 for carpenters, plumbers, etc.,—to say nothing of the fact that it came near breaking up my home—No! I don't take so much interest in fishing, now," he adds, with a sigh.



MRS F. A. McLAIN, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN McLAIN OF MISSISSIPPI



THOMAS A. EDISON

His latest portrait, taken on his sixtieth birthday, showing him studying an important part of his favorite invention, the phonograph. It is not generally known that Edison first invented the phonograph in a rough, crude way—the first child of his brain—and then had to lay it aside until after he had perfected the electric light, and in this way obtain the money necessary for completing his experiments on the phonograph, that has brought it to its present efficiency for both entertainment and business. With almost child-like simplicity he refers to the phonograph as his "pet."

TRIUMPHS of the CANADIAN WEST

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLER



PACK that double-deck bag, and come along, Joe," is a quotation from one of the hundreds of letters received from Northwest Canadian subscribers. These royal-stamped epistles glow with an eloquence surpassing even the thrilling encomiums of "No. 1 Hard," in the literature of land companies and railroads. Ineradicable optimism sparkles side by side with the warmth of Western pioneer hospitality. It was irresistible. Then, too, there was my friend "Van" at the other end of a wire, electrifying me with that goative spirit of the Western Canadian Immigration Association which cannot be denied.

The Atlantic mists of Boston harbor were left behind, and we followed the compass, veering a few points to the nor'west. The chill of late spring swept through the car windows as we skirted the New Hampshire hills, and the car wheels crunched on the curves as we sped away through the valleys of Vermont.

In a few hours we bumped against the boundary at Newport, Vermont. There is no "fifty-four-forty-or-fight" spirit here now. An ice-locked lake steamer, of title "Lady of the Lake," looked as if waiting for Spring and Winter to take their baggage and go. Her name brought to mind Sir Walter Scott's border tales and "Ellen's Isle," and one could almost declare it some Scotch loch. Memphremagog, with its superb beauty, again suggested Scotland. That was the first time I had come face to face with the name of Lake Memphremagog since the days when I struggled with it in

a geography class, and I pronounced it heroically—in one mouthful.

* * *

Now I will be honest—there was just a tinge of regret in leaving the United States, and yet I could discover nothing to suggest the "border." United States money passed—all wanted it—language was the same, with a suggestion of broad English now and then. There was a change of "brands," and I noticed that pipes supplanted the odoriferous cigars of the States.

A Britisher, on a visit, who heard me speak of matters pertaining to my native land as "American," took me to task as soon as we crossed the line, and my mode of speech in this respect was carefully revised, until the gentleman himself alluded to articles manufactured across the line as "American goods." Then I let him have it, and he admitted that custom will sometimes outrage even the map itself.

* * *

Dear old Montreal had just emerged from a May-time blizzard, and the sheen of the St. Lawrence waters gave promise of summer days. The rattle of the train over Lachine bridge, the largest in the world—for now we are beginning to deal in superlatives—was like the drum-call to keep eyes and ears alert; for we were indeed on a rush trans-continental.

Busy times at Windsor Station. Here were sleeping cars, carrying hundreds of people from coast to coast, straight through, without change. Passengers hurried hither and thither, storing away boxes, baggage

and lunches in the first-class, tourist and in the colonist sleepers. These latter are provided with board bunks only, and passengers furnish their own mattresses; but the tourist cars are substantially upholstered in leather, while the first-class have the usual insignia of royal plush.

Here the good-byes were of the lingering quality, and the tone of that "God-be-with-you," was very different from the careless farewell given on a merely suburban jaunt. There was a spirit of reluctance and "loth-to-go" up and down the platform when the conductor waved his green-topped lantern.

Montreal, Canada's largest city, was first

comprehensive grasp of Canadian affairs, as evidenced in his conversation, impressed me with the magnitude and grandeur of his field of action, and of the duties devolving upon him as president of a road of the first importance in the transportation system of the world.

A chat with Sir Thomas, on my return from my Canadian trip, heightened my admiration for the man who has done so much to promote the development of Canadian resources from coast to coast and at all points belting the globe. Having just returned from inspecting one of the Empress Line boats at the ancient capital of Quebec, he was traveling



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

looked upon by a white man in 1535, but its development is comparatively recent. Here are the chief offices of the Canadian Pacific and the great Bank of Montreal, and the citizens and merchants of the city have played an important part in the evolution of commercial Canada.

* * *

My personal interest in the Canadian Northwest was first greatly aroused by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific, whom I met at a banquet given in New York City last winter. He had a way of talking Canada in a few incisive words which expressed volumes. His

in his private car, the Killarney, named in honor of the birthplace of his parents.

* * *

At Windsor Station was a train-load of emigrants who had crossed by the Empress Line—typical Scotch, Irish and English, be-capped from the voyage, and with countless bundles and boxes and a great variety of luggage. They were stalwart and healthy-looking—good material for settling the new land. They had come thus far with little of the worry incidental to immigration; for they had been taken in charge by one of the hundreds of traffic-accelerating officers of the Canadian Pacific, located throughout the

world, and "booked through" direct to their destination. There was none of that dumping in New York, re-dumping in Chicago or St. Paul that adds so much to the bewilderment of a stranger in a strange land, but they were taken to their journey's end as placidly as though traveling with a personally-conducted tourists' excursion.

There was one young man and his wife busy getting their boxes together, who had just arrived from Edinburgh, and were going to British Columbia. At first he looked at

lows the sun around the world, so the endless chain of cars and steamers of this great road, starting with the Imperial Empress steamers at Liverpool, carries the tide of traffic westward even to far Cathay, like a great world-distributing elevator, and bears return cargoes to the Eastland, with never a moment cessation, from seed-time to harvest, and from harvest back again to seed-time. From the breeding suns to the brooding snows, the tide of immigration comes in an incessant stream toward the ever-receding West, and a



MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL

me with some trace of Scotch caution, and held tightly to his purse; but very soon he saw that I gave a foreigner as cordial a welcome to a strange land, as I had myself received when visiting in Scotland.

It was wonderful to see the fresh-faced young girls, wearing the universal steamer cap, their hair hanging in braids down their backs, evidently traveling alone as care-free as though in their native villages.

* * *

The Canadian Pacific Railway is more than an industrial result of years of effort and expenditure. As the British drum-beat fol-

flood of Canadian products goes to meet the rising sun.

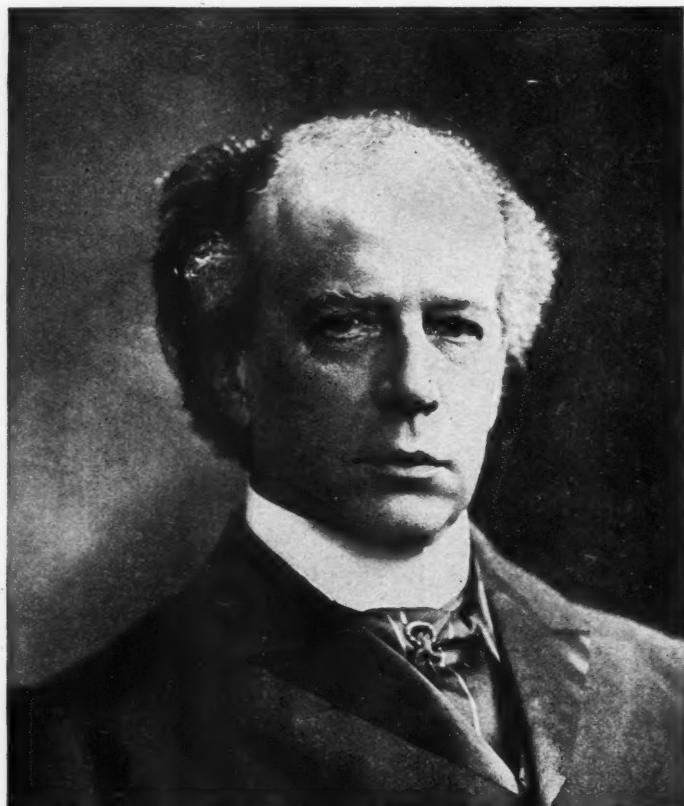
Sir Thomas is a man in his prime; wearing a blonde moustache and imperial; with piercing blue eyes and an emphatic, positive way of speaking. One sees at first sight that he considers incisively the steps leading to the end in view, and their results, before taking a given course. There are few details of this great system, with its miles of cars and steamers, with which Sir Thomas is not personally familiar.

He declares that the dream of his life is to make the Canadian Pacific an effective home-builder for Canada, and an all-impor-

tant pathway of transportation for the British Empire. Cutting off six days on the Pacific, one day on the Atlantic, and a day and a half on the overland route, this line leaves little to be desired in the way of rapid transit from England to Australia, although the time was cut to twenty days via the Siberian Railway to Shanghai. The new transcontinental train from Montreal to Vancouver had

coast. It certainly breaks long distance records for one train to cover a distance of 2,904 miles in eighty-four hours.

Sir Thomas makes a trip over the line once or twice a year, and watches intently the Canadian Pacific's great work of transplanting sterling immigrants from the British Isles to the great prairies of America. These men, women and children cannot fail to be a po-



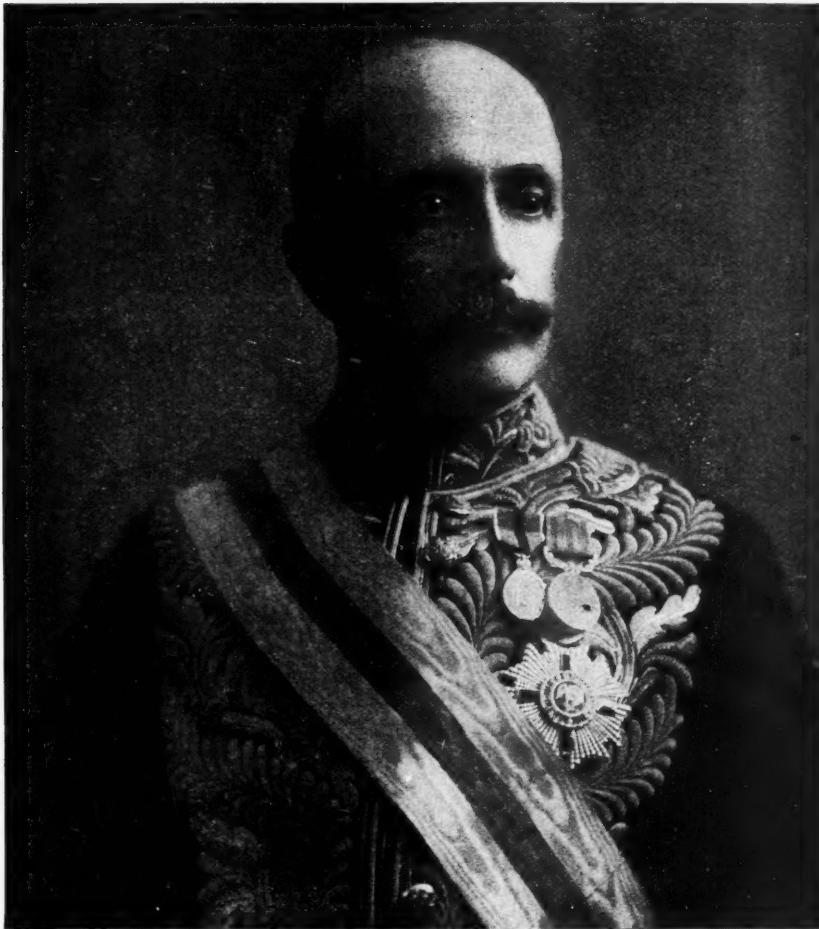
SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PREMIER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

just been inaugurated, and it was a curious coincidence that it began to operate on the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of the Canadian Pacific—twenty-one years ago the first through train was operated. The railroad is now "of age," and it was very suitable that it should celebrate the day by putting on a third regular train from coast to

tential force in the future of the Canadian Northwest. As an American citizen, I could not but lament the contrast between these immigrants, coming into Canada from Northern Europe, and the immigration now pouring into the United States; for the future of the two nations is largely determined by the influx of immigration. Just fancy what they

will do for America; these sturdy settlers located on the broad prairies. They are not all farmers by any means. Many of them are skilled mechanics and laborers—thousands of them red-cheeked fellows, with brawn and muscle. And all this has been brought

Whitehall Gardens, in London, that I was meeting the future Governor-General of Canada; and a jovial, hearty soul he is. He was the close friend of Cecil Rhodes, and was with him in Rhodesia and other parts of South Africa. He is one of the executors of



EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

about by those "tupenny-ha'penny" letters going back and forth, that have conquered the aversion to Canada which was so strong in the British mind only a few years ago.

Little did I think, years ago, when I had the honor of dining with Earl Grey, at

Rhodes' celebrated will. The Earl is a well-built man, with square forehead and expansive brow, and one cannot be with him for ten minutes without being impressed with the breadth of his views. The Dominion of Canada, at this time of rapid extension

is fortunate in having so capable and alert an executive head as Earl Gray. On meeting him, the distinction between Englishmen and Americans is not noticeable, for he is a man who might be called a citizen of the world. The question of nationality does not agitate the Canadian of today. While there is a feeling throughout the Dominion that it is well to develop in a thoroughly Canadian spirit, and there may be some antipathy to Englishmen as Englishmen, yet when you get right down to brass tacks, the loyalty of the Canadians to the Imperial government is certainly deep-seated, and anyone assuming to talk annexation would find little encouragement.

* * *

Next morning we rubbed our eyes and picked up the annotated time-table, to find that we had been sweeping along the shores of the Ottawa River, where there are gigantic lumber interests. The town was Mattawa, a favorite center for moose hunters. On the train, later, we discovered a large delegation of prospective miners, with maps and samples of ores, going forth to world-famed Cobalt.

North Bay, with its gray granite station, recalled some of the early difficulties of the construction of the Canadian Pacific. At Heron Bay the line first touches Lake Superior, and from this on; a wild region is passed through, dotted with rivers and rocky ledges, striking in natural grandeur, and with a few tracts of agricultural land mottling the landscape.

The famous nickel mines are located at Sudbury, and here, strange as it may seem, we found great difficulty in passing the plebeian American nickel as a medium of exchange. This is where the branch of the "Soo" railroad leads off to Sault Ste. Marie, Duluth and Minneapolis. But no diversion now—this was to be exclusively a Canadian railroad trip, though in summertime many passengers travel from the "Soo" to Fort William on the Canadian Pacific steamships.

* * *

We soon became familiar with Indian names, and even succeeded in correctly pro-

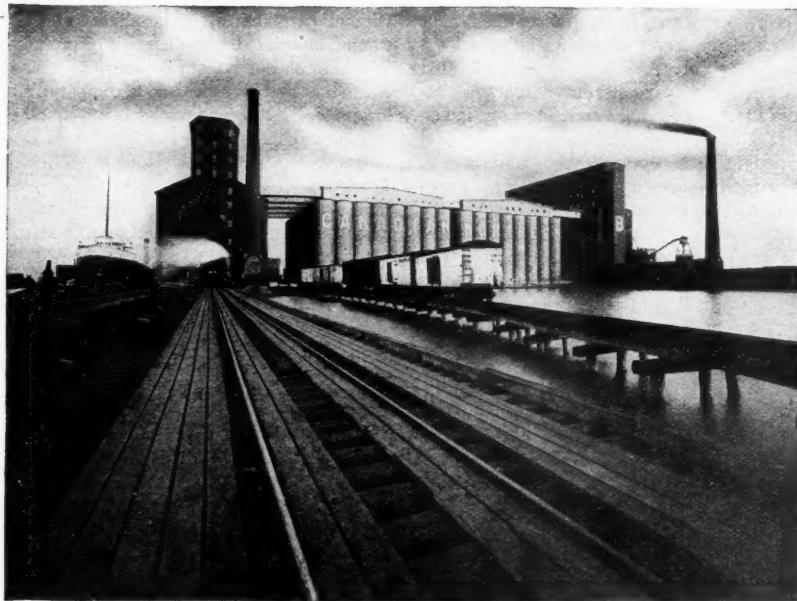
nouncing "Kabequashsing," the waters of which flow north into James Bay, while the other rivers, across short portages, flow south into Lake Superior. Skirting the shores of this fresh water sea, diving into deep viaducts and tunnels chiselled out of the cliffs, the lake comes into full view from the train—a glorious deep draught of Lake Superior ozone imparting such exhilaration as is given by no other air.

Gold and zinc mines are located at Nipigon, where the Ontario government has set aside the surrounding land for twenty miles as a public preserve. Here the fisherman longs to stop off and angle for some of those famous speckled trout, but the schedule was marked "Go West," and west we went.

Anticipating a long, weary journey, my berth was laden with reading matter, but I found so much to engage my interest on both sides of the train, as we sped through wild country and cultivated tracts, that my head acquired the habit of turning from side to side, and I felt like a nodding automaton in a show-window—the "reading matter" remained untouched; for here I was seeing things to make reading matter concerning The Triumphs of the Canadian West.

* * *

The career of Sir William Van Horne, the American-born railroad man who built the Canadian Pacific,—his successor being the indomitable Sir Thomas Shaughnessy—shows that while the forty-ninth parallel exists on the map, the development of the great Northwest is being accomplished by the united effort of many people who eliminate the idea of political entities. When the western part of the United States was being settled, no interest was felt in the free homes to the north; but now the tide of immigration has veered to the northwest, and on toward Alaska, and it has been grimly remarked that the North Pole will eventually be discovered by seekers for free homes and wheat lands. It seems inevitable that the ultimate wheat belt of the Northwest will encircle the Arctic Pole, and far up Peace Valley the grain fields now ripen in the gentle Chinook winds from the Pacific, and flour mills unceasingly grind wheat grown in the neighborhood of the Arctic Circle.



CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S ELEVATORS AT PORT ARTHUR

THE GREAT LAKES GATEWAY

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

COMING into Port Arthur, we looked upon the Sleeping Giant crouched at the entrance to Thunder Bay, and saw, lying on either side of the bay, gleaming in the bright light of the morning, the stately elevators that are the "sign manual" of this immense grain-growing empire. I remember Port Arthur of years ago as a small town of three or four thousand inhabitants, but now it has blossomed into a bustling city of ten or twelve thousand. Its ambition is whetted, and it continues to grow rapidly. The story of the early struggles of the people of Port Arthur is fascinating; those pioneers had the right stuff in them and surmounted obstacles without flinching. In the very teeth of the hard times of '94, they planned and carried out successfully a street car project which connected their city with Fort William. The city also owns its water works and telephone system, and the results

on earnings so far have made a good showing, as the public affairs are handled here with all the zest of personal interest.

The experiment of municipal ownership is a live one in the West, and the Canadian mode of solving this problem was an interesting study during this trip. It is not surprising that the movement toward municipal ownership in these newer cities of the Canadian Northwest, and the considerable measure of success which has attended these projects, is beginning to attract the attention of sociologists. After I had met some of the citizens of Port Arthur, I did not wonder that they had bumped aside obstacles and launched on the sea of municipal ownership with fearless confidence.

One powerful factor in building up the city is cheap power, and Port Arthur now expects to offer power to new factories at a minimum price of twelve dollars per horse

power, per year. Is it strange, then, that they feel the fervor of greater industrial expansion? Port Arthur, beautifully located on hills overlooking its fine harbor, has already made a splendid start in many industrial lines. There are blast furnaces and varied industries in operation, and here is the largest grain elevator in the world. Large rafts of logs indicate the magnitude of the lumber industry, and the problem of power assures a prosperous future to the city. The latent force of the Dog River Falls, now being developed, will reduce the price of power to a minimum.

The famous old "Marriaggi" hostelry, with its wide verandas, has been the headquarters for many an earnest conference in reference to the development of the Lake Superior North Shore.

Mayor Clevet, Mine Host Hudder and Ex-Mayor Matthews are men of merit.

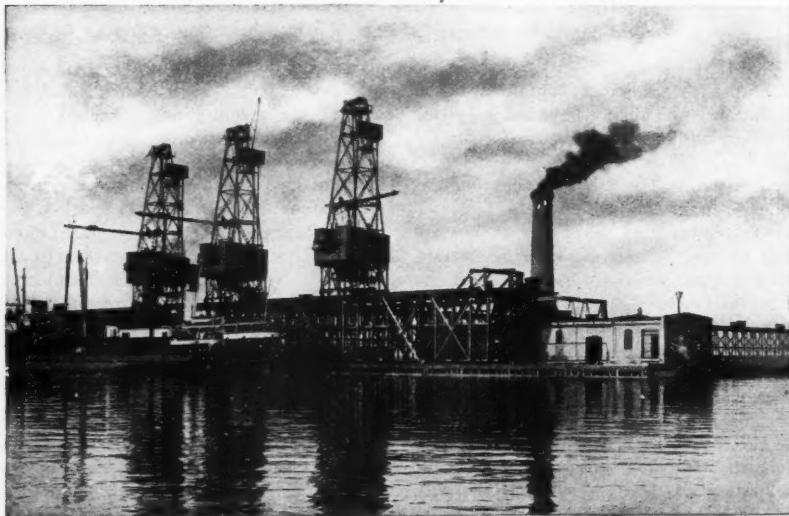
In the immediate district is good moose, caribou and black bear hunting, besides speckled trout fishing. This locality is as interesting as any in America for sportsmen.

Wide awake newspapers reflect the spirit of the town. In all our rambles the public officials directed us; for here a stranger is not permitted to pass the portals of the city

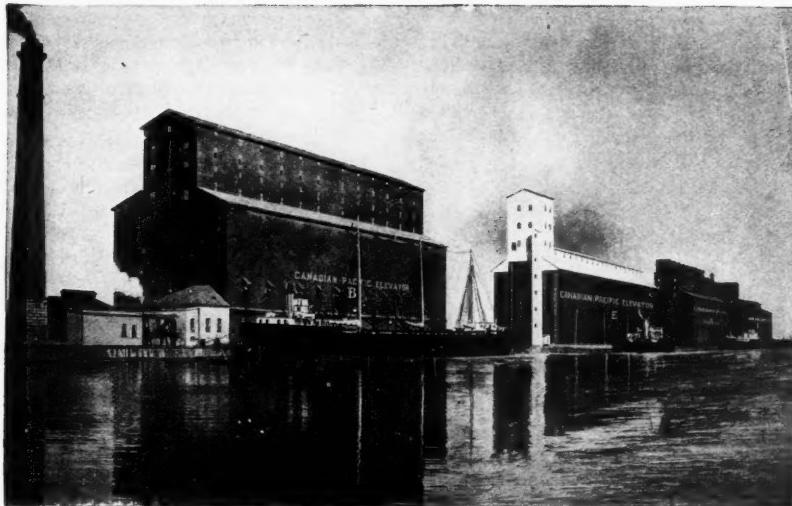
without partaking of its hospitality and becoming inoculated with the spirit of progress. We were shown beautiful parks, purchased when the land was held at a comparatively low price. The splendid schools and churches and even the alert Board of Trade and club rooms show a strong social side in the life of Port Arthur. With extensive building operations already under way, the city is making a splendid opening for a memorable season for 1907-08.

The city clerk gave me interesting figures as to what had been accomplished by municipal ownership, which here is accepted as the only reasonable policy of government, and not at all as an untried experiment.

Port Arthur is the Eastern terminus of the Canadian Northern Railroad, one of the most daring undertakings known in the history of railroading. It was projected by Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann of Toronto, formerly active in the construction of the Canadian Pacific, who saw the possibilities of a new transcontinental railroad beginning at Port Arthur, where lake transportation would serve as a connection to the seaboard. This system already extends into the Canadian West a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg; this midland Canadian trans-continental line will reach to Hudson Bay.



CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S COAL DOCKS AT PORT ARTHUR



CANADIAN PACIFIC ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM, CAPACITY 6,000,000 BUSHELS

MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

FORT WILLIAM, a few miles distant, running neck and neck in the race with Port Arthur, is a division point of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where nearly a million dollars per year is paid to employees.

The new Grand Trunk Pacific will even exceed these figures during the construction of their road. Figures at best look prosaic, but nothing more surely indicates the sturdy sinews of progress and the basis of hope for a bright and prosperous future.

Here the famous Kakabeka Falls afford the city 15,000 horse power at the low rate of twenty-five dollars per horse power, per year, to sell to new industries. Fort William is located on a river delta, and here on two islands are the terminals of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific. It suggests the site of Chicago, and is the second largest shipping port in the Dominion of Canada. The shores of the river delta are lined with grain elevators, and one cannot look at their towering walls of corrugated iron, or at the flour mills

and the busy scenes on the docks without feeling that here a great city will certainly be built. The two islands in the river will also be utilized for manufacturing purposes. It is a significant fact that Fort William enjoys the distinction of having shipped the largest cargo of grain ever afloat on the Great Lakes—388,260 bushels in one boat, the product of great wheat fields embracing over 15,000 acres or twenty-four square miles. You see I am getting into statistics; for everybody who travels in Canada talks more or less in "figures" of speech.

* * *

A Canadian iron car wheel and pipe foundry is being projected at Fort William, and one sees mountains of barbed wire going westward to enclose the farms of the Northwestern prairie country. The Wire Nail Company of Pittsburg have also located a branch here. The freight charge for coal to this port and Port Arthur from Cleveland is

thirty cents a ton, and American coal here costs only three dollars and seventy-five cents per ton. Every effort is being made to bring in several foundries, ship building and dry dock industries. The enterprise of the two ports is indicated by the fact that ice-breaking machines are used to open up navigation earlier than the natural breaking up of the ice in the spring would allow.

* * *

Fort William promises to be a great distributing point between the East and West. Flour mills already located here have a daily capacity of 3,000 barrels, and a large business is rapidly being built up. Near these twin cities are great undeveloped deposits of hematite and magnetite iron ores, to which the world is now looking to feed the maws of the great steel mills. These undeveloped resources inspire many of the enterprises projected. One of Fort William's municipal appropriations for the present year is \$125,000 for the Loch Lomond water system, to cost \$300,000 when completed. Extensive sewers, concrete walks, asphalted streets, splendid business blocks, the opening of new streets, municipal light, telephone systems, sub-station and electric light plant, all presage the vigorous growth of the city, and the substantial homes being built prove that the citizens have come to stay. Fort William's assessment for 1906 was about \$10,000,000, and the revenue from general taxes, water works, telephone and sundry licenses figures up to \$164,000. The permits for business blocks constructed in 1906 total \$802,000.

These new cities at the gateway of the great Canadian Northwest have a broad basis on which to build; and the right people are there.

* * *

With Mayor Murphy and Mr. Jackson, I visited the city hall, which includes library and auditorium, the latter paying a handsome net profit of rentals to the city. From the roof we looked upon the city of Fort William; it seemed a dream picture, with a regular rectangle of homes and schools, flanked by mountains on the horizon. To think that such a city could be built in so

short a time, recalled the marvelous tale of Aladdin and his lamp, and it required no stretch of the imagination to see a prosperous city here for generations to come. The Fort William Club owns a handsome building, luxuriously furnished.

* * *

This lake city, with a postal revenue of \$13,912.00 per annum, ranking fifth largest in money orders issued, with its 13,000 people, certainly has reason to be proud of the productive forces at work.

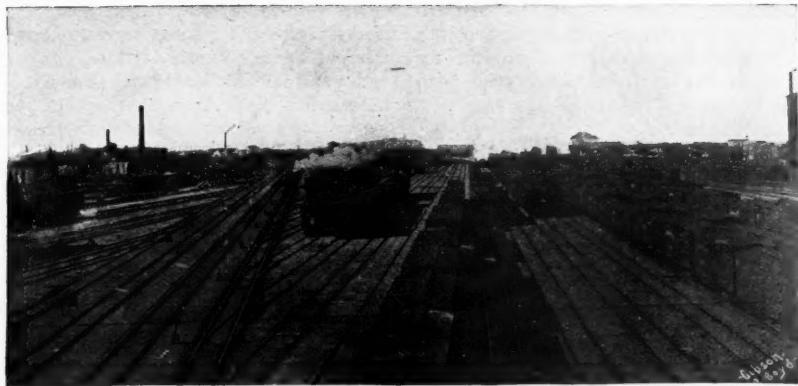
West Fort William is where the early traders of the Hudson's Bay Company were established. I say Hudson's Bay, (notice that the apostrophe is used, indicating possession)—the signature of the company itself always appears in this form. The same spirit of adventure that animated the voyageurs in those early days still prevails, and the Hudson's Bay Company certainly have a right to use the possessive sign in the signatures over their branch stores throughout Canada.

It is an old story—and more about it later—of how King Charles II of England, long ago, granted a charter to some adventurers, giving them the control of Prince Rupert's Land, and a right and title to trade and rule there with an iron hand. The story of this tract of country is interesting, and abounds in the picturesque romance of adventure and exploration.

The Canadian Dominion government has re-purchased the land, and in the final settlement gave the company sections eight and twenty-six in every township; so that the present map of Canada is like a checkerboard, on which the land grants of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the Canadian Pacific figure conspicuously, and now are well up in the millions in value. The company still continues to do business in the old way—exchanging merchandise for fur.

* * *

Approaching Winnipeg, we came across a wide stretch of country, covered with brushwood, which had been passed by the pioneer home-seeker because of the labor involved in clearing it; but Sir William Van Horne here located a beautiful farm, which has demonstrated the splendid possibilities of this variety of land beneath the brush.



IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD YARDS AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG THE CANADIAN PEG

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE morning we arrived at Winnipeg, I tried to adjust myself to the elongated reckoning of time, although I had lost count of the days. When the dry goods clerk told me that my train left at nineteen-fifty-nine, I thought he referred to the price of a new over-coat "marked down," but, lo and behold, he had reference to the hour o' day. Some of the newcomers are so charmed with this diurnal method of computing time, that they have new dials put on their watches, with figures arranged so that they can tell the hour after it passes twelve. The train bulletin boards were surveyed with a puzzled look, and the time-tables were somewhat of an enigma to me, until a mathematical friend remarked:

"Whenever your time figures over twelve, subtract twelve and say 'P. M.' quick, and there you have it—consequently, fifteen-fifty-eight would be three-fifty-eight in old-time calculation."

It was a good exercise in mental arithmetic; twenty-four time is all right when you become accustomed to it, but it certainly seems to make long days. Here again I felt that I was on the borderland of new things, and old Father Time himself had not escaped the tide of innovation.

The queenly Alexandra Hotel is built directly at the Canadian Pacific terminal station. Yes, I began to shiver mentally, remembering tales of the cold waves of Manitoba, but here was no dreary waste of snow—no biting blasts—but a thriving metropolis, a city of magnificent buildings, with people moving as if they were going somewhere. You have to rub your eyes to realize that you are in Manitoba, the "Farthest North," according to tradition. The climate was about the same as in Boston when we left, and the spring seemed no more backward in Manitoba than it has been all over the continent. Here there was little disposition to rebel at the weather; for at the Alexandra we found a rendezvous the charm of which is appreciated throughout Western Canada. Inside the hotel, smiling summer atmosphere prevailed. In the evening the orchestra played in the lobby, and ladies in dinner gowns suggested the Savoy in London. The musical program was exhilarating—from rag-time to a grand opera rondo. Everyone was intent on apologizing for the backwardness of the season, and when the little gust of snow came, they proudly pointed out that the same snow storm had visited St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago,—to say nothing

of Boston. The proclivity toward comparison was everywhere noticeable, and this is certainly the index of real growth; for the only way to judge advancement is to take reckoning of other conditions.

On the train, coming into Winnipeg, I had met a former member of the English Parliament, who indulged in a vainglorious pride over Canada as "an English colony" on every possible occasion, to which I meekly assented. He followed me into a cosy corner at the hotel, to still further emphasize his views on this subject, but when the orchestra struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and followed with a medley of American airs, my parliamentary friend looked cross-eyed with indignation. The program concluded with "God Save the King," and he regained his composure. We sang together, in our separate spheres—the words were different, but the tune was the same.

There is a strong feeling in Canada against the British who come there with patronizing airs regarding "our colonies;" if there is one thing that is especially repulsive to a Canadian, it is to hear his country called a "colony," as he knows that he has a nationality which will, and has, asserted itself as Canadian.

* * *

One bright Sunday morning I tried to find the author, Rev. C. W. Gordon, (whose nom de plume is "Ralph Connor") and discovered him in St. Stephen's Church, of which he is the pastor. At that time a Bible class was in session, numbering men from fifty to sixty years of age, as sturdy and intelligent Scots as can be met with anywhere. Here were McKenzies, McIntoshes, and other Highland names famous in Scottish annals, "of old houses and fights long, long ago." This is the influence that dominates Canada today, and has aided in building up the empire.

They were studying the miracles—these pioneers, and men of affairs, who have made Manitoba what it is—and they steadfastly insisted on a literal interpretation of each chapter, from the miracle of Christ stilling the tempest, to the miracle of the evil spirits going out of the possessed man into the 2,000 swine "which ran violently into the sea and were choked."

Dr. Gordon is pleasant-voiced, and his clerical attire and manner suggested something of Barrie's "Little Minister," so earnest was he in his words and thorough in his search of the Scriptures. After the meeting was over, he came and warmly pressed my hand.

"We cannot be accused of heresy here," he said, smiling.

The president of the class had just come back after a long illness, and the sincere Scotchmen hastened to give him a loving greeting on his return to the Bible class.

It was no surprise to learn that Winnipeg Sunday-laws are rigidly enforced, and not even a drug or cigar store was open on that day. The saloons are closed at seven o'clock on Saturday night, to give the workingman a chance to save his money, and are not opened again until Monday morning.

* * *

Late on Sunday night I found Mr. Dafoe of the Winnipeg Free Press, of which no Sunday edition is issued, (but the passers-by glance furtively at the bulletin for "news" as they pass along). The Winnipeg Free Press establishment and equipment would do credit to a much larger city. The Winnipeg papers cover, perhaps, more local territory than any others in the world, and for thousands of miles toward the Pacific Coast are regarded as "home newspapers."

The broad Main street of Winnipeg, with its graceful bend, shows the impress of the Hudson's Bay outpost, virtually following the old trail and running parallel with the river. Along the Red and Assiniboin Rivers, the land is laid out as in Lower Canada, narrow frontage on the river and extending back a great distance, constituting a farm. This arrangement keeps the houses close together, and yet allows each man the pasture and fuel supply required by his household.

Winnipeg street car conductors carry a little square box, into which you shove your tickets—eight selling for a quarter during working hours and Sundays, and six for a quarter at ordinary times—about a four-cent fare—I had eight rides for my quarter that Sunday. In the evening of that same Sunday, there was a sacred concert in the hotel; we also attended a service at Trinity Church, full of beauty and dignity. The substantial

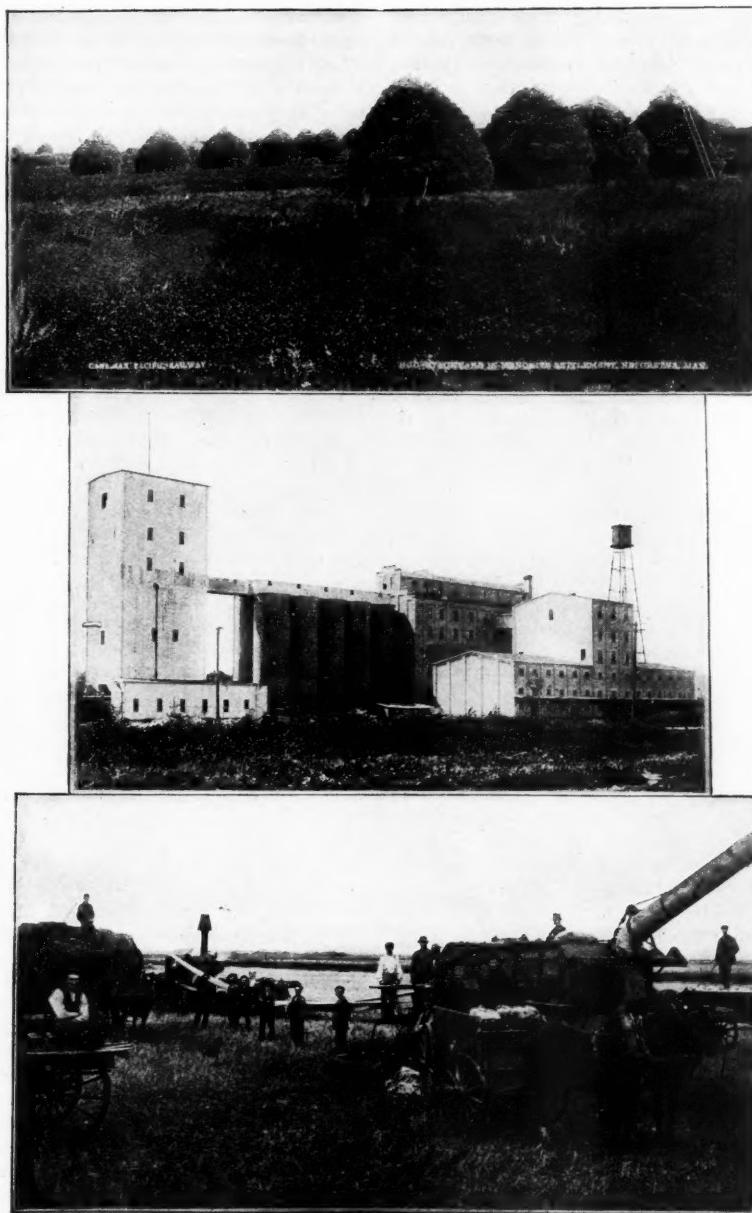


FIG. 1. STACK YARD IN MENONITE SETTLEMENT, NEAR GRETNA GREEN, MANITOBA
FIG. 2. ONE OF THE MANY LARGE GRAIN ELEVATORS IN WINNIPEG

FIG. 3. FROM STOCK TO SACK, RIGHT OUT IN THE FIELD

NATIONAL MAGAZINE for AUGUST, 1907

homes and symmetrical plan of Winnipeg cannot fail to impress the stranger, and the spirit of activity is always in the air. Even on this sedate Sunday, there was evidence of Monday's rush to follow. I learned that the city is called, "Winnipeg: the Peg that Holds the Key to Western Markets," which seems especially appropriate, for the whole situation in Canada, in a large measure, hangs on this peg. The citizens are called "peggers," which they certainly are in more ways than one.

Industrial Commissioner Charles F. Roland has a personal letter ready for every prominent visitor who arrives in Winnipeg, requesting all to call and see him. Early on Monday afternoon, he went with me to see the boat houses of Winnipeg, and no one can look at the happy scullers practicing in their "shells" and believe in the severity of the climate. The brawny arms of the oarsmen suggested the strength and prowess of the pushing New Empire.

* * *

Just north of the city lies Lake Winnipeg, the fifth largest lake on the continent. With an area of over 9,000 square miles, and an entire length of 260 miles, it is longer than the whole peninsula of Nova Scotia, and big enough to encircle the great island of Vancouver. It is no wonder that people flock to its beaches, and the photographs showing Winnipeg Beach, on its shores, are decidedly a surprise to those who regard Manitoba as far to the frozen North, and only a dreary and desolate waste of snow and ice.

The great lumber mills near-by at "Kew-watin," the Indian name for the north wind, recall Longfellow's poem, in which the North Wind, after his defeat in battling with Shin-gebis, the diver, returns baffled, amid angry gusts; it is quite true that the north wind, having gone south, on coming back again, is the one most dreaded in the Northland.

Almost under the shadow of the gates of Fort Garry, is situated the handsome building of the Manitoba Club. Traveling through Canada, I noticed at the clubs that everybody seemed to be having little pots of tea, and very little coffee was served.

Here the stone gateway still stands, and the ancient trails to the river may be traced, whereon thousands of Indians and voyageurs traveled back and forth, but which are

now converted into Main street and Portage avenue of Winnipeg. At the club were many who proudly claimed the distinction of being pioneers. Here was Mr. Bell, who came to Winnipeg as a bugler with Lord Wolseley, in 1872. There was also George H. Shaw, another pioneer oracle of the great Northwest Territory, passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Northern Railroad. He had a way of taking a map and scoring it across as he said, "There's timber; here's good wheat land; and here the beauties of Peace River." He could give a full description of each part of the country, showing that comprehensive knowledge of the land only possible to one who has been there.

Ordinarily, a person who resides four years in a new country is considered a pioneer; but in Winnipeg there are many who went there in the early settlement days, and remained to see prophecy more than fulfilled.

* * *

Winnipeg is another of those unaccountable paradoxes in city building. An effort was made to locate the principal city at Selkirk to the north, where a more picturesque site might have been secured, but, no! Winnipeg, like Chicago, and other cities similarly situated, stayed where she was, and succeeded because of that indomitable Winnipeg "pegging." The area allotted for the city is just one acre short of 14,000. There is not a citizen, from the boy who blacks your boots to the mayor himself, who does not confidently believe that Winnipeg is to become one of the greatest cities on the American continent; for it is pointed out that over 1,000,000 acres of land tributary to Winnipeg are rapidly filling with people.

The "Peg" metropolis is a city of factories, jobbing houses, homes, schools, colleges and churches, and the figures of growth for even a single year are astonishing.

On the street cars there were many families in transit to their homes in the Far West—they were all there, from the sturdy father to the baby on the mother's lap, and all were gazing with interest on the streets of Winnipeg, for it would be some time before they would see the city again. That trip to Winnipeg would be remembered for years to come, when those little ones were busy helping father and mother to build up the new home and make it a part of the triumphs of the Canadian West.

The trading spirit is paramount hereabouts; and that fact has much to do with the activity of the West. A man going down town happens to mention to some one he meets.

"I bought a lot on Twenty-Third Street this morning."

"Skidoo!" says his companion, "how much do you want?"

"I was offered \$3,000 this morning; paid \$2,300."

"What do you want?"

Board of Trade, who make every effort to obtain new settlers. Each American settler is considered worth \$2,000 in producing power, I was told, and Canadian aggressiveness is certainly having its results in the influx of States settlers.

All organizations are largely financed by voluntary and private subscriptions. Everyone here owns "dirt," and feels it his duty to make every effort to get in new people and build up the town.



SCULLING RACES ON THE RIVER AT WINNIPEG

"Will take \$4,500 by ten o'clock today."
"Will give you \$4,000," was the reply, and the trade was completed.

Papers were signed, checks passed, and a transaction in real estate closed, but no one could tell how many more times that lot would be transferred in one day. The market is active, and everybody is ready for a "trade." They like this quick method of doing business, and it has much to do with pushing the pegs along.

Every one of the cities in Western Canada has its duly-empowered publicity man and

With an immigration movement ever going northward and westward, at the rate of a quarter-million souls per year, and each one of these passing through the Gateway City; a market is already established, for the supply of which manufacturers are building their factories with confidence. The growth of the population is something that speaks for itself—from 1,800 people in 1874 to 106,000 in 1907 is a tremendous multiplication of population. The third city of Canada in aggregate bank clearings and custom reports; with industrial exhibitions each

year that are a marvelous revelation, Winnipeg is certainly in possession of seven-league boots in the march of progress. Six railroads, over a hundred wholesale houses, a grain trade and elevator capacity of more than 51,000,000 bushels, and flour mill capacity estimated at 35,000 barrels per day—you have to sit down and study the figures to get your bearings.

* * *

Massive buildings, overflowing warehouses and busy jobbing houses are represented by an army of commercial men traveling out of Winnipeg, who keep in personal touch with the Canadian West; for after all it is these "peggers" who have built the great city. Winnipeg has a department store the dimensions of which suggest Wanamaker's; an unexcelled street railroad system; tall circular elevators, many in number; hotels that would do credit to London—the charm of the city kept growing upon me, until I began to ask the price of lots!

All the different organizations that "push a peg" are amalgamated into the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau. A part of this organization is the Federated Labor Council, through which an ideal unitedness of purpose prevails.

A glimpse at the Canadian Pacific freight-yards—the largest in the world owned by any single railroad—shows where the tide of grain is flowing; rushing over this road to the marts of the world.

They seem to be willing to take their chances in competition. One citizen of Winnipeg remarked:

"The great duty of each person is to settle the country." Get in the people—that is the idea—and they will take care of themselves and develop the resources of the land. Immigrants coming in, even from conservative Boston, soon become enthused and expand into go-ahead settlers.

Near the city is famous Loch Lomond, which suggests Scotland's beautiful lake. Its Canadian daughter is twelve miles in length, five in width and ninety feet deep. Fort William is getting its water supply from this lake, but Winnipeg is supplied by artesian, underground wells.

* * *

The history of the Northwest Territory is of keen interest today, although until

recent years its character and development occasioned little comment. This vast tract of land was then known as Hudson's Bay Company property, but in 1870 they were given \$1,500,000 and two sections in every township, including some town sites, on condition that they surrendered their other ruling rights in the country.

The first great opening up of this part of Canada began with the projection of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1871 the idea first took shape, subsequent to the Union Pacific enterprise in the United States. British Columbia had refused a joint federation with Canada, and only entered into the arrangement on a stipulation that transcontinental railroads must be built within ten years, and this has had much to do with the present unification of Canada.

* * *

Mayor Ashdown came to Winnipeg in 1868, a true type of the resolute early settlers. Ex-Governor Laird was the first governor of the old Northwest Territories, now Saskatchewan and Alberta. Like Abraham Lincoln, Governor Laird is very tall, very slender, and more attractive on account of his symmetrical moral character, than for personal beauty. Sir John Macdonald was the great political organizer who had to do with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was completed to open up this great empire, at a cost to the government of \$25,000,000 in cash, besides subventions of 25,000,000 acres of land, and certain large sections of the railroad which the government built and handed over in running condition to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Statistics of the present immigration into Canada show that large numbers of Canadians who originally went to the United States are now returning to their native land, and next in numbers to the native-born are the Scotch, many of whom settled in Canada in the early days. The growth of the Canadian West is indicated by the fact that, while in 1887 it was represented by only four members, the new provinces now send twenty-seven members to Parliament—out of a total of 213 in the legislature; this is a fair showing for the new districts. The prospect of having a still larger representation in Parliament, and among the eighty odd members

of the Senate—appointed for life—is growing, according to census reports.

Contrary to the usual trend of railroad development, the settlers in the Canadian West go ahead of the railroad, and, consequently, the road always finds a community ready for them, and the settlers, on their part, have the advantage of receiving a large proportion of the funds expended by the company for supplies in the palmy construction days.

Winsome young Winnipeg! I could hardly pull myself away, and yet I was only midway in my transcontinental tour—only on the threshold of the Canadian Northwest.

At exactly twenty-three-twenty-three the genial porter in the hotel announced that it was "train time," and we were soon off to Regina, in the province of Saskatchewan, beyond the great rolling prairies. The next morning we saw the giant steam ploughs at work in the fields, shooting across the flat



T. EATON COMPANY DEPARTMENT STORE—AN INDEX TO WINNIPEG TRADE

The building up of a new country gives the people a broad spirit; everyone feels an individual responsibility in seeing that schools, churches and all other substantial improvements are carefully nurtured, and it is insisted that each year must see some evidence of decided development. Optimism is engendered, and the invigorating climate does the rest. Everyone is imbued with that spirit of civic improvement which is not manifest in older communities where each citizen is apt to settle down in his own prescribed circle.

areas like escaped automobiles, or runaway locomotives.

We shortly arrived at Brandon, one of the largest grain markets in Manitoba. Nine great elevators, twice that number of flour mills, and other factories are here. The government experimental farm at Brandon is recognized as one of the best in the world, and farming is here regarded as a fixed science.

Farther on were the beautiful farms of Indian Head, where another government farm is situated to make scientific soil tests.



"There was a crack of the Winchester * * * * * and simultaneously Hos-li-nez
felt his arms encircled as if by bands of steel."

NAVAJO BESSIE

By Lucien M. Lewis



THE dying rays of an Arizona sun fell upon a strange picture, a picture of life primeval on the "Great Painted Desert." Around a camp-fire on the outside of a hogan was gathered a family of Navajo Indians. Near the entrance to the rude structure, with head bowed low, sat an old man, the head of the family, grim and taciturn. Close by the fire, over which steamed a large kettle, crouched the mother. A number of half-naked children hungrily watched the woman as she stirred the contents of the kettle or turned the bread that was baking over the coals.

Seated in the uncertain light of the camp-fire was a girl of rare native beauty. Her eyes were soft and deep and brown, and yet as changeful as the lengthening shadows on the distant mesa. Her long black hair was carefully combed and braided, while the usual ill-fitting Indian costume was replaced by a neat calico dress cut in modern fashion. She wore a necklace of silver and topaz, the only relic of barbaric taste. And yet she was plainly a child of the desert with the inherited instincts of savage ancestors striving for her mastery.

Sixteen years before, the girl's father, Manuelito, had gone out from the parental roof, and with the assistance of his young bride had built a little hogan. There was the fall of snow on the mesa, followed by the blooming of flowers along the arroyas, after which came the long, pitiless summer hanging over them like a canopy of fire. Then sorrow laid his hand heavily upon Manuelito's household. With life came death, and the father was left with a wee bit of motherless humanity.

On the fourth day after the arrival of the little stranger, a large butterfly fluttered over the bed, dipped about aimlessly for a moment and then lighted on the baby's hand. This was considered a good omen, and the child was named "Kaluky," the butterfly. Soon a new mother came, and

when Kaluky was five years old she was readily sent to the Government Indian School several miles down the canyon. The strange-sounding name given her by her father was changed to the simpler one of Bessie, and she became known to the employes as "Navajo Bessie." The unkempt child grew into beautiful maidenhood. She learned to speak English, dressed as would any girl at a boarding school, and conformed in every way to the dictates of civilization. When Saturday afternoon came, however, and the children were given their freedom, Bessie would steal away to her favorite haunt, a little cave in the rocks behind the buildings. Here she would hang a miniature blanket and, seating herself beneath it, would run her fingers nimbly back and forth. She was harking back to the memories which, like evil spirits in the dark, were ever calling to her.

As this story opens with the group around the camp-fire, Bessie has come back to her father's Hogan. She has taken up the thread almost where it was broken ten years before when her father placed her in the matron's arms. The veil has been drawn aside for a few short years; she has caught a glimpse of the great world beyond and is again swallowed up by the desert. She is once more Kaluky, the butterfly.

Es-kaz was young, and strong and brave. Eighteen times had the cactus bloomed since he first saw the light in his father's Hogan, yet among all the Navajos there was none so fleet of foot or agile of limb. The long sinewy arms, the muscular neck set between broad massive shoulders, reminded one of a Roman gladiator. But as he walked, his every movement grace and strength, there was about him a suggestion of the panther.

Es-kaz passed frequently by the boarding school. He and Bessie had danced together at the matron's party the previous summer. Since then there had been shy glances and secret messages, carried in such mysterious

way as only the child of the desert understands.

Hos-ti-nez was tall and gaunt and stoop-shouldered. His keen eyes, hooked nose and slanting forehead, gave him the appearance of a hawk on the look-out. Two wives he had already buried in the crevices of the mesa, and yet all the mothers with marriageable daughters welcomed his coming with smiles; for chief of all the northern clan was he and possessed of vast herds of cattle and ponies.

Hos-ti-nez became a frequent visitor at Manuelito's hogan. He would drop in to discuss the weather or the growing crops but always his eyes would rest on Kaluky who shrank from him as the wounded fawn shrinks from the hunter's knife. One day his visit was more prolonged than usual. Far into the night he and Manuelito's wife sat around the camp-fire, their heads close together. In a few days there were strange ponies and cattle in Manuelito's corral bearing the brand of Hos-ti-nez. Kaluky realized that she had been sold and tearfully appealed to her father to reverse her step-mother's decision. "No, no, my daughter," replied the stern old Indian, "by the law of the Navajos you belong to your mother; let her do with you as she thinks best."

Soon a message went flying over the desert from Kaluky, and equally swiftly came the answer. The girl became strangely cheerful and happy. "Proud," the step-mother said, "at the prospect of being the wife of a Navajo chief."

The news spread far and wide among the Navajos, that their chief was soon to take unto himself a wife. Even their wandering tribesmen away down in New Mexico smacked their lips in anticipation of the coming feast. How news flies among the Indians no one can exactly tell. There are bold riders and deep-chested ponies that never tire. A Navajo will mount his pony with nothing but his blanket, a Winchester and a little bag of corn. The next morning will find him one hundred miles away. Then, too, the Indian was the first to use wireless telegraphy. A few puffs of smoke from hill-top to hill-top and the message is known.

Ask the old scout who followed the elusive Navajos across desert and over mountain, and he will tell you that long before Kit Carson and his Rangers approached the

reservation, and even before the white settlers knew of his departure, the Navajos had been warned and had quietly slipped away into the mountains of the North.

The entire tribe had assembled around Manuelito's hogan. Men gaily dressed in green and red, sat in a circle around the fringe of cactus bushes, lazily smoking their cigarettes; women with bright-eyed babies on their backs filled in the background, while half-naked children and lean, hungry-looking dogs fought indiscriminately on the outskirts.

Inside all was in readiness for the marriage ceremony. On the floor lounged Hos-ti-nez with his leading men beside him. Opposite them sat the bride surrounded by her family, while between the parties sat the basket of sacred meal. At a signal from the medicine man the contracting parties would step to the center of the hogan, wash their hands in the meal, and the compact would be sealed.

While the group chatted and made final arrangements there was the sound of hoof-beats and, as the sound came nearer, Kaluky quietly passed, without comment, from the hogan. A moment more and Es-kaz rode furiously up and almost in the twinkling of an eye snatched the waiting girl up behind him and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Instantly all was confusion. The astonished Navajos rushed for their ponies, and when Hos-ti-nez came upon the scene he found his faithful followers eager to pursue the runaways. "No, no, my men," said the chief, with a wave of his hand. "Hos-ti-nez fights his own battles," and mounting his pony he followed swiftly on the trail of the fugitives.

Not until Es-kaz was far away did he dare slacken his terrific pace. Then pulling his reeking pony into a walk, he looked back to see if he was followed. A look of alarm passed over Kaluky's face when she observed this. In a tremulous voice she whispered, "Hos-ti-nez is strong and cunning; what if he should follow?" His only answer was a disdainful curve of the lip and an impatient gesture. They were headed straight for Winslow, more than one hundred miles away, where they would be married according to the white man's way.

Far in the rear followed Hos-ti-nez, nursing his wrath and coolly laying his plans

for revenge. He had been humiliated before all his people, and his heart flamed with anger at the thought. He carefully examined the mechanism of his Winchester and filled the magazine as he rode, occasionally giving vent to little grunts of approval as his plans were perfected.

He would follow closely, keeping out of sight until nightfall, and when the couple had camped for the evening he could more readily surprise them. If possible, he would capture his rival and make an example of him before his people, for the gravest crime that a Navajo can commit is to abduct the wife or fiancé of a chief. However, Hos-ti-nez respected the strength and alertness of his adversary and, if resistance were offered, he would be shot down without mercy. It would add materially to the chief's prestige if he could take his rival captive, therefore Hos-ti-nez determined to spare no effort to that end.

As Hos-ti-nez rode along under the burning, blistering sun, a rattler wriggled itself across his path, raised its head threateningly for a moment, and then disappeared in the sage-brush. The Indian gazed at the reptile and a look of malicious satisfaction swept over his bronzed face. It was an inspiration. "Ah," muttered he, "If Es-kaz could only be taken alive!"

Nearly a day's journey ahead there was a large spring, the only watering-place for miles around. Hos-ti-nez figured that the fugitives would likely stop there for the night, and his surmise proved correct, for shortly before the sun set the couple alighted at the spring, watered and fed their worn-out pony, and then started a camp-fire.

Leaving Kaluky to prepare their scanty supper, Es-kaz climbed to the top of the mesa, concealed himself behind a boulder, and eagerly scanned the road over which they had passed. Just as the sun cast a last ray far up the canyon, transforming yellow and green of rock and sage-brush into glorious purple, his patient vigil was rewarded by the sight of an approaching horseman. Cold and hard was the expression of the young brave, as he left his lookout and joined his companion in the canyon below.

The meal was eaten in silence. The girl looked at the Indian with eager questioning eyes, but there came no answer. "The old wolf will get caught in his own

trap," muttered he, as he finished his repast.

Two miles below the spring, Hos-ti-nez tethered his pony and crept cautiously forward in the moonlight. He could see the smoke curling up from the camp-fire, and victory seemed to be within his grasp. Never did hunter stalk game with more precaution than Hos-ti-nez sought his victims. Behind boulders and sand hills and up little wash-outs, he worked his way to within one hundred yards of the fire. Then even greater care was necessary. Flattening himself upon the ground he wormed along until the objects of his pursuit were in view. He could see Kaluky, wrapped in blankets, quietly sleeping by the flickering light. Not far away was another figure rolled in blankets, and Hos-ti-nez felt sure of an easy capture.

The decisive moment had come. Hos-ti-nez with ready rifle raised himself to advance. As he did so, a dark form sprang from behind a clump of grass, and with a yell of triumph, Es-kaz sent his lasso singing through the air.

There was the crack of the Winchester as the bullet whistled above the tree tops, and simultaneously Hos-ti-nez felt his arms encircled as if by bands of steel. For several moments the old chief writhed and kicked in a furious effort to free himself, then realizing that his struggles were futile, he yielded to the inevitable and awaited the verdict of his captor.

Quickly Es-kaz stepped forward and tied his prisoner's hands and feet. Then a knife flashed in the moonlight. "Now," he demanded of his prostrate foe, "swear by all that is sacred to the Navajos, that you will consent to our marriage and will never again molest us."

For the first time the old diplomat spoke. "My children," said he, "you have done me grievous wrong. All day I have ridden hard to overtake you, that I might bid you welcome to my people. Free me from my bonds and let us return to the feast."

"Promise your children, then," said Es-kaz, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone, "that you will sanction their marriage and will allow them to live in peace."

"Why should I refuse to promise what I have desired all day to do? Gladly do I give my consent," answered the wily chief.

The next day found the Navajos still camped around Manuelito's hogan, awaiting the return of their chief. The feast remained untouched until he should give the word. There was an under-current of sympathy for the young runaways, but not even the boldest dared to assert themselves.

Late in the afternoon a murmur of anticipation passed quickly along the line of campers, as Hos-ti-nez, dusty and travel-stained, rode into view. He jogged slowly up, dismounted and walked to the center of the expectant circle. For a moment he stood in silence, calmly surveying the eager, breathless multitude.

Then raising his hand dramatically he ex-

claimed, "My people, when Hos-ti-nez left here yesterday morning his heart was hot and cried out for vengeance. As he rode along it gave him time for reflection. Hos-ti-nez is old and ugly like yonder cedar on the mesa; Kaluky is young and tender as the little flower that blooms along the arroya. It is not fitting that you should plant the flower alongside the cedar; it would wither and die. Hos-ti-nez now forgives his wayward children. Tomorrow there will be a wedding and a feast, and Hos-ti-nez will be the first to bid his children welcome."

The Navajos answered with shouts of approval, and filed away in little groups to await the coming of the bridal party.

THE OPTIMIST

By Edward Wilbur Mason

LET beauty be a blazing sun;
And truth a candle flame.
My soul shall worship them as one,
And know their light the same.

Let hope be mocking rainbow high,
Or will o'wisp less bright.
My soul shall follow with rapt eye
The vision of delight.

Let love be but a joyous play,
Or grief that smarts and smarts.
My soul shall reverence aye and aye
The god of burning hearts.

Let life be but the breath of dust,
The stir of things that seem.
My soul forevermore shall trust
The shadow of God's dream!

THE ISLAND OF CRUSOE

By A. C. Seeley

I WAS on my way from my room on the second floor, to the office on the first floor of the Hotel Aragon. I came down the long corridor over the soft, thick-piled, dark-red, arabesque-patterned carpet that gave no sound back from one's foot fall.

I was almost at perfect peace with the world—it would have been a perfect peace but for a something. It was a something that was unavoidable, and it was impossible to correct, so I was manfully striving to put it away with the moon and other things that I have been learning from my early childhood to my present bachelor days that I could not, must not, have, no matter how very much I wanted them.

I was just passing the Blanchard suite. I was not acquainted with the Blanchards, but I was interested in them. The head waiter had told me their names, and the bell boy had pointed out their suite to me. Their door was slightly open, and I heard a gruff masculine voice say:

"Oh, shut up!"

"Brute!" a feminine voice replied reproachfully.

I caught a glance of her as I came opposite the door, and her glance met mine! It happened so—it had been happening so since their arrival the week before. They sat at another table across the dining room, but she faced me!

Unconsciously I hesitated; it was not a full stop, more like a comma than a period, it was just barely noticeable. I thought she blushed and I thought, also, that I heard her say something in a low voice. I had not taken more than ten steps on my resumed journey, when I heard their door close softly, and I had another think and several guesses coming to me.

I do not mind confessing, if you have not already guessed it, that this lady was the something that kept my peace of mind from being perfect. She was a lady who would, I think, disturb any man's peace of mind. She was

the most beautiful, desirable woman I had ever met, and my experience is not slight.

She had soft blue eyes. I say soft blue, because they were the farthest thing in the world from a "steel blue," and they were not a "pansy blue," nor a "Heaven's own blue;" they had a blue of their own, and their natural look seemed one of a melting tenderness with an evanescent trace of mischievousness. Her hair was a composite of tawny tints, that continually developed high lights and soft shadows. Her complexion was, undoubtedly, made to go with her hair and eyes. Her lips had a dash of red that would make a dreamy man remember of having tasted port wine of a rare red vintage. The ensemble was a beautiful color scheme.

Her gowns seemed, in point of color and fit, to be a part of her entity so completely, that they seemed alive and worth knowing because of their association with her.

On this particular morning she wore a shade of blue. Blue was the color she wore oftenest, and I bet with myself that it was her favorite. At any rate, when I saw a blue dress on the street I paused to look twice, expecting it to contain her.

This seems to be a rather long digression into details, but if it serves no other purpose, it will show what the something was that bothered my peace of mind and perhaps it may indicate, in a measure, the extent.

I tramped on down the hallway so viciously that, had it not been for the soft thickness of the carpet, I should have made a deuce of a racket. I was engaged in blaming Fate; a man is rarely generous minded or in a gentle mood when he is piling things up on poor old Fate.

My paramount desire was to go in and do things to that man for speaking in the way he had, and this was the gist of my complaint to Fate—that I had not the right to do it! She was the one woman I had been looking and waiting for all these years, and I wondered where she had been keeping herself, and what

were the circumstances that threw her into the care and keeping of this brute who did not appreciate her!

Very few men, I take it, deserve their wives; and fewer still mate them well. I may be hypercritical about this, but I will leave it to your judgment. You just take a look over the married lot of your acquaintances, and see if it does not strike you, as it has me, that most men appear insignificant beside the women who bear their names and grace their homes.

When the usual married couple are out walking, it always seems to me that the man is merely "tagging along." Blanchard always provoked this thought in my mind whenever I saw him with his wife. He was light-haired and hardly her height, instead of being dark and tall—he should, at any rate, have been taller than his wife. The very unworthiness of that man for his wife made me almost hate him, yet I suppose he was a good enough man, as men go.

The unjustice, the unfairness, the mistakes, in fact, of Fate are something terrible to contemplate. Here was I ready to love, cherish and protect with lavish tenderness a woman who, to my mind, seemed designed for me, and who, instead, was in the possession of a brute, who talked to her as if she were a troublesome child or a servant. Whilst I sighed and whilst I swore, when these things came into my mind.

I had a bad day of it; everything went wrong. Comforts and discomforts generally run in flocks, but my flock of annoyances seemed unusually large the whole day.

I missed the Blanchards at luncheon and again at dinner. I asked the clerk what had become of them. They had gone away early in the forenoon, he replied, and, no, he did not know where they had gone; no, they had left no directions for forwarding mail. After that my interest in the locality died out very rapidly, and completely. Instead of it being the ideal place I had at first thought it, it bored me very much, and I went about a few days taciturn and morose.

I suppose I ought to have been glad that she was gone, since her presence constantly kept me breaking the Tenth Commandment, thereby endangering my soul. I tried not to think of her, but that was not a success.

One morning I received a letter from Tom Maynard, bearing a command to go to him

forthwith. I had promised Tom to be his best man in his coming event. I have officiated in the capacity of best man so often that my friends feel that I am thoroughly reliable, and that I have a knowledge born of much experience; so they consider my services indispensable. I was glad to receive the summons, and I obeyed it with alacrity, although it was some days yet before the wedding.

Tom has a beautiful country home, which is presided over by his mother, a kindly woman who had almost adopted me as her son years ago. The house is an old rambling one, bearing the impress of its successive owners of the past, in the varied styles of architecture that comprise its composite entirety. It is in the land of wooded hills and green valleys, wherein a river rolls that contains the finest, gamiest bass I have ever battled with.

Tom's fiancé lived across the river with her parents, the Tullys. The Maynard and Tully lands joined, or would, if the river did not separate them. Tom and Edith had been babies, playmates, schoolfellows and chums together. Their love grew out of a lifetime of association, and it was a good love, too.

The families were, and always had been, close friends. The only thing that might have marred this friendship was an island in the river, which each, with equal right, might have claimed, but instead, they held it neutral. The island was a beautiful spot of several acres. I fell in love with it on my first acquaintance, when I had come home with Tom once during a college vacation in the years gone by. I claimed it at once, and so violently that both families fell in the way of calling it Bob's Island—(I am Bob, my name being Robert Robinson)—and tacitly conceded me the ownership.

Of course I never really lived there, but I built a cozy little bungalow on it. I called it "Crusoe," and had the name put in rustic letters over the door. It was a pleasant place, and I have spent many happy, dreamy moments there. I was last down to the "Crusoe" when Tom had asked me to be his best man. He and Edith were together at the time, and I told them I would gladly do so, if I might keep the island, since I was afraid a joint ownership would destroy the neutrality that had protected me all these years.

They said they would give me the deed

for it as a wedding present, when I was married, but as a bachelor I had no real need of property. I smiled then, for it stood a fair chance of some day being mine, but I sighed now, for I felt it would never be mine; since the only woman I had ever met that I could love sufficiently to make my wife, was already married to a man who looked fit to live as long, if not longer, than I.

When I reached this point in my thoughts, I no longer thought; I only remembered a color scheme of tawny hair, blue eyes, red lips and blue dresses. It was just as good or better to remember and not to think, for when I thought, I simply gave way to the invective and hurled a choice lot of anathemas at poor Fate.

Tom wanted to consult me about something that had to do with the wedding, and as soon as he had my advice he posted off to the city, leaving me in his mother's care till he should return on the third day.

As soon as I had had my luncheon, I was off for my retreat, "Crusoe." I rowed over, and as I drew my boat up on the sand at the landing I noticed that there had been another boat there, and there were tracks, small ones, as if made by a woman's or boy's shoes. I filled my pipe and took a general survey of my island. Then I went down to the bungalow and unlocked the door. As I opened it I noticed a card on the sill. I picked it up, and read the following penciled line:

"Robinson: When will you be at home?

Yours,

FRIDAY."

"That is a decided piece of impertinence," I said to myself, as I proceeded to dust out and clean up the interior and rearrange things a bit.

I busied myself for an hour inside the cabin, then I sat down for a smoke and a day-dream—you can build any amount of things out of smoke, if you are at all fanciful. I am a bit imaginative, so I had a nice, quiet, enjoyable half-hour. That is, when I did not think of her husband, or rather, of her having a husband, and when I began to think of that, I closed up the bungalow and went home.

The next morning I was lazy or busy, I do not remember which, but I did not get down to the island until in the afternoon.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, looking at some fresh tracks on the sand. "She has been

here again!" They were certainly a woman's tracks. I went to the bungalow and found, as I half expected I would, another card. It was in the same hand-writing, and read:

"Oh Robinson, you have been home, and never answered my note! How could you be so cruel? Yours, FRIDAY."

"Well, this isn't Edith," I decided, "and if it isn't, who can it be?"

My curiosity was aroused, and I resolved to be at the island early enough the next morning to catch the intruder. I arranged accordingly, and got off very early in the following morning. I landed at the upper end of the island, and hid my boat; then I went to the bungalow, closed the door and awaited developments. To pass the time, I read. About ten o'clock, I heard a boat's keel grate on the sand, and presently the swish of a skirt along the path. In a moment I heard a woman's voice outside the door of the bungalow.

"Well, Robinson, you've been here again, and still refuse to answer my notes; I call that very impolite," the voice said, and I fancied there was a smile with the words.

I opened the door, intending to say "Come in, Friday," but I did not say it. I was too astonished to say anything, for the woman was Mrs. Blanchard, color scheme, blue dress and all!

"Oh!" she gasped, "you?"

And I weakly responded: "You?"

She was the first to recover; women do these things intuitively. "I am sorry to have disturbed you," she said.

"And I am glad to be disturbed. Won't you come in, Mrs. Blanchard?" I asked, eagerly.

She looked a little puzzled, and then she said:

"I fear I am bothering you, Mr. Crusoe."

"That is the name of my house," I said, "I thought you knew my name."

"No," she answered, "you have the advantage of me there."

"But your notes were all addressed to me," I persisted.

"Is your name Robinson?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes," I answered, bowing.

"Are you not to be Mr. Maynard's best man?"

"Yes," I said again.

"I never once thought of you—I was thinking only of Robinson Crusoe."

"Come in and have a chair, and rest a moment, and I'll tell you about the island," I entreated.

Then, with one or two hesitating, backward glances, she came in and I gave her the history.

"When do you think you will have the deeds made out?" she questioned, when I had finished.

"Never!" I answered gloomily.

"Never!" she echoed; "are you a woman-hater?"

"Oh, no, merely a man-hater," I replied a bit bitterly.

"What has that to do with your marrying? she asked.

"Everything. Another man has married the only woman I could have loved," I said boldly.

"Perhaps there is a chance of his dying," she smiled.

"I hope so," I said solemnly.

"Oh, but isn't that rather wicked?" she said seriously.

"Yes, I suppose it is, but it isn't a great step, after all."

"What isn't?" she asked, greatly puzzled.

"From the Tenth, that is always in my head, to the Sixth, which seems a desirable alternative."

"I fear that I fail to follow you," she said open-eyed. "The Tenth and Sixth what?"

"Commandments."

"Oh," that did not comprehend, followed by another "Oh!" that did. Then, quite suddenly and irrelevantly: "How did you learn my name?"

"From the head waiter and the bell boy at the Hotel Aragon."

"Did you—I mean—I thought you might have heard us quar—er talking, the morning we left, when you came down the hallway," she said, hesitatingly.

"I did," I answered, tersely.

"Fred is—that is, we—" she began.

"He was what you said he was—a brute," She reddened.

"We were packing the trunks, and he is a—a little outspoken sometimes, especially packing times, but then I am not angelic, by any means," she said, the frown evolving into a smile, which deepened as she continued: "It is funny, but he has nearly the same opinion of you."

"Of me! How could he? He doesn't know me."

"Well, he tried to get acquainted with you at the hotel, but he said you were a regular bear," looking up mischievously.

"I am sorry that we did not make the acquaintance," I said grimly, then I smiled, "if we had, I could have met you the earlier."

She nodded acquiescently.

"And, as it was, I almost lost you," I went on, recklessly.

She sat up a little, and I quickly asked:

"Where are you stopping?"

"With the Tullys. We came up for the wedding. I am a friend of Edith's, and I think I know a great deal about you, Mr. Robinson. Edith has been telling me."

"You can't believe a word she says—she isn't responsible. She doesn't see any perfection other than in Tom," I protested.

"That is too bad; for what she said of you was good."

"I wonder if she and Tom have quarreled," I said in a mock-musing manner.

She laughed, then got up, saying:

"I must go now, Mr. Robinson. Thank you very much for telling me the history of the island, and for letting me see the inside of your cabin."

"You were more than welcome. I am sure the pleasure has been mine. I hope you will come again," I said earnestly.

She colored and started for the landing.

"Wait," I said, "I am going with you. I think I owe a debt to Edith."

I got my boat, put her in it, and towed her boat to the Tully landing. Then I went with her to the house. I stayed and talked to her and Edith a while, and then Blanchard came in. Edith introduced us. He seemed rather a decent sort of a chap, but the memory of that morning and the fact that he was her husband, made me take an early departure.

Tom and I called that same evening at the Tullys. Just before we were leaving, Blanchard left the room very abruptly, at least it seemed so to me, though the others did not seem to notice it. Tom withdrew for a consultation with Edith, and I had a moment alone with Mrs. Blanchard. Her husband called her Blanche, and I wondered if it were her name, or only a contraction of the family name—Blanchard.

"You will come down to the bungalow—to the island, in the morning, won't you, Mrs. Blanchard?" I asked rather earnestly.

"I am not sure that I ought," she said, giving me a curious look.

"Come anyhow," I entreated. I was prepared to sacrifice at least half of the Ten Commandments.

"Perhaps," she said, relenting a little.

"Promise," I insisted, firmly.

"Very well, if you like," smiling.

Then Tom came in, and we went home. He was busy talking the whole distance, but I never heard a word till just inside the house, when he said, with some emphasis:

"Well, you are hard hit!"

I glanced at him a bit startled, and went directly to my room. I was busy with a thought. If dense, love-smitten Tom could see my infatuation for Mrs. Blanchard, why, then it must be perfectly patent to everyone, including her husband—perhaps that was why he had left the room so abruptly. I groaned and tried to go to sleep. Some time during the night I dropped into slumber long enough to have a duel with her husband. I killed him, and awoke!

I was at the bungalow a half-hour earlier and she was a half-hour later than usual. I was at the Tully landing with my boat, waiting for her.

"You are late," I said, as I helped her into the boat.

"I almost had to steal away," she said, smiling.

I did not dare answer. I only wondered if that woman knew how nearly wild she drove me.

"Let's explore the island," she proposed, when we had landed.

We did, and we had a jolly little run over the place. Time had passed more rapidly than either of us thought. She glanced at her watch when we were in the bungalow.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it is late; I must go; it is almost luncheon time. Fred will be so angry—"

"It will be good for him," I cut in, vengefully.

"Will it? Then it ought to be good for me, too; we've got tempers alike," she laughed.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Why not? don't you think we look alike?"

"Yes, if a holly-hock looks like a tuberose," I answered.

"That is a compliment to either Fred or to me; but since he isn't here, I'll take it," she smiled.

"It belongs to you," I replied.

"Most people think we are twins," she remarked.

"Twins!" I almost shouted.

"Yes, but we're not; I'm two years older than Freddy."

"Tell me," I said, leaning toward her—I was prepared now to fracture every Commandment and any three chapters of the Bible at once, "tell me, how did you ever come to marry him?"

"Marry—marry whom?" she asked, evidently startled.

"Blanchard, your husband, of course."

Then she laughed.

It was not an ordinary laugh. It was a wild paroxysm of rushing gurgles, distracting squeals, mellow titters; breaking out again in a prolonged shriek.

I ran the gamut, from fiercely burning indignation, to weak, foolish imbecility.

"When you are quite done," I said coldly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the joke."

"Fred—isn't—isn't my husband," she said, in an incoherent struggle, "he—he is my brother." Then there was a fresh paroxysm

"And you are not married?" I cried, too astonished to think rationally.

"Of course not," she answered.

"Thank God!" I said so earnestly that we both fell to laughing uproariously. When we had quieted, I explained all my long misunderstanding. She interrupted me occasionally to laugh but when I had finished she said:

"I thought it funny that you insisted on calling me *Mrs.* Blanchard, but I thought you were doing it as a joke."

I protested earnestly, and she smiled and forgave me, and then said:

"I have had a most delightful morning, Mr. Robinson, but I must go, now, even as pleasant as the island is."

"The island belongs to me now," I announced.

"You have had the deeds made?" she questioned quickly.

"I am going to have," I answered.

"But I thought the only woman you could love was married."

"I was mistaken, I only thought she was married."

She flushed deeply, and patted the floor

nervously with her foot, but she said quite coolly.

"How nice; when is it to be?"

"That is for you to say," I said earnestly.

"I? What have I to do with it?" drawing herself up with a charming bit of haughtiness.

"Everything! You are the woman. There is no other woman--there can be no other woman. In all the world there is but one woman, and I love her, and I want her to be my wife. Blanche," taking her hand, "darling, if you knew how very much I love you, how much you have been in my waking thought; how entirely you are in my dreams; you would love me, because I love you so. Can you not give me some encouragement?"

"But I hardly know you," she began.

"You informed me that Edith had given you my history," I countered.

"Then the impropriety of proposing to me in your own house," demurely.

"It will be as much yours as mine."

"You dislike my brother so much," smiling.

"As for your brother, he is the next thing to an angel," I smiled with her.

"But you wouldn't make friends with him," she objected.

"I'll make him my brother," I promised.

"Well, Mr. Robinson, that is kind of you, but I must go now."

"You don't leave this island till I get my answer," I said, sternly.

"How dreadful—suppose I should say no," she said sharply.

"Then I would burn the bungalow and shovel the island into the river—it will be mine or nobody's!" Then I took both her hands. "Blanche," I said, "you must not say no. I could not bear that. Think of the torture I've been through all the time I thought you were married. I love you honestly and earnestly, and I would try so hard to make you happy. I am not wealthy, and yet I am not poverty-stricken, and my prospects are good. I am not telling you this to induce you to become my wife, but that you may not be afraid to trust your future into my keeping. Darling, won't you give yourself to me; you have my heart and soul; let me have your life, won't you, my love?"

My arm stole about her waist, and her head drooped softly down on my shoulder.



CUT OFF

A Story of the Momentous Days when Philippine History was Red in the Making

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "Wearing the Blue," "The Whip Hand" etc.

ALL day long the outpost—a sergeant and three privates—had lolled in the shade of a few sickly palms and tried to forget the heat which everywhere sucked relentlessly at the life of drooping vegetation.

"If that relief don't get out here before dark," wheezed Hardin, rinsing his feverish mouth with stale water from a canteen, "I'm goin' to quit this guard cold."

He flung the canteen to the ground with a motion of weary disgust and sighed.

"Old Halligan's prob'ly forgot to make out the detail," explained Stark, the pessimist. "I've got a fully developed photograph of us puttin' in the night here."

A deep silence ensued. The reddening disc of the sun sank lower. Miasmatic odors, forerunners of the night, floated up from the wood and gained gradually against the heat-waves.

Sergeant Wise sat a little apart, his brown hands locked together over his bent knees, his head bowed down in profound thought. He had been a large, powerful man once, but the frame alone now remained to tell of it. The tropics had wrested from him all that the exhilarating climate of the west had given. Now a breath from the darkening wood touched his cheek. Its soothing coolness bespoke incipient night and reminded him of his responsibilities.

Somewhere beyond that shadowy patch of woodland, were swarms of those noiseless, mysterious little men whom his regiment, at a frightful cost, had beaten back from San Juan del Monte a fortnight since. And they were still there, he well knew; the fury of revenge afame in every brown bosom. He likened them to the ferocious cougar of his native mountains—crouching in silence, waiting in fiendish anticipation the opportunity to spring. And was this that opportunity—the lone chance; now that for some unaccountable reason the relief and usual re-enforcement for the night had

failed to come out from Manila? Already long hours had been spent in fruitless waiting and hoping. It was the eleventh hour. It was time to act.

The sergeant rose and moved about uneasily. "Jenkins," he insinuated briefly, "it's up to you."

"Well?" queried the other. He was a son of silence, reputed to have averaged no more than a dozen words daily since his enlistment.

"To go to *Cuartel de Espana* and find out why in h—— we're left out here to broil for twelve hours over-time."

The warmth of the sergeant's manner accorded perfectly with the mood of his companions.

Jenkins gurgled a moment at a canteen, then dropped it to the ground listlessly and turned away without a word, only to hear in a moment the concerned voice of his "non-com."

"Keep an eye on them 'snipers' over by the *convento*, Jenkins."

The man nodded faintly over his shoulder without interrupting his pace. The remaining three gazed after him, languidly speculating as to his fate, until a swell rose up and shut out his receding figure.

The sun had buried itself in a bed of pink, and its path down the western horizon blazed with a million matchless colors; yet now, here and there, shadows were leaping up from the graying earth, merging with and lessening the splendor of the spectacle. A Philippine sunset can fascinate the most wearied eye. The eyes of the little outposts were wandering in this maze of coloring. Under the beating rays of an all-day sun their vigilance, like all else, had shriveled and died. And when in this abstracted contemplation they knew least of their surroundings, a lithe shape screened by a tuft of palm-grass a hundred yards distant assumed successive attitudes as of

minute observation. The shadows deepened and strange-voiced night-birds in the wood, set up their peculiar calling. A bevy of bats, screeching a desultory accompaniment, winged fantastic circles close above the outpost. From the long, thin line of "skeleton" squads which wandered away into the *bontocks* beyond San Juan del Monte, no faintest sound of human activity rose on the stilly night. If the responsibility of holding the invaded territory was exercising many minds it was having a contrary effect upon many tongues.

Sergeant Wise presently abandoned his meditative pacing in favor of a short reconnaissance. After advancing a dozen feet his comrades saw him swallowed up in the gloom as if by some invisible monster. Cautiously, almost soundlessly he moved toward the black boundary which, like the edge of some frayed garment, stood dimly defined against a feathery mass of cloud. After awhile he came to know that he had gone too far. A little sound came to him from behind, causing him to wonder, almost to hope,—what? He smiled wanly at his own misgiving in the dark, but turned to retrace his steps. Anon he paused again. Stealthy footfalls, crunching among the spine-grass, came softly to his ears. He observed that a dwarfed papaya tree which he had just passed was moving, though no breeze stirred its leaves. The soldier stared, his suspicions aroused. For a short space the papaya swayed gently; then to the beholder's utter amazement it appeared literally to uproot and zigzag away, leaving only a cluster of vegetation where it had stood. The sergeant's rifle sprang up mechanically, but a sudden thought stayed the impulse. A shot might precipitate an action at this time wholly undesirable. Lowering his weapon the soldier stole after the shadow with quick careful tread. A few paces and the uncertain shape ahead showed nearer. It was moving slowly. A quick desire to overpower and capture the skulker accelerated the pursuer's steps. Twenty yards more and a slight, wiry figure took definite form, almost at arm's length. All at once the big, straw sombrero came off and its owner, finding himself discovered, gathered himself for flight. He was too late. There was a lightning-quick movement in the dark, then a long, lean pair of arms had enwrapped

the astonished little man, and he was being borne back to the outpost on which he had been spying.

"There's sure somethin' doin'," offered Hardin in comment; "my forecast says that this outpost'll participate in a fire-festival before mornin'."

"And I can see us all smashed clear into the middle of next Christmas," predicted the whimsical Stark. "This *hombre* that Wise brought in says there's five thousand riflemen behind that strip of timber, and I'd like to know if two hundred men, stretched all over a province, can put up any kind of an argument against such a handicap?"

"Stark," said Hardin abruptly, moving close to where the former sat carefully filling his magazine, "if I hear any more of that d---d fool talk I'll write back to Nebraska and tell *somebody* that you're a disgrace to the regiment and the state."

"You're threats don't alarm me much, Hardin, and it's all right to jolly yourself along, but you know yourself that this is ticklish. Far as I'm concerned, though, I wish it'd happen—now."

Wise, the sergeant, restlessly pacing to and fro, paused near his contending comrades.

"It's late, fellows—I'm going to turn in for a lump of sleep. If Jenkins comes, wake me. You, Hardin, first relief."

The sergeant swathed himself in a blanket and lapsed into silence, and the two men under the palms sat on in thoughtful silence.

The night advanced and the wee small hours stole in and made themselves impressive by the deeper darkness and more far-reaching stillness they brought; but no Jenkins, no relief, no re-enforcements.

A faint, gray tendril of light came trembling timidly over the eastern horizon. Like the scalloped blade of a great kris, it wriggled heavenward, cleaving the infinity of gloom, and diffusing a dim, gray light. In the black wood all was quiet. There was naught to indicate that it had witnessed anything unusual during the night.

Sergeant Wise sat with his rifle resting across his knees, a blanket thrown over his shoulders to ward off the night chill. His comrades were deep in slumber. Between them lay the captive spy, securely bound.

In the drab half-light of dawn, the sergeant's tired eyes wearied of the woodland



"CAREFULLY PARTING THE VEGETATION, HE PEERED OVER THE RIDGE * * * * *
IT WAS LITERALLY CRAMMED WITH LITTLE DARK MEN"

perspective. He faced to the rear in the faint hope of seeing Jenkins burst from the shadows. It was with difficulty that he smothered the cry of exultation that rose to his lips. Twice, a stone's throw to the rear, a hazy form was moving along a rice-levee. It was only a blur in the twilight, but there could be no doubt that it was Jenkins. He would go to meet the returned messenger. He rose and took up a brisk, hopeful stride. Half a dozen clumps of bamboo momentarily hid the dim figure as the soldier neared it, and when he looked again it had vanished. The sergeant halted, frowned, and rubbed his eyes, marveling at the illusion. Ah! he had made no mistake, after all, for there, now moving in an opposite direction, was the thing again, and—yes, it had been joined by two other dim shapes, which glided after it in strange, half-bent attitudes. This, even to the practical sergeant, savored of mystery. He became curious, so much so that he unhesitatingly directed his steps in pursuit of the singular receding shapes. So rapidly did he gain on them that he was able in a moment to perceive that he was following three fully armed insurgent soldiers. The discovery caused him to advance with more caution. Evidently, something was wrong. Some part of the outpost had slept and allowed spies to get in the rear of the lines. The sergeant mentally cursed such criminal carelessness, and continued on stealthily, only to become aware a moment later, that the objects of his surveillance had disappeared before his very eyes. With ear intent he paused and listened. A faint sound, as of clinking steel, came from a point just beyond. Again he moved forward, taking advantage of anything that offered the slightest cover. Anon he heard the metallic click, this time startlingly near at hand. Falling to the ground, he crept surreptitiously to a rice-dike which overlooked a little depression. Carefully parting the vegetation he peered over the ridge; then he caught his breath, and stared incredulously. Along his front ran a broad, flat water-course. It was of incalculable length, and as far as the beholder's eye could reach in either direction, it was literally crammed with little dark men in green-blue cotton uniforms; while from among the mass bristled a field of sinister gray rifle-muzzles.

Silently as a shadow the scout retired on all fours, until he had passed beyond danger of discovery. Then he sprang up and ran as he had seldom run before. He found Hardin and Stark sleeping heavily, their rifles gone, the captive missing. "Hell!" he exclaimed, and started off at a run. In a moment he stumbled and fell full across some one asleep in a waterproof sleeping-bag. It was Lieutenant Fram, commanding the outpost. The two thus fortuitously brought together, crouched low and talked in hurried whispers.

Stark and Hardin yawned, sat up simultaneously, and—what did this mean?—their rifles! They sprang up and searched here and there, excitedly. Their eyes were dilated, and their faces looked set and gray, in the growing light.

From somewhere to the rear a low hum crept up on the still morning air, and wafted itself to the ears of the wondering little outpost. It was a sound as of a great multitude, subdued of voice and muffled of foot, preparing for some event forbidden of sound. Droning and mysterious, the sound grew in volume until it became a roar, rent anon by the staccato of an excited, imperative voice. Half a mile away to the left something like the crack of a whip came abruptly out of a mango grove. It was followed by a little cluster of spiteful pops, which, in turn, was succeeded by a great, crashing volley of Mausers; then another, and another, until a jagged arc of fire ran like a tongue of lightning round the entire rear of the outpost. The surprised men in khaki returned the fire, undismayed, but against odds, at once overwhelming, their utmost effort was as an ancient flint-lock, pitted against a modern, quick-firing rifle.

"Cut off!"

The words dropped from Lieutenant Fram's lips like one who pronounces his own death-sentence.

"Wise, we'll fight," was his calm resolution, "and we're going to give an account of ourselves that will not soon be forgotten."

And they did fight; fought with as much the same desperate nonchalance and determination as the unhorsed bull-fighter grasps the furious *toro* by the horns. The ensuing minutes were as hours—long, hideous hours of nightmare, to all who survived.

Ere long the little outpost was being

crushed back toward the wood. The retreat was inevitable, but the cover thus gained would be advantageous.

Nobody knew the truth, but Stark, the pessimist, had refused to retire with his squad. Unheeding call or command, he had lain flat upon his face behind a rice-dike, and declined to budge. When they advanced, the enemy found him there, and drove a bayonet through his body tentatively. But he remained motionless, and the little men smiled grimly when they saw that he had been dead for some time. His dark prophecy had come true, poor fellow!

The retiring force had been decimated, but it had gained the wood, where the men in khaki stood and doggedly gave blow for blow.

The odd little men in light blue were advancing in plain sight. They had felt their superiority.

"I've never seen such fine shootin,'" Hardin told Wise, as he pelted away at the enlarging human targets. The sergeant expressed himself similarly, and the two pumped their magazines with no thought of the rapidly approaching climax.

A crimson-splotched figure was clinging to a sapling. "Sergeant," it gurgled, "I'm gone—hold 'em—"

But the sergeant heard naught save the awful and increasing din around him. The clinging figure slowly relaxed its hold and settled to the woodland mould. Lieutenant Fram had done his best.

A moment later the sergeant yelled in his comrade's ear:

"Jim, there's been a funny feelin' under my left arm for some minutes—take a look there, will you?"

Hardin looked and saw blood, plenty of it. And then, even as the frenzied warcries of the advancing enemy rose above the battle-roar, he calmly slit the wounded man's blue shirt and examined the wound.

He knew in an instant, and something gripped his throat, and he seemed to be strangling, for Wise had been a good man, a soldier, and a favorite with everybody.

"Don't mind, old man," said Wise, catching Hardin's compassionate look with a faint smile. "I'd have shuffled off anyhow before long—the climate, you know."

His eye wandered, and fell upon a contorted, crimson object near him. A quick sense of duty forced a new thought upon his waning senses.

"Hardin," he wheezed, "Fram's killed. I'm in command—it'll soon be *you*. Jim, don't give in—don't surrender—fight 'em—fight 'em *a-l-l l-h-e l-i-m-e, J-i-m.*"

Again his eyes roved, this time far across the parched rice-fields toward San Felipe. The sight revived him.

"There's something breakin' from cover over there, Jim."

Then his trained eye told him something wonderfully sweet and comforting—that Old Glory would not come down! His eyes clung to the filmy, khaki-colored line, fast lengthening and becoming more distinct.

"Jim," he strained, his voice growing faint, "I'm downright sorry I'm goin' to miss the fun—there'll be lots of it here in a minute, and—bare, black feet'll be stampedin' over this limp old carcass to escape Krag-Jorgensen pills."

His poise became uncertain; Hardin laid him gently down, and simultaneously a pair of friendly one-pounders over San Felipe way spoke sharply as if in reproach. The dying man heard and smiled faintly, and the smile faded with his spirit into eternity.

In the afternoon Jenkins told Hardin how Tondo had risen up in arms and settled down in ashes; how all of the troops in Manila had been hotly engaged, and how his own mission had been thwarted by a ricochetting Remington, which laid him unconscious for hours among the burning shacks of seditious Tondo. And so Hardin, who had threatened to desert the outpost, but who had remained with it the longest, understood why the little detachment had been cut off, and why re-inforcements had been so long in coming.



A SUMMER IDYLL

I

THERE is an Isle where the flowers smile
And the zephyrs gently blow;
Where the trees all bloom to a lyric tune,
And the soft Go Easies grow.

II

And the Never-cares, near their shady lairs,
Repose in the noon-day sun;
And each Hustler bright who comes in sight,
They gobble up ev'ry one.

III

The whistling winds are the Jenny Linds
Who sing with a feathered choir,
'Till the music sweet on the hilltops meets
With the sunset's golden lyre.

IV

A Fairy Queen, in glist'ning green,
Enchants the fragrant air
'Till the eyelids close in deep repose
And music sweet and rare

V

Floats all around with a rippling sound,
As played by the water-nymphs
On the willow strings of a harp that sings
Of the shifting woodland glints.

VI

If you would go where the zephyrs blow,
Take a ride on old Shank's mare
Down Easy Street, where the hawthorns meet,
Far away from the Land of Care.

VII

Then you can find, if you've half a mind
To search for a shady nook
With a fishing kit, where the sunbeams fit
In the shade by a wayside brook.

Claire M. Carberry

COBWEB HALL

By Paul Suter

STEPHEN WANTLEY came to the well-remembered turning of the road, beyond which the old house stood. He saw it just as it had been, square-fronted, large, ugly, with four windows on either side of the door, and a little turret, like a port of observation, on top of all. Most of the windows were broken; the roof was well-nigh divested of shingles; and the garden, once the pride of his mother, was given up to incessant warfare between sunflowers and weeds. This was better than might have been expected, after ten years. The sunflowers, he pondered, must be the descendants of those his mother had planted. He would keep some of them around the sides of the garden. But for the rest, there would be a thorough cleaning up. The roof would be shingled, the windows restored, the whole house brought back to its first state. He would place a hammock between the two trees on the left, where one used to be, and he would hang a swing, for the sake of old times, to the great limb which still projected high above the ground from the first of the trio of trees on his right. Yes,—he chuckled, as his eye caught an old sign-board nailed to one of these trees,—he would keep the name, too; he would still call the place Cobweb Hall.

When he had wandered front and rear, with many new plans and old memories in his mind, he obeyed his first inclination, and went to pay a formal call upon Annette.

Her garden was neat and well-cared-for, in contrast to his own. He remembered it just so. Even her little cottage, half-buried in the morning glories, seemed to have weathered the intervening years without dropping a shingle. They might have been the same morning glories and four-o'clocks that had witnessed his humiliation ten years before, when she had told him, very gently, that marriage was not for them.

She herself had not greatly changed—a few added lines to her face, a little of the

old cheerfulness gone, but the same kindly eyes and the same quick smile. His heart leaped up when she held out her hand to him, but he remembered that this was a formal call. His pique returned to take its accustomed sway, and he answered her cordial greeting coldly and stiffly—too coldly, he thought, a moment afterward, for she understood instantly, and an impassable barrier was erected between them. Her mother and his had died, and they were both alone. He was coming back to live across the road from her, as in the old days. They would be friends as ever, of course, but he saw clearly that they could be nothing more.

The old house was soon made new. In a few weeks he moved in and settled down to the routine of book study and occasional writing that he had planned. What time he did not pass in writing and study was spent in the garden. The sunflowers bloomed luxuriantly under his judicious care. The marigolds, which he had planted to smile like bright faces on either side of the little path down to the road, came to seem in reality faces from the past. In this way he had companionship. Few from the village visited him. Only occasionally did he call at the house across the road, and then merely to exchange dull commonplaces. So he was forced to make friends of the flowers, and of his books.

But flowers fade. The first winter came, and the friends of the garden took leave of him. He was left alone with the books—dull companions, at best, for an empty heart. In the first few months of that winter he changed from an unmarried man to an old bachelor. Such a change is subtle and indescribable, but it spells misery to him in whose life it comes. He bought a horse and buggy—not that he wished to ride, but because he needed living companionship. The dumb beast sympathized with him and lightened his burden of loneliness, but did not lift it. He was still an unhappy man.

At length the turning came. A little before Christmas he received a letter from a former acquaintance, who had married, and was superintendent of an orphan asylum. Perhaps the kindly instinct of the man who has lived and raised up children to himself gave him some hint of the bachelor's forlorn condition, for he advised jocosely in the letter that Wantley adopt a boy—and the bachelor, after pacing the floor all one night, opening one book-friend after another, only to find them all alike unprofitable, determined that he would.

He drove to the city to answer the letter in person. As his horse stopped before the commonplace brick building with its windows like slits cut in the walls, he hesitated, in doubt that such a place as this could keep the secret of his happiness. But he had not come so far, to falter at the final step. There were three large entrances, each with its precise stone walk running down to the iron fence, any one of which might lead to the office. He chose the middle door, which was right, for in a little room to the left of the main corridor, he found the superintendent.

Time had changed him, also. His hair, once luxuriant, had become thin and somewhat gray; he arose from his revolving chair with a stoop, like a man of many cares, and even the smile of surprise with which he met the announcement of Wantley's decision had its touch of preoccupation.

He spoke of the children as a merchant might speak of his wares. There were so many of this age; so many of that. Wantley felt that he wished to get rid of them as soon as possible to good advantage, and that this, and not personal interest, was the reason for his letter. He advised the adoption of a small boy. "Then he'll seem more like your own, in a few years," was his argument. He touched a bell-pull and summoned an attendant, declaring that he knew just the boy Wantley needed—doing all in the jerky, mechanical way of a man who has other things to do. Promptly the attendant returned, and with him—the boy.

The bachelor caught his breath with an involuntary exclamation. He had never dreamed of such a child. The harmony of the complexion with the dark blue eyes, the beauty of the golden hair falling in

one great wave over the childish forehead, were too perfect. A little more regularity of feature would have made of it a doll's face; but the nose was rather too blunt for such toy-like monotony, and no doll could have been so timid and so curious, at the same time. It was rather like a little bird hiding in its nest, save that the eyes sent forth such a message of anxiety which the bird could never have conveyed. Wantley felt that the little fellow had been appraised before by visitors, and that he dreaded the ordeal which was at hand.

"He's a cute one, isn't he? We call him Charlie Grace. Both his parents are dead. Come and sit on the gentleman's knee, Charlie."

The superintendent was rubbing his hands together at the effect his exhibit had produced, but he stopped long enough to add:

"You needn't be afraid of him—he won't hurt you. He wouldn't hurt a kitten."

The bachelor had indeed looked absurdly alarmed, but he recovered himself immediately and extended his arms in what was meant to be a reassuring gesture of invitation. The little fellow came forward shyly, and Wantley lifted him to his knee. In the excitement of the moment he forgot the smiling superintendent, and the mildly-amused attendant, and brought his whole mind to the task of winning the tiny being in his arms—and, as sometimes happens at crises in our lives, inspiration came to his relief. Out of the storehouse of his travels he brought forth one simple tale that might interest a child like Charlie; and the boy, listening absorbedly, till the story was finished, put his arms around Wantley's neck and asked for more. The victory was won.

"I won't take him yet," Wantley said, when the pleasant half-hour was over, and the boy had gone back to his quarters. "I should like to surprise the little fellow. Do you have a Christmas-tree at the orphanage?"

"Oh, yes, of course," the superintendent affirmed. "We have a big one, but there are so many grouped around it that no one sees very much."

"Charlie shall have one to himself," the bachelor declared, with a touch of pride. "I'll come for him Christmas morning, and give him the greatest time he ever had in his life."

The superintendent smiled and turned back to his desk. He would take the necessary legal steps. All would be in readiness.

The fever of energy with which the bachelor worked in that week before Christmas would have been a revelation to any one who knew him. "It was not the old, time-worn toil of books and writing. It was the new, and not altogether congenial labor of shopping. He spent two or three hours of every day in the city, and rejected untold numbers of promising young Christmas trees, before deciding at last upon one that would have shone in any company. He showed no less fastidiousness in the selection of the ornaments; no ordinary baubles would do; the common pink, white and green candles, were passed by with scorn—he required the best brand made, something not quite so serviceable as the plebeian variety, perhaps, but much more gaudy. He exercised like discrimination in the choice of the candy to tickle Charlie's palate, and of the toys to gladden his heart. He bought a pair of skates and a sled that were wonders of their kind. At length, with all his purchases made, he shut himself up in Cobweb Hall, and spent two whole days erecting and decorating the tree.

Snow fell on Christmas morning. The pain in the bachelor's heart almost vanished as he watched the large rich flakes pouring out their bounty upon the earth. He hitched up the companionable horse, flung a double number of warm robes into the buggy, and started light-heartedly, for town. Even Annette's pale face and quiet gray eyes, looking out of the window opposite, brought him but a passing pang.

It was a short drive—ten miles in distance, but not nearly so long to a happy man. He ran up the steps of the orphanage, rang the bell with a peal which resounded through the place, and met the superintendent with a bright smile and a hearty hand-shake. But that official answered his glance with a troubled shake of the head.

"The little fellow isn't very well today," he demurred. "He has a bad cold. I don't know whether you'd better take him or not."

"I must take him," Wantley rejoined, with the emphasis of one who dreads disappointment. "I couldn't think of letting him miss that Christmas tree. Why, man,

I have the biggest blow-out for him you ever saw in your life!"

His determination had its effect, backed as it was by a judicious exhibition of the buffalo robes and the warm cushions of the buggy. The superintendent began to waver, and Wantley clinched his case by adding:

"I have a lady friend across the road. She'll take care of him if he grows worse. He'll have the best of treatment."

Charlie was brought in, a little hectic-cheeked, but undeniably energetic and determined, and threatening storms and rain if he were kept from going. He was bundled into the buggy, enveloped with furry robes till he could hardly breathe, and further protected by his new father's disengaged arm. Thus they set off.

One of them, at least, was in paradise upon that long ride. It was well that the sagacious animal in front knew his way, for his master was quite engrossed in golden hair and dark blue eyes, which were just visible, set in deep furs, like a flower in a hollow. They talked of everything, but chiefly of the Christmas tree. Wantley's adventures were stretched to the utmost. Inspired by the clear voice beside him, and the clinging little body, he recalled old Christmases that had seemed quite forgotten. All the while the snow fell and it grew darker and colder and Charlie coughed at intervals, but they did not notice that—they revelled in each other's company until the sagacious horse, at length, reaching the carriage path which he knew, turned into it and stopped before the door.

"You mustn't come in yet. Wait till I have the door unlocked," commanded Wantley.

The little fellow, who had half risen, snuggled down into the robes again, and let his blue eyes wander over the outside of his new home. Wantley flung the door wide, stepped inside to make sure that the base-burner was still burning, then picked up Charlie Grace, robes and all, and carried him into the great front room, where stood the Christmas tree.

"There! What do you think of it?" he asked, in exultation.

The little chap did not answer at once. He gazed at the tree mutely, and wistfully, as a being less pure might gaze into paradise.

Then, as if all his emotions had burst their bonds together, he suddenly jumped up and down unrestrainedly, clapped his hands, and burst into laughter.

"I think it's fine!" he cried.

The next half-hour was a confused series of embraces, which began with the lighting of the candles, got really under way with the help of the wonderful candies, and culminated in the inspection of the sled and the skates. Neither of them thought of supper. The bookish old bachelor laughed and cried at the same time—afeat he would have scouted as impossible, but a short week before. He came out of his numerous encounters disheveled, his tie on one side, and his hair disarranged, but with a light in his eyes such as had never been there. It was well that the patient horse bethought himself to neigh, else he might have perished from cold, which would have been especially unpleasant on Christmas night.

The bachelor hastened to stable him, though it was hard to leave Charlie for even so long. On his return, he expected to be met at the very door by a burst of laughter. Instead, all was silent. Charlie was standing by the base-burner, shivering. Hearing Wantley enter, he turned and smiled.

"I'm cold," he said, tremulously. "I want to go to bed."

Wantley started with sudden apprehension. Then he saw that he had forgotten to close the door, and that the snow was driving in.

"No wonder you're cold!" he cried, and hastened to close it.

But even when the door was shut, Charlie continued shivering. His great eyes appeared larger and darker in the light of the fire, and his cheeks were pale and red by turns. He edged up closer to the warmth of the stove, away from the lights of the Christmas tree, and attempted to undress himself, but soon gave up the effort and sank exhausted into a chair.

Wantley had been watching him, like a man under a spell. He suddenly started up and ran from the room, and out of the house, with his head bare. It was dark and snowing heavily. Through the mist of falling flakes he could see the lights from the cottage across the road. She was at home. She would know what to do, he told himself.

A moment afterward he was thundering at the door. She opened it in alarm at such a summons, and, without prelude, he poured forth his petition. The boy was everything to him, the one hope of his life. For the sake of their friendship, of the old times, of all they might have been to each other, she must save him. There is no knowing what wild words he uttered, to make her shrink from him as she did at first, but her woman's sympathy bridged the chasm and came to his relief.

"I'll come right away," she promised, willingly. "Just as soon as I can gather together some of my herbs and medicines.

He thanked her, and hastened back. She was there almost as soon as he—in time to see him bending over the chair, and to hear something like a sob from his lips.

"He's all I have, Annette," he whispered. "If you can save him—"

He stopped. She did not answer, but bent over the child in swift examination. In a moment she looked up and nodded toward the unlit gas burner.

"Light it," she commanded. "Then you can prepare the bed while I undress him. Whatever you do, don't let the fire get too low. Be sure the stove in the kitchen is burning, too. We shall need poultices and warm drinks."

He obeyed her directions to the letter, the more skilfully as he had been accustomed to doing his own household work. He was ready to lend a hand in the undressing, but she waved him aside impatiently.

"You must do just what I tell you, Stephen, and no more. The poor little fellow has been neglected. We must put him to bed without losing a moment."

"Tell me one thing," he pleaded. "Is it pneumonia?"

"Not yet," she replied, gravely. "But it may be. We don't need a doctor, though. He'd only be in the way."

He thought as he watched her swift, skillful movements, that any man would be in the way at such a time. He had provided a nightgown—for which forethought she complimented him with a smile. But as she carried the white-robed little figure to the bed, tucked the clothes tightly around his neck, and imprinted a kiss on the burning forehead, his wonder increased that she, who had no children of her own, should

know so well what to do, and his humility increased in proportion. He realized how helpless he was in her presence, and how friendless the little chap would be without a mother.

She brewed a miraculous decoction on the kitchen stove, and set him to stir it while she prepared the poultice. He was allowed to assist with trembling hands, when she bared the little chest and applied the hot compress. He choked back a sob at sight of the half-closed eyes and the beautiful burning face. When, at length, the gasping lips spoke, and some meaningless words escaped them, he broke down utterly, and hid his face in his hands. While he was thus idle, she administered the first draught of the herb medicine. The vigil had commenced.

He had imagined it would all be over in one night. But the day after Christmas came, and there was no change; the second night, and still the little sufferer lay quiet, at intervals whispering some half-intelligible message, but oftenest silent, with his eyes partly open, between sleeping and waking. When the third night was at hand, Annette, watching unceasingly for the first change in the symptoms, whispered:

"The crisis may come before morning."

Then there was no more dividing the watches, while one slept. They sat on either side of the bed, each looking down at the little face, and waiting. In that long vigil a sense of understanding had arisen between them. They conversed by nods and glances, rather than by words. Thus when the dull pain in her face kindled to a fire, and she looked across at him, he understood, and bent closer.

The little figure was sinking into a repose it had not known before. The stertorous breathing had become more tranquil and

regular. The eyes, which had never been completely shut since the first day, opened slowly and disclosed their blue depths; wandered dreamily from one to the other of the watchers; then closed again, this time in the manner of one who is going to sleep.

Annette leaned forward and grasped Wantley's hand across the bed.

"If he wakes from this in his right mind, he will live—God willing," she whispered.

He made no answer, but, with a strangely recurring thought of his childhood, knelt beside the bed and buried his face in the clothes. When he looked up after a great while, he saw that her face also, was hidden. At length they both resumed their former positions and waited.

There is an hour, just before the breaking of dawn, when the dark angel is nearer to all of us than at other times. Then, they with life strong in their veins, sleep deepest, and they who are to die often awaken. At this hour Wantley trembled, for he detected a slight change in the little face in the pillows. The eyelids were quivering tremulously, as if the spirit within was about to take flight.

"It is coming," whispered Annette.

Slowly, in place of the closed eyelids, the deep blue eyes appeared. They were fixed, with the expression of one who looks far away; but in a moment they caught the yearning gaze of Annette fastened upon them, and they smiled. She bent closer, and whispered, "Charlie! Charlie!"

The fleeting smile returned, and the lips moved.

"He says 'Yes, mamma.' He knows me," she whispered.

"Thank God," said Wantley, sobbing silently. He caught her hand in a strong clasp across the bed, and they stayed so until the sun rose.



DA SWEETA SOIL

By T. A. Daly

All weenter-time I work for deeg
Da tranch een ceety street,
An' I am looka like da peeg
An' smal jus' 'bout as sweet,
Baycause my han's, my face, my clo'es
Ees dirty as can be,
An' sewer-gas ees een my nose
An' steeck all ovra me.
More dirty an' more mean I feel
Dan I am look to you;
My soul eenside ees seeck, but steell,
W'at am I gona do?
Ees notheeng sweet een ceety street
For mak' me better man.
All men an' theengs dat I am meet
Mak' meanness all dey can,
An' all dey speak ees ogly words
An' do som' ogly theeng.
So even, too, dose leetla birds,
Dat ought be glad an' seeng,
Dey fight each o'ther een da dirt
For dirty food dey eat.
Ah! so my soul eenside ees hurt
For work een ceety street.

But yesterday! O! yesterday,
I levee, I breathe again!
Da boss ees sand me far away

For work een countra lane.
How can I mak' you ondrastand—
 You are so grand, so reech—
To know da joy I feel, my frand,
 For deeg dees countra deetch?
I sweeng my spade, an' O! da smal,
 W'en first I turn da sod!
So sweet! Excuse me eef I tal
 Ees like da breath of God.
So pure da soil, like Italy,
 I stoop an' taka piece
An' den—O! don'ta laugh at me—
 I talk to eet an' keess!
An' while I do dees foola theeng
 An' weep so seelly tears,
Ees com' a pritta bird an' seeng
 Hees music een my ears.
You know dees 'Mericana bird,
 Weeth breast so lika flame,
So red; I do not know da word
 You say for call hees name,
But w'at he seeng ees plain to me,
 An' dees ees part of eet:
"Ees spreeng, ees spreeng een Italy,
 So sweeta, sweeta, sweet!"

O! eef you weesh da Dagoman,
 Dat com' for leeve weeth you,
To be da gooda 'Merican
 An' love dees countra, too,
I ask you tak' heem by da hand,
 Away from ceety street,
An' show heem first dees granda land
 Where eet ees pure an' sweet.

IN ANOTHER LAND THAN THIS

By Roy Farrell Greene

THE little girl I played with in another land than this,
How well do I remember still her handclasp and her kiss
That meant no more than friendship, but so honestly bestowed
The memory of it lingered as incentive and as goad
To spur me in the after-years, e'en when with wrinkled brow
And frost-kissed hair I'd reached the land where I am living now.—
If still she lives, Time's led her steps this selfsame way, I wis,
The little girl I played with in another land than this.

That other land more fair than this in retrospective seems,
But absence may, as some folk say, o'ergild an exile's dreams!
I only know the lark then sang with far less plaintive note,
The raucous blue-jay then spun skeins of music with his throat,
More golden-hearted daisies bloomed beside the paths we strayed,—
For sunshine warmed that far-off land, and this one's cooled by shade!
Yet even more than bird or bloom, that once I knew, I miss
The little girl I played with in another land than this.

To that far land I'd haste today, with pilgrim's staff and pack,
But one who's exiled, and for life, can never more go back!
Perchance you think I hate the land I'm living in, but yet
"Tis only when I dream, as now, that absence brings regret.
I'm blessed as few, I've loved ones true and comforts manifold
In this rare country where I live—the Land of Growing Old.
But yet, that other land allures, and Memory halos so
The little girl I played with in the Land of Long Ago.

A MAKER OF OPPORTUNITIES

By Florence Martin Eastland

HE knew it was time to start if he intended keeping his engagement with Josie Burke, the teacher at Rattlesnake Prairie; yet Stephen Peabody felt an unaccountable disinclination to go. While he stood staring at his name and "County Superintendent of Schools" lettered on the glass door of his office, he heard the whistling of the livery-boy waiting at the sidewalk with the team.

Turning to his desk he pulled from a drawer a neat document labeled "Report of Round Hill School, District No. 7, for month ending October 1; Ida Hamilton, Teacher."

"The only word I have received from her since her inexplicable conduct," he mused. "Why did she treat me so?" He laid the report back with a sigh. "And now I am resorting to a contemptible ruse, just to see her dear face again. It was my suggestion that prompted the Rattlesnake Prairie School to challenge District No. 7; and I am going to accompany the teacher just to show Ida that her treatment has not broken my heart. I wonder if she will care."

By which token it is unnecessary to state that the superintendent was young and human. He was about to close the drawer when his attention was attracted by a paper wedged into a crack at the side. He seized the projecting corner and brought forth a note addressed in the same neat writing as the report near by. Eagerly he tore it open. The date was six months old. He read it twice before he shook his head in disappointment.

"Just a polite note of regret that an important engagement kept her from meeting me when I called, and that she had no means of sending me word that she could not be at home. Well,"—he drew his breath sharply—"I suppose that was easier than to refuse an offer of marriage. Nothing left for me but to brace up and make the best of it."

He locked the desk and door and descend-

ing the stairs ended the long wait of the livery-boy. Through the dusty street he drove rapidly; but when the delightful odors of ripened fruits and garnered grains greeted him, he brought the horses to a walk, while he inhaled the grateful incense. About a mile out he overtook a pedestrian, a freshly-shaven young man whose jaunty air appeared familiar.

"Ride?" inquired Stephen, coming to a halt.

"Thanks. My horse went lame an' I left him in town," was the answer, as the man climbed into the buggy. "Goin' fur?" he added.

"To Rattlesnake Prairie first; then to the Round Hill schoolhouse."

"Oh! the spellin'-match. Say, was you out to call on Miss Idy Hamilton 'bout six months ago? There, don't git huffy. I have a p'tic'lar reason fer askin'!"

"If it will give you any pleasure to know," Stephen replied stiffly, "I was. Furthermore, she was not at home."

"I thought I met you goin' away," was the cheerful observation, "an' you looked pretty mad. Now I know Idy, an' I've noticed lately 't she seems worried an' unhappy. I've be'n thinkin' I'd orter butt in somewhere with an explanation, only I didn't know just how; but sence the 'cation has arrived I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. You didn't see her thet time because she come, much ag'in'st her wishes, to persuade me from doin' the meanest thing I ever thought of doin'. She done me the best turn in the world, an' it cost her somethin'. N'mind how I know. That's a part o' my secret. I got it from one who's on the ground floor. I'll bet my bottom dollar 't she was too hon'able to tell even you."

"She was; she was," returned Stephen. The whole atmosphere changed. Autumn no longer reigned; spring bloomed in his happy heart as he gripped the other's hand. "You have placed me under obligations I

shall never forget, and I can begin to thank you, Mr.—why, I do not know your name."

"Jack Myers, Mr. Peabody. Well, I'll drop off here; see you by an' by."

With a light heart Stephen drove on to Miss Burke's boarding-place. After all, he reflected, his few formal calls on her could indicate no particularly serious intentions. She was a good teacher and an excellent girl—well, possibly she was just a little spiteful when it came to District No. 7. It was natural that she should wish to live with her only relative, an aunt at Round Hill, and that she should feel some resentment that Ida alone stood in the way of her becoming the teacher of that school.

In an unusually becoming new fall gown and hat she was more attractive than ever before. With Ida's unapproachable image towering above and beyond her, some vague yearning of reparation prompted him to tell her so. The unguarded look in her eyes bade him beware of further compliments; so until the lights of the Round Hill schoolhouse twinkled out in the soft dusk his conversation was strictly impersonal.

A large number were already present when they entered. Ida evinced no surprise when Miss Burke observed:

"Of course you know Mr. Peabody. I brought him along to pronounce for us. You will spell, too?"

"I had not thought of it," returned Ida. "I supposed this contest was to be between our pupils."

"Didn't they teach spelling at your much-quoted Normal school?" asked Miss Burke, with a suggestive shrug.

"I learned before I went," was the quiet response. "Since you wish it, I will spell."

Stephen tried in vain to have a private word with Ida; but either she evaded his attempts or Miss Burke out-generalized him. Vexed by his failures, he called the assembly to order. In a short time two long straggling lines confronted each other from opposite sides of the room; the rules of the contest were agreed upon and the match began.

Short and easy words first, that the smaller ones might not sit down ashamed too soon; little catch words next to sharpen the memories and weed out the uncertain ones. Then the real work began with a fusillade of polysyllables. "Next" was heard oft-

ener now; and occasionally a sigh rose from a disappointed parent when his particular olive-branch missed. The spectators grew silently expectant.

At the end of an hour Ida with five of her pupils still stood on one side, while Miss Burke, openly triumphant, could count ten of hers in line. Within fifteen minutes each saw all but two go down.

"Recess!" shouted some one at the door, and a hasty adjournment took place.

Stephen tried to gain Ida's side, but Miss Burke anticipated and checkmated his move. Outside in the bright moonlight the young people began playing a game. Through the open windows floated their voices singing:

"The needle's eye it doth supply
The thread that runs so truly,
And many a lass have I let pass
Because I wanted you.
I have caught one and I have caught two,
I have caught many a lively lass,
And now I have caught you."

A resounding smack followed by boisterous laughter preceded the resumption of the popular air. Stephen glanced around impatiently. He was fully resolved not to leave that night until he had effected some sort of an understanding with Ida. He must explain—must know her feeling. Observing Jack Myers near the door he started back to speak to him, when Miss Burke again intercepted him.

"Won't you be the judge? We are going to play forfeits. Come; I will blindfold you." With an air of proprietorship she drew from her shoulders a lace scarf and prepared to bind it over Stephen's eyes.

"One moment, please," he replied thoughtfully, making his way to Jack's side. After a hasty greeting he drew Jack aside and said earnestly:

"If you wish to be of great service to me, cough twice when you hang my forfeit over my head." Pushing the astounded Jack to the front he loudly announced: "Here's some one else to play."

A space was cleared for the game. A player stood in the center with the tin cover of a forgotten lunch-pail. As he twirled it on the floor he called the person's name. If the individual failed to catch the cover before it fell he paid a forfeit. Miss Burke

made a pretty picture as she shot forward gracefully and skillfully seized the spinning cover. Ida too, was a dexterous and popular choice; while Stephen awkwardly swooped down and missed the object by several feet. "Forfeit" rang out merrily and he handed his pocket-knife to Jack.

A dozen or more forfeits lay in Jack's possession when Miss Burke at length banded the judge's eyes. Selecting a string of glass beads from the number, he held it over Stephen's head chanting:

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your head."
"Fine or superfine?" was the query.

"Superfine. What must the owner do to redeem it?"

"She must recite her favorite poem."

A subdued titter greeted the judge's decision when a half-grown girl indignantly declared, as she snatched her forfeit:

"I w-w-w-won't d-d-do it."

The next penalty, a "fine," was readily paid to the astonishment of the onlookers. When told to assume for one minute his favorite attitude, a solemn-looking stranger immediately stood on his head and staid there the full time.

Before Jack suspended the next forfeit he coughed twice. After the usual question and answer Stephen announced the penalty.

"The owner must tell a fairy story."

"Tell it, then," they all laughed as Jack displayed the pocket-knife.

Removing his bandage Stephen sat for a moment as if in deep thought.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a beautiful princess named Goldheart because she was so kind and unselfish. People went to her with all their troubles and she often quite inconvenienced herself to help them.

"Now Princess Goldheart had a fairy god-mother who loved her dearly and who wanted to give her that which would make her the happiest woman in the world. The god-mother could bestow but one gift, so she pondered long as to what it should be—neither beauty nor talent, for the princess had both; nor riches, for Goldheart had simple tastes. Finally the god-mother sought the advice of a young man called Desire, who had long loved the princess.

"Give her my heart," he answered, and because the god-mother knew it contained no thought of another, and that it was an

honest heart, with but one wish—to make the princess happy—she carried it to Goldheart and left it in the form of a rose beside her pillow.

"When the princess awoke, she pinned the rose over her own heart and waited; for it had whispered that Desire was coming to ask her hand in marriage. Before he arrived, however, there came an urgent call for the princess; some one needed her help to keep from doing an evil deed. She hurried away without a chance to send a word to Desire, who, when he did not see her, left in great anger and disappointment.

Then a bad fairy hid and delayed the message the princess sent, and it did not reach Desire until six months later. He tried to speak to the princess then, but the bad fairy placed obstacles in his way. He wanted to learn if the princess still wore the red rose, but every chance to find out was denied him. In deep dejection he went to the god-mother.

"Grant me an opportunity to speak to her," he commanded.

"Alas," she replied, "I have no more gifts left; but I can make one prophecy. To succeed, you must make your own opportunity; and if when you next see her she answers yes to the first question you ask, she will be ready to give you a white rose in the place of your red one. If she evades your question or answers negatively, she has thrown your rose away."

"And so Desire—but this is a continued story and the rest is in the next chapter," concluded Stephen.

Cries of "Go on" and "Not fair" rose amid the general laughter. Ida with shining eyes and a happy smile, observed quickly:

"If we are going to finish the spelling-match we must begin now. It is growing late."

When quiet again reigned, the spelling began in earnest. Difficult and unusual words narrowed the contestants to two; Ida and Miss Burke. The latter's eyes were glittering and a red spot appeared on each cheek.

Stephen grew facetious and displayed an unexpected ability to amuse the attentive audience. After searching several pages of the dictionary he addressed Ida jocosely.

"Miss Hamilton, do you think you can spell comprehensibility?"

Ida hesitated a moment before replying with a blush and a smile,

"Yes, I think I can," after which she hastily proved her assertion.

The spelling continued soberly for a few minutes more. Turning to Ida he pronounced:

"Paresis."

Again she paused.

"P-a-r-a-s-i-s," she articulated distinctly.

"P-a-r-e-s-i-s," corrected Miss Burke, before Stephen could pass the word.

With much applause from the Rattlesnake Prairieites and congratulations from the others the match was announced to have been won by Miss Burke. All was noise and bustle as people prepared to go. Suddenly Ida

was separated from her thronging pupils as she lifted the dictionary to its place on her desk.

"Did you mean it, dear?" Stephen whispered clasping her hand where it lay in the shadow of the big book. A soft pressure of her fingers was her only answer. A dimple played at the corner of her mouth while she looked inquiringly over his shoulder.

"Where is she?"

"Jack—blessings on his curly pate!—has her cornered. Tell me: Why did you miss that word? You know you could have spelled it."

Ida glanced shyly into the admiring eyes.

"It would have been ungenerous to deny her *one* triumph."

SAILING

By Flora L. Mason

I HOISTED sail and put out to sea;
I lashed the helm,—the wind was fair—
And sang to my boat, "Sail fast, sail free:
Thy course is the path I choose for thee.
For chart and compass we will not care."

Gracefully over the billows blue
My boat sailed straight for the Blessed Isles;
And happy was I, though well I knew
That many a sailor with heart as true
Had gone down under those dancing miles.

For I had no fear of going astray,
And I thought no harm would come to me:
What need to tack when straight away
Across the radiant waters lay
The beautiful haven where I would be?

But hidden rocks may shatter the keel,
And wind and wave have woful wiles.
He must mind the bells, with their warning peal,
He must watch the chart and hold the wheel,
Who would beach his boat on the Blessed Isles.

THE REDEMPTION OF TARGO

By Archie P. McKisnie

THE distant hill-tops and the sky that touched them gleamed as though angels had dashed pails of molten gold across them. A Chinook breeze came bounding down the path on a runaway romp before bed-time. It bent the broad brim of Targo's hat and in the sheer delight of its touch, he laughed softly and sat erect in his saddle.

"Smell the breeze, Fate?" he chuckled. "Smell it—of course you do. Thar's sweet ness in it, and that's rest in it, even for a hunted man; for it tells of a snug valley somewhar hereabouts, else my nose ain't as keen as it uther be."

He patted the slender neck of the horse he bestrode, and Fate lifted his head and whinnied.

"Thar you are, boy, thar you are. Grass belly deep, and water—jest hear the rush of its wings. We spend our last night together here, we do."

He flung himself from the saddle, unbuckled its girth, and threw it and the bridle aside. The horse trotted to the brook and plunged his slender muzzle into the cool water. The man threw himself along the brink, and drank. A water-fowl rose heavily from a bunch of reeds. A trout darted, a rainbow streak, from the shallow to the deep hole on the brook's farther side.

Targo unbuttoned his flannel shirt at the neck and rolled up his sleeves. The cold water soothed his smarting eyes and fevered skin. He saturated a handful of soft grass and held it against a blood-encrusted ear. The horse reached over and nosed the injured lobes tenderly.

Targo laughed, and cursed the knowing animal affectionately. He threw the water into his face in great handfuls. He soused his head until his hair stood out in bunches. Then, rising from his knees, he threw one long arm about his horse's neck.

"Jest a scratch, Fate," he said, running his fingers through the tangled mane. "Now, if Dockley's bullet had been a little inside,

eh? It would have lost us our last holiday, boy, and saved the mounted police a day's ride; it would. Maybe it would have been better if Dockley had got me," he added, as though to himself. His hand sought the fastening of the belt from which dangled two heavy Colts, while his gaze wandered across to where a golden line marked the death of a day.

A whip-poor-will whistled from the distant grove. At its note the hard look in the man's eyes faded and a shadow almost of homesickness took its place. There was a tremor on his lips as once more his hand played with the belt buckle. Unloosed, the revolvers slipped noiselessly to the grass, and the man raised his long arms and laughed. From out the west the golden streak had faded, and away back, along the path he had travelled, in the eastern skies a silver line proclaimed the rising noon.

Hours later, when the moon had almost traversed her course, the horse came to where Targo lay gazing up at the great stars.

"Fate," he said, sitting up and drawing the lowered head over against his cheek, "our last little day and night'll soon be done. We'll have to say good-bye to one another soon, 'cause the marshal and the boys have got my word long before now. Somebody else has got to ride you back to Calgary. You've never carried anything but a free man yet, and by Gawd, you are never goin' to, either."

The horse whinnied softly and cut a ragged gash through the grass with her steel-shod hoof. The man understood, and his arms went tighter about her neck.

"No, Fate, I can't do it," he said. "I reckon the boys all hope I can't be found. I can't see that I'm really to blame for killing Dockley. Of course I could prove in court it was in self-defense, 'cause he shot first. But that ain't the thing. I'd have killed him, anyhow, and if I give him one chance

that's my own business and nobody ain't going to know anything about it. He got me in the ear. I got in a little closer to him, and he's down on the Chictago rocks now with his horse. They'll never be seen again, for hell's the only place deeper than the Chictago. No live man has ever seen its bottom. Nobody need ever have known that I killed the engineer, but I want everybody to know it, for they know who it was killed *her*. Everyone knows what it was killed little Erie."

The fingers combing the tangled mane trembled, and the man's eyes were filmed with tears as he went on.

"It wasn't 'cause she was to have married me, Fate. Why, I knew all the time I wasn't no fit mate for her. But I somehow couldn't help caring a mighty lot for Erie, and I would have done anything to make her happy. That's why I felt glad for her sake, when he come and they seemed to take to one another. It wasn't 'cause I'd built the house and had it furnished up with them little knick-knacks I thought would please her. Why, most any man would do that much and not think anything about it neither. Why, I could give the house and furniture to Garry or one of the other boy's who's got a wife, and be glad to have them enjoy it. If Dockley had played square instead of winning everything that's worth winning from a girl and then throwing her over, he needn't have been down thar on the Chictago and I needn't have been waiting here for the marshal."

He sighed and looked across the valley, sleeping peacefully beneath its coverlet of moonlight.

A burning dryness came into the man's throat as he realized that his last night and Fate's would soon be over.

His eyes caught a thin spiral of smoke ascending, a misty, silvery ribbon against the golden back-ground of the sinking moon. It came from the thick grove at the valley's farther end.

Targo walked slowly toward the grove, his head bowed, his arms folded on his breast. Coming to where his belt and revolvers lay, he bent as though to pick them up; then, as if changing his mind, threw his arms aloft and with a laugh passed on. When he reached the spot where the shadow met the moonlight, he stood still, and, as

though understanding, his horse came slowly up to him.

"It's good-bye, I guess, Fate. It's likely the boys up yonder."

The horse put her cold nose against Targo's hot face, and the man held it there until the shadows advanced and covered them both. Then he quickly turned, and strode defiantly and noisily through the grove toward the fire.

Coming abruptly into its light, he stopped short, and gazed with wide eyes at the form of a girl standing beside the fire. She, too, was gazing at him, and when the fire, which had smouldered, broke into flame again, it kissed into life the gold in her nut-brown hair and showed him the glorious beauty of a sad, sweet face.

She came toward him, and Targo, his face white, his limbs shaking, clutched a tree for support.

"Erie!" he whispered. "Little Erie!"

She heard him, and smiled.

"Erie was my sister," she spoke softly. "She is dead. Did you know her?"

Targo nodded, unable to speak.

"We hoped to be in time to see her before she died," said the girl, tremulously. My uncle is with me. He met with an accident two days ago, and—he is dying. Will you come to him?"

"Yes."

She turned toward a clump of trees, and it was then the man noticed the cruel hump between her shoulders. The girl was deformed.

On a pallet of boughs the injured man was lying, half in the shadow, half in the fire-light. As Targo bent above him, the flames shot up and threw a yellow light across the face upon which the death-dews were already gathering.

"Dockley!" cried Targo, sinking on his knees.

The man opened his heavy eyes.

"You know me?" he panted. "Who are you who calls me by name?"

Targo strove, but failed, to answer.

"Is your name Dockley?" he asked at length, jerking the words out as though the power of speech were leaving him.

"Yes—Thomas Dockley," answered the other, turning his head away.

"And his name was George," said Targo, half aloud. "Thank heaven."

The dying man caught the words.

"Do you know George—my brother George?" he asked, rallying.

"Yes, You are very like him."

"But in looks only, praise God," whispered the other. "He is a bad man."

He turned his face away, and closed his eyes. The girl knelt beside him, kissing his damp hair and stroking the white face which Azrael had already touched.

It was near the end.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she cried, heart-broken.

At her voice a sudden strength seemed to come to him.

"Dear little girl," he gasped. "It will soon be over. Then you—you won't—have anybody, will you?"

She shook her head dumbly, and looking upon them, Targo felt a great pain in his heart.

Suddenly the white face turned toward him. The filmy eyes grew clear again and fastened themselves upon Targo's as though looking beyond them to the depths of his very soul.

"Have you anybody?"

Weak but distinctly, the words fell upon Targo's ears. They startled him. He, comprehending the question, shook his head.

"Nobody," he answered.

The dying man groped for Targo's hand, and with a great effort placed it upon the other little, trembling hand he held. There was a mute appeal in the action, and, understanding, a great flush swept across Targo's face.

Minutes later, it seemed to Targo hours later, the weak voice spoke again.

"Nobody," it asked, "nobody ever?"

And Targo answered, "Nobody ever."

"Then will you—take—my little girl—and take—care of—and have—somebody. She has been—my—little girl—years and years. We were—coming—for her—sister—Erie. Erie—is dead—and—"

He sank back exhausted, and Targo faced the girl. She looked at him with eyes he had seen before. It seemed to him almost as if the soul of the girl he had known and loved had come back to him.

The fire had died to a glowing heap of coals. From away through the trees came bird voices. A white streak across the eastern skies told of the approach of an-

other morning. The man on the pallet was dozing. Beside him, her head buried in her arms, the girl still knelt.

She felt the pressure of Targo's hand, and slowly raised her face.

"Are you willing?" he whispered.

For answer she put the other hand in his. Together they rose, and he led her a little apart.

"I know it ain't exactly regular," he said, his face smarting, "but it will let him away easier, knowing that I'll look after you like."

Later Targo knelt beside the dying man.

"It's all right," he said, taking a cold hand in his. "She won't want for anything so long as I'm free to work for her."

"God bless you both," whispered the other. "I'm ready to go, now."

The morning sunlight was bursting through the trees. One golden ray rested like the promise of glory on the dying man's face as Targo turned to meet the party of horsemen who had just entered the valley. There was a smile on his face as he held out his hand to the marshal.

"I see you got my note," he said. "Sorry to have kept you riding all night, though. Just a little prank of Fate's and mine, you know. I see he's come along."

"Targo," cried the marshal. "Now, what the devil—" Then, catching the flutter of a woman's dress in the grove, he checked himself and raised his eyebrows.

"I found them a little afore daylight," explained Targo. "Man and a girl. Uncle and niece, I believe. Man's passing in his checks."

"Poor fellow!" muttered the marshal, hurriedly dismounting. "Give us a look at him, Targo. Maybe something can be done. Come on, boys," he shouted, waving a hand to the rest of the party, who had held back.

At their approach the girl withdrew into the grove.

"Seems to me I have seen that face somewhere before," said the marshal, bending over the man on the ground. He's not long for this world, poor chap."

The dying man looked up at him.

"Who are you?" he asked faintly.

The latter looked at Targo. The latter nodded.

"And what do you want here?" panted the man, his first question answered.

Again the marshal's eyes sought Targo's.

"Tell him everything," said Targo, walking over and standing beside the officer.

"I came for him," said the marshal, slapping Targo's shoulder. "He killed a blackguard named Dockley for going back on a girl he had promised to marry, and we've got to take him back and hang him for it."

The dying man's eyes met Targo's in a mute question. Then he turned his heavy gaze on the marshal, and on the men who had just entered.

"I'm sorry, but I guess you've had your ride for nothing," he gasped, a feeble smile fluttering across his face.

The men looked at one another.

"If—if he'd killed me—I'd have known it—I suppose."

"You? Who are you?" cried the marshal, bending once more to gaze intently at the face of the dying man.

"I'm Dockley."

"See here—" commenced Targo; but the man on the pallet, as though endowed

with a new strength, struggled to a sitting posture.

"You men have all seen me," he gasped. "Am I not Dockley?"

"Yes, yes," they cried.

"Well, I don't want any man to be hung for killing me, and there's a little crippled girl I'm leaving behind in his care."

He paused, and carried all eyes with his, to Targo.

Targo slipped away. At the far end of the grove he found the girl.

"Come," he said gently, holding out his hand.

Together they passed through the grove, the group of men gazing into the girl's face in awe and wonderment.

The eyes of the dying man met Targo's in one long look of understanding.

"Be as kind to her as I have been to you," they seemed to say; and slowly his face settled over against a girl's crooked shoulder in sweet content.





HARVESTING GRAIN IN THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

REGINA, QUEEN *of the PRAIRIES*

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

NOW we are upon the great Regina Plain, which extends as far as Dirt Hills of the West. There is the Missouri Coteau, a blue line to the west, and we were journeying upon a broad sea of prairie land.

Regina is one of the beautiful and solid cities of the great Saskatchewan Valley and capital of the new province. It was formerly the capital of the Northwest Territory, and here occurred many of the stirring scenes of the early days. When we were there many buildings were being erected, including the city hall and parliament buildings, which would be a credit to cities of many times the size of Regina.

Yes, I felt especially fortunate in falling in with H. P. Myton, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and J. H. Haslam, who is building the King's Hotel at Regina, one of the finest hostelleries of the Northwest, outside of Winnipeg.

The Morning Leader, an enterprising newspaper, gave me a peep at an edition of forty or fifty pages, setting forth in glowing terms the future prospects of Regina, and proving that the local newspapers are patronized liberally; advertising is given out by the "acre," rather than by the inch or line.

In a handsome new Ford touring car, we

were soon out among the splendid farms which have made Saskatchewan famous. This tract of country is a continuation of the great grain-growing belt of Manitoba. Rich, friable loam produces crops of the finest No. 1 hard wheat. The scene at the elevators in Saskatchewan was evidence of great agricultural wealth produced by the undulating prairie stretching mile after mile out to the famous Halbrite and Southington district.

Here were seen hundreds of immigrants coming in the freight cars, recalling vividly the experience of my journey to Dakota years ago. They were all happy and enthusiastic, looking forward to getting settled on the prairies in new homes of their own.

The record at the government farm shows why the farmers are willing to invest all their capital, health, strength and time in Canadian land. An average of 110 days is required to mature wheat, and well worth waiting for is the Canadian grain! In 1899 the average yield of bushels on the government farm was 33.20 bushels, with a weight of 62 pounds to the bushel. But in 1902 the weight was 62½ pounds to the bushel. The average yield per acre has been largest in the years 1901, 1902, 1905 and 1906, when

the yield was forty bushels to the acre. The scenes at harvest time are interesting; it is not unusual to see a horse and buggy being driven through wheat-fields where the horse is barely visible. Such a sight is certainly a convincing idea of what the country can produce.

In connection with the cost of and profit in raising wheat, there is an interesting statement to the effect that for ploughing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting, threshing, marketing and taxes, the outlay is \$6.95 per acre, and an average of 25 bushels of wheat

was ninety-six inches, which averages fourteen inches per year, ample moisture for crops. Fuel is also readily attainable in this district, the lignite coal mines being located here. Coal can be procured at three dollars per ton.

* * *

Here we met Mr. F. W. G. Haultain, the former premier of the Northwest Territory, who represented the province at the coronation of King Edward VII. He is an able man, and one of the most interesting characters of the Canadian West. Fully informed on all that pertains to the territory,



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE LAST MOUNTAIN VALLEY

to the acre at 70 cents per bushel brings the gross product to \$17.50, which shows a net profit on one acre of \$10.55. Adding the cost of \$3.00 per acre for breaking, the value of the land as an investment can readily be determined. The profits of farming have been so large in recent years that it is almost impossible to employ men to operate the farms—every man is tilling his own. Land in a high state of cultivation is now worth \$30 an acre, but many farms are rented on liberal terms, which produce a handsome revenue on the investment both to owner and tenant in charge. The entire rainfall in eastern Saskatchewan from 1902 to 1906

with broad, comprehensive views and an intense love of the new province, it is not surprising that a brilliant future is predicted for Mr. Haultain, who is a man fitted to grace any assembly, and is at present a member of the Saskatchewan Parliament.

With this trio: Haultain, Mytton and Haslam, I had a day of real pleasure. Inspired with a firm belief in the future of their city, and devoted to the upbuilding of the province, the people have a universal enthusiasm that is infectious.

Automobiles are regarded as a necessity in these prairie cities, and the prediction is made that in a few years the harvesting



SHOWING NEWLY BROKEN LAND AND THE STANDING CROP ADJOINING
COMSTOCK RANCH ON RIVER SOUTH OF HALBRITE, SASKATCHEWAN
FRED LITSCHKE'S FARM, NINE MILES FROM HALBRITE, SASKATCHEWAN
MURPHY BROS. OUTFIT BREAKING PRAIRIE NEAR HALBRITE, SASKATCHEWAN

and light work on the farms will be done with "benzine bronchos," rather than with horses. The utility of the power now adapted merely for pleasure trips in the Canadian wheat-fields is no dream.

The great warehouses of agricultural machinery in Regina show the immense market built by the demand for implements needed in the cultivation of that vast stretch of prairie land. Another thing in Regina which impressed me was the \$70,000 Methodist church and the \$60,000 Presbyterian edifice, both handsome and substantial buildings, an index of the character of the people.

While in the Regina district we had the honor of calling on Governor Forget, of Saskatchewan. Some trace of the snows of winter still lingered on the shrubs outside,

of being a "real" pioneer. He related many incidents concerning the Riel Rebellion which were most interesting. In 1870, the first Riel Rebellion occurred, and in 1885 a second insurrection broke out, led by Louis Riel, which resulted in his execution.

I learned from Governor Forget that there had been a prospect of the difficulties being adjusted in a peaceable manner, saving further bloodshed, but for a telegram which was sent to the government at Ottawa, reading:

"May we send two official half-breeds to Ottawa, and everything can be adjusted?" This read, when it reached its destination:

"May we send two hundred half-breeds to Ottawa, and everything can be adjusted?"

The reading of this telegram caused consternation.



TOWERING STACKS OF GRAIN

but inside was the warmth of true Canadian hospitality. Around the entrance hall was a balcony, supported by a stairway, such as one reads of in novels, but seldom can visit. On the left was a large conservatory, fairly ablaze with gorgeous geranium blossoms as large as a cardinal's hat. Indeed, this is an oasis of beauty in time of winter snows. Many a distinguished guest has passed through the portals of Government House.

* * *

The governor is of French descent, and his library showed a broad taste in reading. All the current periodicals were there, and also those old volumes which speak of the delight of a long winter evening's reading, while the snow drives outside and the fire gleams cheerily within the grate. Governor Forget has lived in Regina twenty years, which of course gives him the distinction

"What can they think up there?" exclaimed the officials in Ottawa, "to even dream of sending two hundred half-breeds to confer with us about this matter? It would mean massacre."

The delay incident to getting the telegram corrected was fatal. The spark was fired; and the rebellion continued which resulted in the hanging of Louis Riel.

* * *

On the walls of the governor's room were pictures of Premier Laurier and other distinguished Canadians, and all through the charming old dwelling by-gone faces seemed to flit; one could readily imagine the enactment here of many a romance connected with the pioneers of Saskatchewan.

Not far from Government House we visited the headquarters of the famous North-Western Mounted Police, which is one of



ON THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN

RICHARD COOKE, ONE-TIME SCOUT IN THE FORCES AGAINST LOUIS RIEL, NOW MAYOR OF PRINCE ALBERT,
AND HERBERT VANDERHOOF, EDITOR OF THE CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE, SECRETARY OF THE
WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION.

the finest police and military organizations in the world. Although not strong in numbers, the very sight of their scarlet coats seems to instill a respect for law and order, and their presence in Northwest Canada

is given as the reason why outlawry in that section has not been so common as on the frontier in the States.

In these Regina headquarters the police are trained, being largely recruited from

scions of old houses in Great Britain—young men who are seeking adventure—who hold these positions because they afford a life in sharp contrast to the dismal routine of a military career.

Commissioner Perry is in command of the barracks. We visited the officers' mess-house, and later witnessed an exhibition of fancy riding in the riding hall, where all recruits are thoroughly drilled, winter and summer alike. In the little assembly hall we had a glimpse of the social life of the post, remnants of decorations of some festive event in the winter's gayety still adorning the walls. Outside, the men were enjoying their field sports in the evening, and from the flag-pole the Union Jack waved majestically.

The equipment of the R. N. W. M. P. always has a smartness peculiarly its own, whether it is traps, wagons or saddles, and these mounted police certainly afford a picturesque glimpse of life in the Canadian West—I even began to find myself sympathizing with the young maidens who indulge in "the love that loves a scarlet coat."

* * *

These scarlet garbed police are taught how to live in the saddle. From this post they are sent to the far off forts in the Klondike, Yukon or other distant posts for two years' service. On that day a number of men were preparing to leave for a place 2,000 miles away, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

You have heard of the charms of English tea? Well, we had taken tea in the afternoon at Government House, but that didn't preclude taking tea again with Commissioner

Perry. I began to think that I might become like the American lady in London, who grew so fond of English tea that, no matter how many times it was offered to her, she assured her entertainer that she "could always worry down another cup." Good English tea may not inebriate, but it certainly cheers, and when I had taken my third cup I found my tongue wagging loquaciously.

Loth to leave, we returned to the bustling little city of Regina, with its push and go, its busy streets, its sturdy people and splendid stores. The shop windows indicate that there is nothing too good for the Saskatchewan farmer folk. Silks and satins and dainty luxuries of all kinds from the markets may be found in these far-off cities on the prairies, where the railroads afford quick communication with distant points.

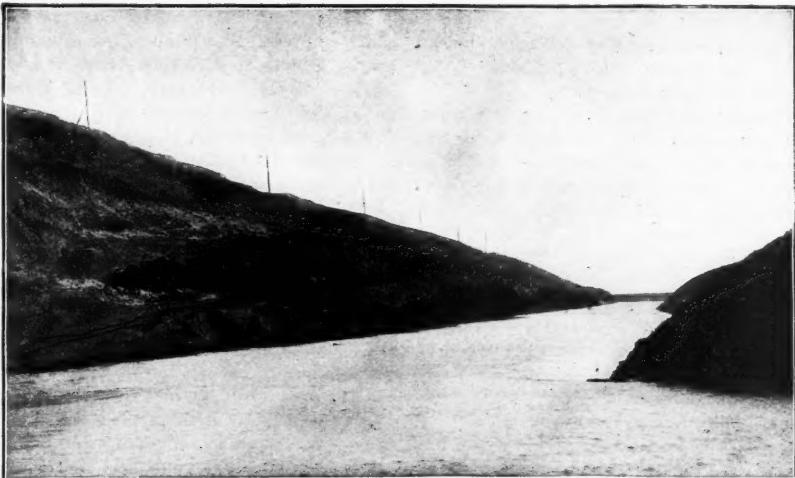
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On we went to Moose Jaw, where the western junction of the "Soo" road is located, and where thousands of travelers are coming in from the south. I learned that the literal Indian name of Moose Jaw was quite a different one to that now used. Translated, it reads: "The - Creek - Where - the White - Man - Mended - the - Wagon - with the - Moose - Jaw - Bone."

Here are the finest stock yards between Winnipeg and the Rockies. The secretary of the Board of Trade is always on hand at the station, and in a cozy building near-by he has an exhibit of all the products of the Moose Jaw district, and even the man from Missouri could not fail to be satisfied with the manner in which he is "shown."



DRILL OF MOUNTED POLICE



C. P. R. CALGARY IRRIGATION CANAL, WESTERN CANADA

THE GREAT IRRIGATION CANAL

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE people of the irrigated locality somewhat resent the imputation of drought suggested by the irrigation project, but in modern agricultural science it is recognized as very advisable to fortify in a climate that has even once shown signs of being too dry, and where irrigation, though not a necessity, is a decided advantage in increasing production. By this additional moisture, the already great productiveness of the land is enhanced and every crop is absolutely insured.

In early days, Mr. Dennis was in the employ of the Dominion government, and made surveys in South Saskatchewan in 1884. Even then he took up seriously the question of irrigation, for the government at that time had to expend \$45,000 in this area, to purchase food for the settlers. A convention was held in Calgary in the interests of irrigation, the desirability of which was eloquently presented and pressed to a successful issue. Then came along the wet years, and some thought that bumper crops would always continue, and the privations and sufferings of the early settlers were soon forgotten. But anyone who can look back

upon actual experience of those dry years in the Northwest, will heartily agree that Calgary is fortunate in having one great magnet which has attracted more general attention to Canada and the vast resources of Canadian wheat lands than any other one thing.

It is a far cry from the Isthmus of Panama to the Canadian West, but here I was forcibly reminded of the canal project, inspected a few months previously, and my delight in "big ditches" was intensified; nothing less than a thorough investigation satisfying me.

As we whizzed along in Mr. Lowe's automobile, in company with Mr. J. R. Wheeler, making a tour of the "block," as the canal district is called, we saw wheat being sown in a snow storm.

What a splendid sight it was to look over the hills of Calgary and see the great flocks of sheep, and off in the distance the steam plough "breaking" the virgin soil. The placid countenances of the large herd of horses and cows seemed to disclaim the very idea of a hard winter. The towering elevators, the mills, the Canadian Pacific gardens,

the stock-yards, the herd of range cattle—no one can look upon these and fail to understand that they are indeed the signs of the creation of a new Canaan.

Crossing the Elbow River, and mounting the surrounding hills, we came upon the gateway of the great canal, and gained a splendid view of the "big ditch." The canal leads directly out of the river, and the flow of water can be regulated to a gallon. We drove along the Wing Dam, following the course of the water snuggled against bluffs. In the deep cut 26,000,000 cubic feet of earth have been excavated with the aid of the Bucyrus steam shovels, which is nearly as much as remains to be taken out of the Culebra cut on the Isthmus. The canal is fifty feet wide and ten feet deep, a beautiful blue vein of nourishment, with a gentle gradient that seems ascending as the river rapidly descends.

* * *

The history of this project is interesting. When the Canadian Pacific Railroad was built, their land grant awarded them every alternate section of good land. This tract was then considered worthless for settlement, and other portions were allotted. Later on, when the Canadian Pacific proposed the canal project, the government gave them this solid block of 3,000,000 acres in what was then regarded as a dry district. This was done because, by the provision in the original land grant, the railroad was not required to take land unfit for settlement. There was a large stretch of country from Moose Jaw to Calgary which was not considered suitable for farming or settlement purposes, so the railroad claimed the privilege of selecting land in lieu of this section, and chose land in the Saskatchewan Valley.

When the irrigation project was first initiated, raw land in this block could be purchased for three to four and a half dollars an acre. Now, within the same radius, and tributary to this section, land is bringing ten to twenty-five dollars an acre, though not "under the ditch," which indicates a tremendous advance in land values.

In Mr. Dennis's office are maps and photographs of the work as it has progressed for years past; like Gaul of old the canal is divided into three parts, eastern, central and western. The main canal is 17

miles long, with 63 secondary canals aggregating 50 miles, and 800 miles of distributing canals, making an astonishing total of 967 miles of tributary waterways. Today there are 625,000 acres of irrigable land, tributary to the 480 miles of canals already constructed, so that this tract is looked upon as absolutely insured for crops for all time. The entire block extends 150 miles north and 140 miles east of Calgary, covering a prairie plateau. The soil is black loam, clay subsoil in the eastern blocks, every foot of the land assuring good crops constantly.

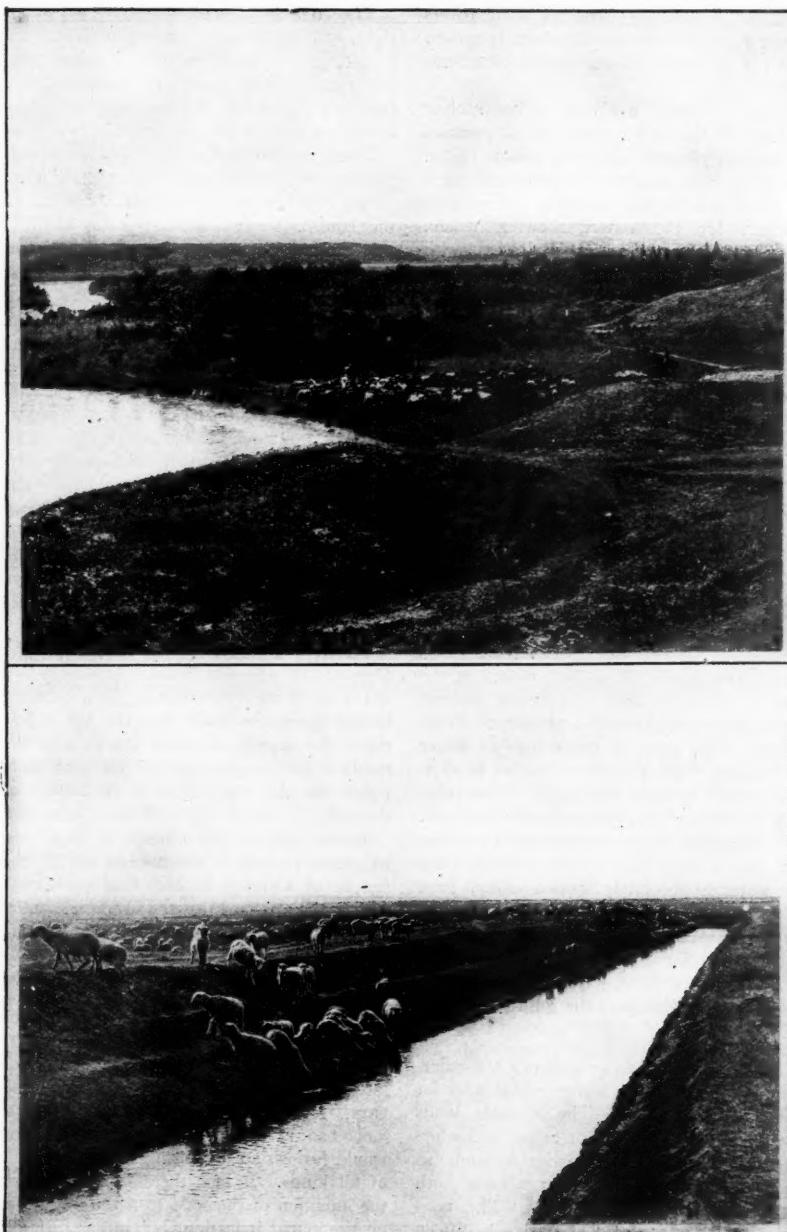
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The ultimate result will be that in colonizing this block, farmers will all want irrigation, for once the sense of security given by the possession of irrigated land has been known, that assurance as to crops and profit will be desired by all cultivators. Here we are with a few more bushels of facts:—Three years ago Southern Alberta shipped 82,000 bushels of wheat, and in 1907 it is estimated that the production will reach 4,000,000 bushels. These figures give a picture of the comprehensive and tremendous growth of the Calgary district.

* * *

The next largest project to the canal now operating near Calgary is only 300,000 acres, which looks small compared with the 3,000,000 acres covered by the Canadian work. The land reclamation of the United States has included eighteen separate propositions, but in all they total less than 1,900,000 acres, while the largest single area is 250,000 acres. The immense Canadian project has cost \$6,000,000, which has opened for farm homes the land in touch with the magic waters of the Bow River.

The mode of managing this irrigation project has eliminated that bugaboo litigation; for it has been grimly remarked that more money has been spent in the United States on irrigation litigation than on irrigation itself. Experts from all over the world have studied with much interest the operations in Calgary, and have concluded that in many respects the irrigation laws there are far ahead of the times. Secretary Wilson and other United States officers, who have looked into these matters have affirmed, in Bulletin No. 96, that the law is about as nearly perfect as anything of the kind ever



A ROUND-UP OF HORSES ON ELBOW RIVER, ALBERTA
WHEN THE SHEEP COME DOWN TO DRINK—A DITCH OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC IRRIGATION
PROJECT—THE LARGEST ON THE CONTINENT

enacted. There are three cardinal points in the regulation of the Canadian Irrigation that will commend themselves for consideration:

First: All water available is the absolute property of the Crown, with the suppression of the complicated law of common rights. Having taken possession, application must be made direct to the Crown or federal government for the water, showing where, when and how the water is desired, with the details of the farm. There is always a clear understanding of how much is to be charged for the water.

Second: The Crown or government, reserves a right in the canal. This is in contrast to the United States, where each state has its own irrigation laws, and where the rivers and water rights in various sections have been the occasion of expensive litigation.

Third: The government owning the rights has a care for the distribution of the total supply, and the capacity of the river is carefully computed. When the application is made for the water, the amount to be used is charged up and set against that particular bit of property, and water is given only under general and equitable regulations. This avoids any possibility of over record of the stream, or selling land as irrigable without the absolute assurance of a permanent water supply. The price of the supply of water is definitely fixed, and is not subject to variable laws of demand and supply. One cubic foot per second for 150 acres is the standard. The irrigation season is fixed in Canadian law, and is only during those months when the water is absolutely needed—May, June and October—at which times only can the water be used. With such laws as these, and the time for using and quantity of water to be consumed fixed, water supply becomes as definite a quantity as the soil itself.

* * *

Non-irrigable lands have shown a wonderful productiveness in winter wheat and for the grazing of stock. The irrigable lands are devoted to all kinds of crops, and when desired are sold with non-irrigable lands, so as to afford an ideal farm, combining both arable and dry grazing lands. The non-irrigable lands are sold at twelve to fifteen dollars—one-quarter cash, and the balance payable in five equal instalments.

The irrigable lands carry with them a water right, with an annual rental of fifty cents an acre, to provide for operating and maintaining the canals. The purchaser has a direct title and guarantee of water for his irrigation every year in advance.

The irrigable land of the Canadian Colonization and Irrigation Company has a fixed value, and the only cost to the owners of the land is similar to that incurred by a householder when he connects with the water mains of the city; for the landholder merely runs out his conduit to the main canal and procures the water without further trouble.

In the years to come, this country will become one of the most populous sections of Canada, where thrifty, diversified farming, dairying and stock-raising can be carried on.

The question of buying land in the irrigated district is so emphatically a good business proposition that one cannot even glance at the literature which is published without being convinced that the Canadian Pacific Irrigation & Colonization Company have a most comprehensive knowledge of just how to settle the country permanently.

The reports of Dr. Mead, formerly of the Department of Agriculture in Washington D.C., are decidedly interesting. It is cheering to the farmers to know that the soil is just right, the supply of water ample, and the rights of the company secure; for upon these rights rest the water title of the owners of the soil.

Second only to the interest in their own irrigation project, is the interest felt by the people of Calgary in the Panama Canal, which they regard as the eventual outlet for the immense wheat crop of Alberta, Liverpool bound.

* * *

The Canadian Pacific entered into the irrigation undertaking primarily to create permanent traffic. With an annual revenue already approximating \$2,000,000 at Calgary, it can be realized that an additional 3,000,000 acres of land under cultivation would furnish an immense increase in traffic of all kinds. It has, therefore, never been the intention of the road to make any profit on the actual irrigation, but rather to make the canal profitable by the enhanced value of the land which they own.



DIGGING AN IRRIGATION CANAL IN ALBERTA

Irrigation brings the land up to its maximum yield every year. It has been proved that in such climates as Minnesota, for instance, the yield of hay is increased by irrigation in a ratio of from two to three, and the yield of corn is advanced from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels per acre. On sandy soil it has been known to increase potatoes from nine to fifteen bushels. So it is evident that there are few varieties of land which cannot be irrigated with profit.

In the Alberta Hotel, I met perhaps a dozen farmers, who had claimed an average of Alberta red wheat of from thirty-five to thirty-nine and a half bushels per acre, and in one instance—on the farm of Mr. J. P. McGurney—the average had been forty-three bushels. Now it does not require a skilled mathematician, even at the low price of fifty cents per bushel, to figure out that land at ten dollars and twelve dollars an acre, or even at twenty-

five dollars an acre, is a very profitable investment with this yield in prospect.

As we drove along, one could already see the foundations of ideal farming communities. Clustering around these little homes would soon be schools, churches and all that can be desired for ideal home life. This district suggests the splendid success of the North Yakima valley, in the State of Washington. It does not require the eye of a prophet or the skill of a soothsayer to divine that this irrigated district will bound right on, to the topmost pinnacle of prosperity, for although irrigation is new just here, the principle itself is almost as old as Father Time. It has long been an established fact that there is no better plan for insuring the fruitfulness of land. Irrigation, since the time when the ancient Egyptians made such wonderful use of the Nile, has always been a sure way to crop success.



HOW CATTLE AND HORSES WINTER AT EDMONTON



THRESHING THE ROYAL WHEAT OF WESTERN CANADA

AT CALGARY ON THE BOW

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE train wheeled around, with a cowboy shriek, over the Elbow and Bow Rivers, and the brakeman called out, "Calgary," as if it were intended for a full stop. It is said there that when a ranch does not pay, it is called a "rawnch," and the "rawnchers" are generally men of the old country, scions of nobility, who have been sent out there and supported on regular stipends. They are known as "remittance men." Tuition fees have been charged for courses in cowboyship, farming and "rawnching." The cattle interests are being pushed on to more distant grazing grounds.

Here was a city substantially built from native stone—a city with an air of thrift that suggests solidity. It is surrounded by a red-hard-wheat-raising district, producing over thirty bushels per acre. Alfalfa is also prolific, and sugar beets are grown extensively, to say nothing of the \$3,000,000 worth of live stock shipped from this district during the past year. Poultry, hogs, and all the other generalities of diversified farming are also important factors in making every acre hereabouts a source of good revenue.

* * *

Through the busy streets of Calgary we rode in an automobile street car, the franchise of which is owned by the city. We crossed the Elbow River into the suburbs.

Mr. C. W. Rowley, of the Canadian Bank

of Commerce, called to my attention the exploits of the Alpine Club, which has made some remarkable ascents among the peaks of the Canadian Rockies which lie only a few hours to the west of Calgary. Every year a number of Swiss guides are brought over from Europe by the Canadian Pacific, to explore the peaks of the Rockies. They remain in Canada for the summer, and return to Switzerland for the winter. Even the beauties and wonders of the Alps bid fair to be surpassed by the wonderful mountains that fringe the plains of Alberta.

This city has a decidedly metropolitan air, whether its citizens are making conquest of mountains, or bowling in their automobiles over the prairies, or pushing municipal ownership of street railroads, water works and telephones. There is something go-ahead-quick in the very gait of the Calgary people.

* * *

At the Alberta Hotel we met a ranchman—a pessimist—the only one encountered during the Canadian trip. The stockmen have lost heavily during the cold spring. Horses remain out all winter and provide themselves with food by "pawing," so that in the spring their hoofs are worn round by their search for fodder, and their coats of hair have grown long, as a protection from the cold. It is, however, sometimes difficult to winter cattle as successfully, for

they do not "paw" so vigorously for food. Notwithstanding, the general success of cattle-raising in Calgary has long ago made this city one of the greatest stock-shipping points on the Canadian Pacific road.

Not far from the depot in Calgary, are the offices of the Canadian Colonization & Irrigation Company, and in an adjoining building Mr. J. S. Dennis takes charge of the famous Calgary Irrigation Block and the Land Department, in conjunction with kindred interests of the Canadian Pacific. Here the usual brief apology was offered for the chilliness of the weather, but it was not needed by anyone traveling from the States, as I hastened to inform Mr. Dennis. I soon discovered that if there is a man on earth

for Mr. Dennis for many years, as a means of fortifying the crops on every farm. Mr. Dennis, in his thirty-five years' residence in the Canadian West, has collected much information concerning the water supply of the Bow River, and three great canal systems are now being constructed in that country: one at Lethbridge, one on the Bow, and the third at Red Deer—all in Alberta. The impetus given to irrigation by the memories of those early years of water famine has carried to a successful completion the largest irrigation system known to the world.

Americans are "trekking" to the Canadian Northwest, and a glance at the figures shows that forty-nine people went there in 1896, while an army of Americans, 150,000 strong,



INDIANS AT MORLEY

who thoroughly understands the situation in Western Canada, and who looks every difficulty in the face only to remove it, his name is J. S. Dennis, of Calgary.

About fifteen years ago, Southern Alberta began to attract attention. This district was looked upon for many years as fit only for grazing land, though tradition states that Mr. Glen, "a forty-niner," came into the country before the opening of the railroad, and recorded that he "could not find hay enough to keep his horses alive, though he traversed the very district which now feeds millions of cattle on wild grass the year through. In the years of '96-'97, the springs were late and cold, and the cattle-men lost heavily and realized that something must be done to increase the fodder crop.

As a pioneer surveyor and engineer, the subject of irrigation has had a vital interest

sought this Last West in 1906. It certainly cannot be said that the States farmer is moving for his health. There is but one reason—he is moving because he can sell his own land in the home country and multiply it ten times in area in Western Canada for the same price, while realizing an undreamed of profit. Here I saw the special car of the Luse Land Company, Limited, decorated with Canadian and United States flags, disembarking settlers who had traveled in comfort to the new home, under the care of this enterprising company.

The onerous loan system, by which usurious rates of interest are charged, is kept in check. Every city has a branch of the different large banks of Canada, and the development of the great West is admirably augmented by the elastic system of banking. It is said that money flows naturally to those places where it is most required, and thus

preserves the cohesiveness of the system of finance throughout the country. Better buildings are being erected, and modern farming machinery, which is looked upon as a luxury in many of the older farming communities of the East, as well as water plants and lighting companies, are all here regarded as necessary as public roads.

As I passed through Canada, I was beset with the desire to go into the poultry business, when I learned that nearly \$400,000 worth of poultry and eggs were imported by the Calgary jobbers, and that the local market price is from twenty-five to fifty cents per dozen for eggs.

"you know," said he, "than I decided that I must go astride of a good broncho. But," he shook his head, "that horse was a 'buster,' don't you know. No sooner was I astride than up he went, hooty-tooty, first on his front legs, hooty-tooty; and then on his hind legs, hooty-tooty; and then down, hooty-tooty; until, don't you know, I really didn't know whether I was a-foot or horseback, doncher know."

The narrative continued, interspersed with many "hooty-tooties," and it was not long before the word began to "catch on;" in a few minutes there was hardly anyone in the office who was not making use of the exclama-



THE HOME OF A PROSPEROUS RANCHER IN ALBERTA

There still remains a quantity of government land subject to settlement under the Canadian homestead laws in Alberta. While most of the desirable holdings in proximity to the railroads have been taken, the construction of railroads in Canada goes on very rapidly, and it is always in the direction of the homesteads, so that in a few years almost any of the holdings will be accessible by rail.

* * *

One of the early ranchers, visiting in the hotel where we were stopping, told of how he came to the country many years ago, and decided to go on a ranch:

"No sooner was I on a 'raunch,' don't

tion which had so tickled their fancy, and "hooty-tooty" was generally heard.

This is characteristic of the West. These new citizens on the wide prairies have no special reverence for English as a language, and do not regard it as a fixed and immutable means of expressing themselves, but are ever ready to add to it—or subtract, for that matter—on provocation. In time, "hooty-tooty" may come to apply—at least in that locality—to riding a bucking broncho.

* * *

While in Calgary, I was impressed with the large number of handsome churches, and with the several flourishing newspapers. While at the Morning Herald office, late at



WAIST DEEP IN ALBERTA RED WHEAT

night, with Mr. J. J. Young, I persuaded him to go with me to play the pipe organ in the Methodist church. The edifice is handsomely lighted with electric lights under a dome-like ceiling, and here, a lone auditor, I listened to an organ recital, under the touch of a brother editor, which I shall never forget. From the "Pilgrim's Chorus," to the "March of the Priests" in Athalia, he played on, and in grim defiance of the weather without, wound up with the rollicking refrain of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

This church seats over a thousand people, and is filled at both morning and evening Sunday services. The other churches in the city are equally well attended. Here again

is a manifestation of the earnest character of the people.

* * *

It was here I met a young Chinaman, a graduate of the McGill University in Montreal, who was on his way to Vancouver. He told me that he expected to practice law, later on, in China. This young man was a most interesting companion. He wore his hair cut short, and I understand that it is no longer a legal crime to discard the queue, and this mode of wearing the hair is now merely a custom to be followed at will. My almond-eyed companion was reading literature of deep draught, and was evidently a born student and was taking copious notes.

MARGARET MONTCRIEFFE

A STORY OF THE FIRST LOVE OF AARON BURR

By Fannie C. Griffing

THE tender and devoted affection that existed between Aaron Burr and the beautiful and unfortunate Theodosia, "sole daughter of his house and heart," might naturally create the impression that her mother, pretty "Dollie Prevost," among many fair women, was the one real love of his life.

Without doubt, the fascinating widow possessed the love of her brilliant and eccentric husband, and the fact that he never remarried during the lifetime of Theodosia, proves that she really had no successor, despite many romantic stories to the contrary.

Little is known of Margaret Moncrieffe, the beautiful and dashing young girl with the blue blood of old England in her veins, who was destined to win the first deep and passionate love of Burr's fiery young heart. History tells us of many of his escapades, of his romantic courtship of the lovely young widow who ultimately became his wife, and of their happy life at "Richmond Hill," but it is silent regarding Margaret Moncrieffe, who was really his first love, and whose power over him was so great that, at one time, he was strongly tempted, for her sake, to turn traitor to his country, and share the fate of Benedict Arnold. From the tattered pages of an old volume, accidentally discovered in the corner of a dusty garret, belonging to an old, old house, I gleaned the story, and history confirms the facts narrated therein.

But for the fortunes of war, the beautiful girl, so passionately loved, might have ever remained the mistress of Burr's heart, and Theodosia never existed. And when one reflects on the sad lot of the devoted daughter; how she suffered through her idolized father, and her tragic fate; we cannot but think that perhaps it would have been better so!

From earliest youth, like an amorous bee, Burr had flitted from flower to flower, pouring into pretty ears vows of love that were forgotten as soon as made, and not until he

met Margaret Moncrieffe did he experience the *grande passion*—a passion so strong that he wavered between its indulgence and duty to his country!

When Howe was finally driven from Boston, Washington, to guard New York stationed a strong force on Long Island, under the command of General Putnam. Burr at this time held the rank of lieutenant, and was devoted to Washington. The commander-in-chief, having much confidence in the ambitious and dashing young soldier, assigned him to the position of aide to the bluff and impulsive general.

Putnam's wife and daughter had joined him, and the family occupied a large and imposing dwelling known as the "Old Mansion."

Here Burr spent much of his time. Mrs. Putnam, good motherly soul, was overflowing with sympathy and kindness for the youthful soldier who had never known a mother's love; and Nell and Bettie, pretty, rosy-cheeked colonial maidens, regarded him with sisterly affection.

One morning, as Burr sat at breakfast with the family, a letter was handed General Putnam, which he proceeded to read aloud, with the help of his young aide (the doughty general was no scholar).

The epistle, which was from a British officer, a colonel under Howe, informed Putnam that in the hasty departure of the English army from Boston, his daughter, a young girl, had been unavoidably left behind, and was now at a farmhouse on Long Island. He implored Putnam, "as a father and generous foe," to take her under his protection until she should have an opportunity to return to England, or to re-join him.

"He would find her at the Andrew's farmhouse, on the Jamaica road, and to know that his only child was under the protection of 'Lady Putnam' and her daughters would

lift a load of anxiety from a father's heart, and make him everlastingly Putnam's debtor." The letter was signed "Edward Moncrieffe."

"What d'ye think of it, Burr?" asked the burly general, when he had finally mastered the contents of the letter.

"It is natural that Colonel Moncrieffe feels anxious about his daughter," Burr replied. "He says she is at the Andrews' farm, and I am well acquainted with the place. I can easily take a squad of men and fetch her here; that is, if Mrs. Putnam is willing to receive her," and he looked inquiringly at that lady.

"Poor little lass!" the good woman exclaimed, "Of course you'll send for her, father! We will be glad to have her. Think of her being separated from her father, and alone among strangers!"

"Suppose she turns out to be a spy, and gives the whole garrison over to the Red Coats!" chuckled the general, as he rose from the table. "Go for the hussy, if you like, Aaron, and, mind you, tell her that if I catch her at any tricks, I'll hang her as high as Haman!"

Nell and Bettie were delighted at the prospect of a companion, and entered into a lively discussion with their mother regarding the arrangements to be made for the youthful stranger.

Burr selected a dozen men, and departed immediately on his mission. As he had said, he was well acquainted with the place and the people where he expected to find his fair charge, having spent much of his time there on various occasions, engaged in the pleasant pastime of making love to the young and pretty daughter of the house.

Arriving at the farmhouse a little before noon, he ordered the troopers to dismount and water their horses at the great trough near the entrance gate.

Entering the yard, he passed unseen to the rear of the house, and paused at the open door of a large old-fashioned kitchen. A pretty, flaxen-haired girl, in a blue dimity gown, was busy at a distant table, and, stealing noiselessly behind her, Burr threw his arm around her and kissed her round, rosy cheek.

With a startled scream, she turned quickly, her frightened face flooding with crimson, and her blue eyes with joy, as she recognized the intruder. "Oh! Aaron, I am so glad! What brought you here?"

"The fortunes of war, and a desire to see you," was his gallant reply.

"Oh! how you did frighten me!" she laughed, as, allowing him to kiss her rosy lips without protest, she gazed fondly at him.

Poor Pattie! She loved and trusted him; he was her hero, a god among men, while she, alas! was but one of many with him.

Mrs. Andrews, a stout dame, now entered the kitchen, and Burr, hurriedly explaining the purpose of his visit, inquired if Miss Moncrieffe was still with them.

"Oh, yes, Aaron!" exclaimed Pattie, with sparkling eyes. "She's down in the orchard now, practicing with her pistols!"

"Pistols!" exclaimed Burr. "Can she shoot? What a remarkable young lady!"

"'Beautiful' you had better say!" Pattie returned. "Oh, but she *is* handsome, and clever, too! She spends her time riding and shooting at a mark—there she goes again!" as a pistol shot sounded from the garden.

"I'll go and find her, as we must leave directly after dinner," remarked the young aide, as he stepped into the yard. "How old is she, Pattie?"

"Sixteen, she says!" laughed the girl. "But she acts and talks more like a woman of twenty-five; and I tell you, Aaron, she's a desperate shot!"

"So it seems," cried Burr, as another shot sounded from beyond the garden.

Passing through a large, shady backyard, and the vegetable garden, the young soldier paused at a rustic gate, overhung with honeysuckle, that led into the orchard.

From this coign of vantage, he perceived, a few paces distant, a young girl with a rounded and remarkably graceful figure, engaged in re-loading the weapon she had just discharged.

The "Lady of the Lake" had not then been written, or else the future statesman might have been tempted to exclaim:

"Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!"

As it was, he could only gaze, "and still the wonder grew," as, placing one lovely hand upon her hip, she stepped back a pace, and, lifting her right arm with a superb gesture, sent a ball squarely into the center of a card tacked to the trunk of a distant tree.

"Bravo! bravo! A splendid shot!" and Burr advanced, clapping his hands softly.

Wheeling quickly, with a startled air, the girl fixed upon him the wondering gaze of a pair of large, dark and fearless eyes.

"Miss Moncrieffe!" and Burr bowed profoundly, as only he could bow. "I am Lieutenant Burr of General Putnam's staff, and am the bearer of a letter from your father, Colonel Moncrieffe, which will explain my presence here."

He placed the letter in her hand, and while she opened and rapidly perused it, his eyes feasted themselves upon the loveliest face and form upon which they had ever rested, and which he was to see in his dreams in years to come—and only in dreams!

Rapidly the dark eyes of the young girl traveled down the irregularly scrawled and badly blotted pages of her father's letter, until they reached his signature. Then quickly they were lifted, beaming with joy, to the face of the waiting soldier.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Lieutenant Burr!" she exclaimed, in a voice clear and bold as that of a chaffinch, at the same time extending her hand with a charming gesture. "And more delighted still," she added, laughing, "at the prospect of again seeing a town! I've almost died of dullness here. So you have come to escort me to General Putnam's headquarters?" she continued, as Burr, bowing gracefully over her hand, expressed his delight at meeting her. "When do we start?"

"As soon as the troopers are rested, and you are ready," he replied, while his eyes dwelt with unconcealed admiration on the charming face and form before him.

"I'm always ready!" she laughed. "As soon as Selim is saddled, and I don my habit and buckle on my pistols, I'm ready to march! I'm a soldier's daughter, you know!"

Stooping, she lifted the pistol from the grass where she had dropped it, and walked to the kitchen door at his side, chatting easily the while, without a trace of embarrassment, every moment increasing Burr's surprise and admiration.

"So I'm to leave you at last, Pattie; or, rather, you are going to get rid of me!" Margaret exclaimed gaily, as the young girl advanced to meet them, smiling and blushing.

"I'm so sorry! I'll miss you so much!" stammered Pattie. "But I know you'll be glad to go; it's been dull for you here."

"Right sorry I'll be to leave *you*, dear

Pattie!" smiled the English girl. "But how I long to see a town again!"

Pattie spoke sincerely. Her simple heart was filled with admiration and love for the beautiful young creature who had entered into her quiet life like some bright storm-driven bird from far-off shores, giving her glimpses of the great unknown world whose joys were forever beyond her ken. Her going would leave a void in Pattie's life and an ache in her heart. Even now, with the quick eyes of love, she saw those of her lover gazing as if fascinated at the beautiful, sparkling face of her young guest.

"I must haste and make ready for my journey," cried Margaret gaily. "Mrs. Andrews, will you have them saddle Selim? Lieutenant Burr wishes me to leave directly after dinner." Gathering her skirts in one hand, she ran into the hall and up the steep, narrow stairs, singing "Barbara Allen."

Burr's eyes followed the graceful figure until it had vanished, and then, turning, met the reproachful gaze of poor Pattie. Actually forgetful of her existence, so completely did Margaret Moncrieffe fill his thoughts, he turned, and, with an absent air, rejoined his men upon the piazza; and over Pattie swept a burning wave of jealousy and anger. Alas! she felt instinctively that the fair English girl had already replaced her in the heart of her fickle lover.

The gallant troopers gazed in open-mouthed wonder and admiration at the radiant and joyous young damsel who joined them at the noon-day meal, enchanting all by her friendly manners and brilliant wit. After the meal, she appeared on the piazza clad in a dark green, exquisitely-fitting habit and large velvet hat with drooping plumes, ready for the journey. "Selim," a magnificent hunter, his glossy flanks flashing in the sunshine like polished ebony, stood saddled and bridled at the door.

Placing a slender, arched foot in the hand of a waiting trooper, light as a bird to a bough, she sprang to her saddle. The mettlesome steed fretted and reared, but his mistress, firm as a rock in her saddle, controlled him without apparent effort, patting his arched neck and talking in soothing tones to the fiery creature. Waving an affectionate adieu to the silent and tearful Pattie, she gave the reins to Selim, and bounded down the dusty, winding road, followed by Burr

and the troopers. Not more than twenty at this time, Burr, naturally refined and unusually well-educated, possessed a remarkably handsome face and figure. The stirring period in which he now lived had developed all that was romantic and sentimental in his nature. What wonder, then, that he so quickly fell under the spell of Margaret Moncrieffe, who, although but sixteen years of age, was as well-versed in worldly lore as a woman of thirty. Accustomed to the society, flattery and admiration of men from her earliest childhood, the bashful timidity natural in very young girls was entirely lacking in her. During Howe's occupancy of Boston, she had been the belle and toasted beauty in the social set composed of the English officers, their wives and daughters. Seldom, if ever, were two natures more perfectly congenial than those of the young English girl and Aaron Burr. A mutual attraction drew them irresistibly toward each other, and during that memorable ride of a few hours, they became more intimately acquainted than in months of ordinary social intercourse. To the end of his life, Burr never forgot the pleasure and delightful sensations he experienced during that ride with Margaret Moncrieffe through forest glades and along the dusty highway, while the attendant troopers considerably loitered in the rear.

Relief from suspense concerning her father, and joy at the prospect of again mingling in congenial society, acted like wine on the young girl's spirits. Although conscious of her beauty and power, it yet pleased her, at times, to affect a childlike innocence and naivete that was most captivating, and an added charm to a nature unusually fascinating.

Long ere they reached their destination, Burr was completely enthralled by the charms, physical and mental, of the lovely young creature who had so suddenly entered his life to play no unimportant part therein in the days that followed. And Margaret was equally fascinated by the young soldier; instinctively, she felt that this man, her equal in all things, would, while yielding her a worshiping devotion, still be master of himself and her.

The love of mature years may be deeper, stronger and more lasting, but it lacks the magic of *first love*, where we wander on enchanted ground, viewing life with inexperi-

enced, unknowing eyes, and what we afterward regard with indifference is a sweet and thrilling mystery. These two natures, so eminently fitted for each other by birth, breeding and disposition, were already experiencing the first glow of what was to prove the master passion of each life—a love strengthened by difficulties, and akin to the *grande passions* of which the world sometimes hears and immortalizes in song and story.

The fact of her being the daughter of the enemy of his country, and sharing her father's sentiments as she did, caused Burr to always maintain an extreme reticence in regard to his love for Margaret Moncrieffe. Possibly it was the same with her, and hence the reason of so little being known of that blissful period in the life of each.

At the portals of the "Old Mansion," good Mrs. Putnam and her daughters welcomed the young stranger with sincere and simple kindness, while the great bulk of the burly general shook with delighted chuckles as he again repeated his warning in regard to spies and the fate of Haman!

Accustomed to the reading of character at a glance, and adapting herself to every situation, Margaret, with infinite tact, instantly found the most vulnerable spot in Mrs. Putnam's motherly heart, by the words: "My mother is dead!" Then to the girls: "How I envy you! You have what I never had—a home and mother!" and she wiped away a tear, perhaps sincerely.

"You poor little lass!" and the good woman put her arms around the weary girl, while Nell and Bettie, overcome with sympathy and admiration, fell upon her and almost bore her bodily from the room, to lavish upon her every attention, care and kindness their loving hearts could suggest.

"Take care of your heart, Aaron!" the jolly general chuckled, as the girls left the room, "Or the little wench may turn your head and run you over to the Red Coats!"

"Now, Pa, for shame! The lass is but a child!" rebuked his good dame severely, while, to cover his confusion, Burr hastily left the room.

Thus it was that Margaret Moncrieffe became a member of General Putnam's family; and such is the influence of a personality such as she possessed that, young as she was, she soon became the central figure about which

the others revolved. Mrs. Putnam was "My Lady," (she reminded her so much of dear Lady Chesterfield!); the general was "Grandpa;" and the two girls "Cousins Nell and Bettie."

Playfully and tactfully she discussed the war with the doughty old warrior; housekeeping matters and gossip with his spouse; dress, fashions and beaux with the delighted girls. Brilliant, witty, tactful and most entertaining, she kept the entire family charmed and amused.

With every day, Burr's love and admiration for the girl increased, and with his love was mingled wonder that *he* should have won the love of such a wonderfully fascinating and beautiful creature—or was she only playing with him, for some secret end? Perhaps, among her many admirers, there was a lover—and at the thought his heart, a-flame with adoring passion, would contract with jealous rage.

They guarded their secret well. Margaret, at least, never betrayed herself by word or glance. Burr was less successful; but that *he* should admire her was only natural to the simple Putnams.

Across the wide hall of the "Old Mansion," and opposite the parlor, was a small room, half library, half office, and here it was that Putnam transacted business, received reports, etc., and here Burr often sat, writing or conferring with the burly general. Thither Margaret often found her way, having stolen away from her unsuspecting companions, on the plea of writing to her father. The moment the young people were alone, pen and paper were laid aside, and, stealing behind his chair, she would clasp her arms about his neck, and in sweet converse the moments would pass, until the sound of an approaching step would send her flying back to her seat.

Early hours were the rule in the Putnam household, ten o'clock being the limit allowed the girls for remaining in the parlor. At nine o'clock, if there were no guests, Dame Putnam would roll up her knitting, and the general would knock the ashes from his pipe. By ten, all lights were out; darkness and silence reigned in the "Old Mansion." Laughingly, Margaret would bid her hosts "good night," and follow Nell and Bettie to their chamber. After a few minutes of girlish chatter, she would give each a good-

night kiss and, tripping into her adjoining chamber, *close the door*. Removing her shoes and donning a wrapper, she would extinguish her candle, and, lying down, wait quietly until the deep, regular breathing of the two girls assured her of their slumbers. Then, rising, she would steal noiselessly as a spirit down the stairs and enter the "office" by an inner door opening into the dining room. Here, as she knew, Burr awaited her, and, seated on an old horse-hair sofa, in the window recess, the young lovers passed moments of happiness the sweetness of which lingered long in the memory of each in after years.

With every interview, Burr's love and admiration increased, heart and mind alike paying tribute to the beauty, intelligence and infinite tact of the fair young Circe; and during these stolen moments, by every art in her power, and with all the persuasive eloquence of a woman in love, the girl strove to win her lover to the English side. They could never hope to be united as long as he remained the enemy of her country, she reminded him.

She ridiculed the idea that a handful of raw patriots could succeed in throwing off the yoke of England and freeing the colonies. Washington was a fanatic; how could he cope with the trained armies of the English king! It was true that Howe had yielded up Boston, but—she whispered—he would return ere long strongly reinforced. When this occurred, *he* must join the English, and she would see to it that he gained as his reward: wealth, a title from the king, and—herself!

Never, perhaps, was a man more tempted by his ruling passions—love and ambition—but Burr was really attached to Washington, and not yet ready to turn traitor, although sorely tempted, often on the point of yielding, through fear of losing the lovely young Delilah. She was too wise, however, to press him for a decision; content that the seed she had dropped would bear fruit in future.

The Misses Putnam suddenly became very popular; Burr found himself besieged with requests for introductions to them and their lovely guest. Nightly the parlor of the "Old Mansion" was filled with a throng of young officers, and the tinkling notes of the old spinnet gained new life and force under the skillful fingers of the English girl. Nell and Bettie were perfectly aware that their lovely guest, and not themselves, was the attraction

that drew thither so many young swains, but the fact caused no jealousy in their kindly hearts.

Among the young men who nightly thronged the Putnam parlor were two British officers on parole, who were awaiting an exchange of prisoners. The elder of the two, Major Pittman, was a tall, handsome man of forty, with a scowling brow and fierce, dark eyes. He was a man of violent temper, with all the haughty insolence that characterized the British officers of that period. Lucky it was for him, that he had fallen into the hands of jolly, easy-going Putnam, or he might have fared quite differently. The other, Sydney Carleton, was a young lieutenant, the younger son of Lord Carleton, with a refined, delicate face and slender figure. Having been slightly wounded, he carried his arm in a sling and possessed a romantic and sentimental nature. Naturally, the two were devoted to their lovely young countrywoman, to the jealous disgust of Burr, who, when they monopolized his idol, sullenly retired to the "office," refusing to enter the parlor as long as they remained.

In her simple, close-fitting gown of some thin black material, the square-cut neck and elbow sleeves revealing the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms, the exquisite face of the young girl gleamed from under her glossy curls like a star amid drifting clouds. While Bettie's fingers tinkled over the spinnet, and Nell's fresh young voice was lifted in some simple ballad, a rapid, low-voiced conversation would pass between Margaret and the two Englishmen, in which the names of "Howe," "Cornwallis" and "Clinton" would frequently occur. Pittman gazed upon the young girl with bold and insolent admiration, from which she shrank, while Sydney Carleton hung upon her every word, his melancholy gray eyes fixed adoringly upon her face.

One morning Margaret entered the office, and, finding Burr alone, seated herself opposite him at the green-covered table, announcing that she intended writing to her father. As she drew paper in front of her, and dipped her pen in the ink, heavy footsteps sounded without, and General Putnam entered with something like a scowl upon his broad, good-natured face.

"Look here, Burr!" he exclaimed, throwing an open note upon the table before the young aide, "I've always suspected that

d—d Corbin of being a Tory, and a spy as well, and here's a note saying he'll bear watching! Do you send a man there tonight, with orders to keep his eyes and ears open. If I catch the d—d rascal up to any mischief, by the Eternal, I'll hang him as high as Haman!"

"Who do you suppose sent it?" inquired Burr, seeing that the note was unsigned.

"Some friend of ours, I guess. Send Deering to Corbin's place tonight, and tell him to pretend to be drunk, and to watch Corbin and his gang closely!"

"All right, general. I'll see to it as soon as I finish this report," Burr replied, as he threw the scrap of paper again upon the table and dipped his pen in the ink.

Margaret had not raised her eyes, nor ceased her writing; but the moment the burly general left the room, she rose from her seat, and, coming around behind Burr, she leaned over his shoulder, her arm around his neck.

"Do you suppose we can persuade the general to let us have the ball the girls are so anxious about?" she asked, leaning her cheek against his, while her eyes quickly scanned the open note before her.

"I expect so; he is very good-natured," Burr replied, as, passing his arm around her, he gazed fondly into the beautiful face he loved so well.

Presently, Margaret returned to her seat, and, placing a sheet of paper over her unfinished letter, wrote rapidly: "I don't know who Corbin is, but if he is a friend of ours, warn him to be on his guard. A party is going to his place tonight as a spy." Slipping the paper into her pocket, she finished her letter and soon left the room. Sydney Carleton called that night, and hung over the girl, as she sat at the spinnet, with adoring eyes, whispering a thousand compliments. When he finally departed, she accompanied him to the parlor door, slipped her hand into her pocket, and the note into his hand, unseen.

So when stout Sergeant Deering made his report, next day, it was that he'd seen and heard nothing suspicious at Corbin's. Unconscious of the fact that Howe was really returning with heavy reinforcements, Putnam at last gave his consent that his daughters give a ball in honor of their lovely guest. The next Wednesday night saw the great double parlors of the "Old Mansion" brilliantly illuminated and thronged with fair women

and brave men. Nell and Bettie were fresh and charming in their simple toilets, but Margaret shone like a star, the center of attraction wherever she moved. Robed in purest white, her only ornament a string of pearls around her snowy neck, her glossy, curling hair framing her lovely, flushed face, she was ever the center of an admiring group, among whom were Sydney Carleton and Aaron Burr.

The two young officers, each representing a different country, glared at each other darkly. More than ever, Burr felt tempted to yield to the wishes of Margaret, when he thought of losing such a radiant creature. What were the Colonies to him, anyway? Pittman had not yet appeared, and presently General Putnam, in full uniform, approached the group surrounding Margaret.

"Oh, General!" she cried, catching sight of him, "I've been impatiently waiting for you! You must give me one gavotte!"

"You impudent little hussy! How dare you make sport of me! I'm a good mind to clap you in prison!" and the burly old soldier chuckled until his face was crimson.

"The idea of my making sport of you!" cried the laughing girl. "I was never more in earnest in my life! Come, general, one gavotte!"

Putnam shook his head. "My dancing days are long over, little wench! There are plenty young gallants here with nimble legs, glad and willing to spin you around! Here, Burr, dance with this lassie for me!"

Burr gladly and gallantly obeyed, and at the conclusion of the dance led his partner to a window somewhat apart from the crowd. At that moment, Pittman appeared, elbowing his way through the throng, and, catching sight of Margaret, hurried to her side and coolly seated himself. His dark eyes under their heavy brows gleamed with an exultant light, and, bending toward her, he whispered a few words in Margaret's ear.

She grew deadly pale, uttered a slight sound, and bent her head until her drifting curls concealed her face. "Lieutenant Burr?" she whispered faintly, "Please fetch me a glass of water; I feel as if I should faint!"

Burr gazed at her keenly, with jealous, suspicious eyes; but she was really pale, and the fan in her hand trembled. Rising quickly, he hastened toward the dining room, and Margaret turned instantly to Pittman.

"What is it you say?" she demanded,

sharply. "Has Howe really returned? How do you know?"

"Corbin got the news tonight from a spy," coolly returned the major. "The troops are already on the island, and, do you know, old Putnam has never even remembered to guard the passes! The roads are all open, and our troops are now approaching from three different directions!"

"Heavens!" gasped Margaret, "When will they get here?"

"Some time tomorrow. Carleton and myself will escape tonight, and meet the advancing troops. You had best go with us!"

"I!" she cried, in astonishment. "Why should I go? The Putnams are my friends."

Pittman grinned in evident amusement. "What will they say when they find out about the information you have sent Howe through Corbin? You know the general's threatened to hang you high as Haman!"

"Oh!" she gasped, "I had forgotten!"

"Don't worry. We can easily slip away after the ball is over," continued Pittman. "I've a boat concealed down the river, and we can easily get away. Carleton and myself will meet you at the corner of the street as soon as the guests have gone. Better get away while you can. We'll take you to your father; he is with Howe. I'll go tell Sydney now!"

"They've been so kind to me!" murmured the girl regretfully. "How I hate to leave them this way! I wish I'd never meddled!"

"Can't be helped now; and better save yourself while you can! Here comes Burr!"

Margaret started and grew paler than ever. In the excitement of the moment, she had entirely forgotten her lover. Had the time come for them to part?

Burr now approached her, bearing a glass of wine instead of the water she had requested. He looked anxiously at her, as she swallowed it, noting with alarm that she was paler than ever. Pittman rose, and, with a significant gesture, departed in search of Carleton. Draining the tiny glass, Margaret also rose, and, taking her companion's arm, drew him from the room into the wide hall, and on until they reached the portico in front of the house.

The August moon rode high in the heavens, flooding the city with silver radiance, but the white-pillared portico of the "Old Mansion" was in deepest shadow. Into a recess at the

farthest end the girl drew her lover, and in quick, excited tones informed him that Howe had landed ten thousand men on the island, who were even now on their way to attack the fatally unguarded garrison. She must leave at once, to meet and join her father, and he, her lover, must now decide between accompanying her, or remaining with the doomed garrison. Not a word did she say concerning her duplicity, or that on the strength of the information she had furnished him, Howe had decided to surprise and attack the garrison.

Burr was rent by conflicting emotions. Honor, duty, love of country bade him stay and hasten at once to Putnam. Ambition, vanity, and love of the beautiful tempter urged him to go. In an agony of indecision, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret! Do not tempt me!" burst at last from his quivering lips, and there was silence for a few moments.

Margaret thought quickly. She must use strategy, and lure him on, until too late to turn back.

"I must leave tonight. Pittman and Sydney will escort me until we meet my father," she presently said, as calmly as possible. "Pittman has a boat, and we will go down the river. Meet me here some time after midnight, and accompany me to the street corner, will you not?"

Burr stiffened at once. "Certainly I will; but why go with them?"

"Oh, I must! I must!" she cried, impatiently. "I could not bear— But let us return to the parlor before we are missed!" she broke off, suddenly drawing him toward the door.

The moon floated just above the horizon, and the streets were in blackest shadow, when, some hours later, a slender figure slipped from the door of the now dark and silent Putnam mansion. Another figure, also slender, emerging from behind a pillar, joined the first, and together they descended the steps and swiftly traversed the silent and deserted street. At the first corner, the two Englishmen joined them; Burr hesitated a moment, but Margaret held fast to his arm, and he suffered her to draw him on toward the river. Under the drooping branches of a large tree, all four at length paused, and Pittman spoke:

"The boat is secured among those bushes; I'll go down and get it."

The cool breeze blowing across the water aroused Burr from the torpor caused by intense emotion, and the agony of indecision that possessed him. Pittman and Carleton hurried toward the boat, leaving him and Margaret alone under the tree. A ray of light from the sinking moon penetrated the drooping branches above them, revealing to his agonizing gaze the beautiful face and starry eyes of the girl who had bewitched him.

Seizing her hands, he drew her toward him, and the next moment his arms were around her, while her's encircled his neck. "Margaret! Margaret!" he groaned in agony, "How can I let you go?"

"We must not part!" she whispered, in return. "I could not bear it! You must go with us! My father is with Howe, and he will gain for you his favor and that of the king!"

Burr kissed the beautiful, pleading lips, and, as he raised his head, from the distant town came the quick roll of a drum, sounding an alarm. Pittman, who was struggling with the coils of wet rope that secured the boat, uttered a furious oath, and whipping out his sword, began hacking and sawing madly at the unyielding cord, while Carlton rushed to the boat, threw in the oars, sprang in himself, and shouted:

"Margaret! Margaret! Come on quickly!"

Seizing her lover's unresisting arm, the girl drew him toward the boat. In the distance could be heard the sound of shouts and running feet.

"Come on! Come on! Make haste!" again cried Carleton, and, springing to the bow of the boat, he seized Margaret by the hand and drew her forcibly to a seat beside him, the frail craft rocking perilously from side to side.

Giving vent to a torrent of angry oaths, Pittman still hacked madly at the rope, and when at length it parted, half frantic with fear, he leaped forward, colliding with Burr, almost knocking him down. The next moment he was in the boat, the impetus of his flying leap causing it to glide several yards from the shore.

"Stop!" screamed Margaret. "Stop the boat! He is going with us!"

Carleton shook his head, silently pointing to the shore, where a confused mass of men

could be seen running toward the river. Then he and Pittman bent to the oars, and the boat shot over the water.

Burr stood like a statue, gazing after the vanishing boat, until he was clapped on the shoulder and found himself facing Captain Burton and a dozen men.

"Hello, Burr!" the captain shouted. "Did the d—d rascals get away? They have broken their parole and skipped out! Did you chase 'em down here? Oh! I see the boat! Fire, boys; fire! Sink 'em if you can!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Burr, in agony. "Don't fire! There's a woman with them!"

His voice was drowned in a volley of shots that rang out over the water, and the sound of a woman's scream came faintly to his ears.

"My God! You've killed her!" he gasped.

"Who—what?" demanded the astonished captain. "Who was with them?"

"Miss Moncrieffe!" groaned Burr, seeing that concealment was useless. "You may have killed her!"

"Not the beautiful English girl who was staying at Putnam's?" exclaimed Burton. "Stop!" to his men, who were preparing to fire again, "Let 'em go! One of my men overheard the fellows planning their escape," he continued, turning to Burr, "and from what they said, he thinks that the British have landed on the island. Can't be true, though!"

"It is true, I am afraid!" groaned the miserable young aide. "Let us go to the general at once and alarm the garrison!"

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated Burton in dismay, and calling to his men, they hastened back to arouse the sleeping garrison, but, alas, too late!

History tells us how General Putnam either neglected, forgot or disobeyed the orders of Washington, and how the American

army was almost annihilated by the British on that fatal occasion, and was only saved by the unfailing genius of the great commander-in-chief.

Burr never saw Margaret Moncrieffe again, and it is doubtful if he ever knew the extent of her treachery while being so kindly protected by the Putnams. She was too wise to confide in him! Years afterward, when vice president of the United States, Burr chanced to overhear a few words of a conversation between two young attachés, at a reception:

"Lady Carleton?" It was the English attaché who spoke. "Oh yes; saw her in London the other day. She's more beautiful than ever, since her husband came in for the title, and she became 'My Lady'!"

"She was the daughter of General Moncrieffe, was she not?" asked the other.

"Oh, yes. She was in this country once, I think, ages ago, when a very young girl. She asked me a lot of questions when she found I was coming over."

Burr shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

* * *

In his lonely old age, while brooding in lonely solitude in his narrow chamber, or while gazing day after day in silent agony over the treacherous, mocking waves of the ocean that alone knew the secret of his daughter's fate, how often perhaps, did his thoughts drift backward, past wife, child, all his brilliant career, and linger in tender recollection around the lovely, radiant young creature who won the first passionate adoration of his youthful heart? And who knows but that in bitterness of spirit, he may have reflected that his life might have been spared much sorrow and suffering, had he listened to temptation, and turned traitor for her sake!



PRAYER OF CRUCIFIED SOULS

By Edward Wilbur Mason

DEAR Christ who in the garden dark
Drank deep the bitter cup of grief—
Thou who hung on the Rood all stark,
Dead between a thief and a thief;
Pity the creatures frail and brief
Down in the depths of sin and loss;
Answer each soul that asks relief,
For every life hangs on a cross:

Ah, pity him that begs a crust;
Pity the harlot burned with fire;
Pity the burdened king august,
And sad bard drooping o'er the lyre.
Pity the spirits that aspire—
All in the wind of fate they toss,
All on the bed of pain suspire,
For every life hangs on a cross!

Pity the builders on the sand—
Little the strength of time we know:
Our joy is swept far out from land,
And Love our dream is swift to go.
Yea, all our toys are broken so,
Yea, all our gold is changed to dross:
O Man who triumphed, ease our woe—
For every life hangs on a cross!

THE TWO MISSES HUNT

By Celia Myrover Robinson

MY DEAR BOB:—
I send you a letter of introduction to my cousin, Lucie Hunt. She will stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a few days with a friend, before going on to Washington. Be sure to call on her immediately, as she bears you many messages from me.

Yours with love,
BARBARA HUNT."

Allison read the words aloud, smiling a little, and then glanced at Miss Hunt, who was gazing thoughtfully at the gossipy little fire in the open grate.

What a lovely, graceful vision she was! It seemed to Allison that he had never met any other woman who so thoroughly satisfied the demands of his artistic temperament; her beauty was of such an unusual order, and somehow she never offended his decidedly critical taste in any way. She was the most delightful of companions; she was bright, but not brilliant — brilliant women always bored him; she could be serious, but not too grave; flippant at times, but never silly. Altogether she seemed to fit into his moods, it mattered not how variable they might be, and he had never — under any circumstances — found her tiresome, since the introduction by letter, more than a fortnight ago.

"Do you know," he said, "I am going to keep this note as a souvenir of the pleasantest chance acquaintance of my life."

She glanced at him with a little mocking smile. "I haven't any small change," she said.

Allison laughed.

"Oh, that's gratis; don't thank me. You are entirely welcome."

"When I go to Washington —," began Miss Hunt —

"Oh, don't let's talk of that," interrupted Allison. "Let's enjoy our roses while we may, and defer the evil day as long as possible."

"But we have almost reached the evil

day," she said; "I shall leave New York for Washington, tomorrow."

"No!" cried Allison.

"Yes!" laughing at his consternation. Allison folded the note and put it carefully into his pocket. He did not speak for some minutes; Miss Hunt was watching him closely. He felt her glance and looked up, flushing a little.

"I — I am awfully sorry you are going away," he began; "our acquaintance has been a delightful one — that is, to me. I —"

He was speaking haltingly, and he stopped and looked at her, rather helplessly.

She smiled.

"It has been pleasant for me, also, but then I knew I should like you. Barbara told me how nice you were."

This candid avowal made Allison stare. But she was always saying unexpected things! She was so different from other women!

"I was not duly prepared, you know," he replied, "and so, to me, it was all a delightful surprise; Barbara did not tell me how charming you were; it remained for me to find that out for myself."

"You should not pay me such delicious compliments in the glare of the lamplight," said Miss Hunt, "I feel myself blushing, and blushes are unbecoming."

"Not to you," returned Allison.

She put out her hand in laughing protest. "Don't," she said — "leave something to my imagination!"

"Your imagination is not vivid enough to reveal to you the depths of misery I shall experience after your departure."

"But Barbara will be home so soon, and you will forget me immediately."

"No, I shall not forget you," Allison said slowly.

"Have you heard from Beyreuth lately?" she asked.

"I had a letter from Barbara this morning. I must confess that I cannot understand her."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, her letters are so unsatisfactory—mere notes; says she is pegging away so hard at her music that she has no time for long epistles. Her letters are certainly indifferent and—I cannot comprehend her, but 'who is't can read a woman?' Especially a new woman. I must admit that she is an enigma to me."

"But if she is busy?"

"It does not seem to me that a woman should ever be so busy as to slight the man to whom she is engaged."

The last word came out with a little jerk. He looked covertly at Miss Hunt, but she was still smiling dreamily at the dancing flames. Apparently, his words had not made any impression on her.

Then she had known all along! He gave a sigh of relief.

Presently she spoke:

"Do you think you are quite fair to her?" she queried.

"Do you think she is quite fair to me?" returned Allison.

"No, I don't think she is," replied Miss Hunt with a little inscrutable smile, "but she is devoted to her music; she has accomplished much in Beyreuth during the last five years, and if a man loves a woman, he should trust her a little; he should take some things for granted. Barbara does love you, I know—"

"It is hard to believe," interposed Allison.

"Perhaps," she went on slowly, "it is difficult for you to believe in her because your own love is not sincere."

"The words were like a thunder-clap to Allison. He started; then he leaned forward and said, in a slow, intense way, which she knew betokened strong control over emotions that were fighting for expression:

"And if that be true, is it altogether my fault? Is it a strange thing that a man's love should die when it has been treated with the indifference that mine has received? When the woman he has loved—and Heaven knows I loved her once—cares so little for him that she can remain satisfied for years with seas between them, is it any wonder that a man is disappointed? When she has given as her reason, at first, that she will not burden him while he is poor; that they must both work and wait, and when he has slaved and slaved—always thinking of her and trying not only to win success, but to live the

life that she would have him live; holding always her memory as the strongest incentive to spur him on to endeavor; then when success is his, when he has won all, and more than he had ever dared to hope for—to be told that he must wait yet a little while longer! I am weary of waiting and I am worn out with it all."

Miss Hunt was silent and her face was a little pale. Allison waited a moment for her to speak, but she did not, so he went on: "No man could have been truer than I have been; there was never a moment or a thought that did not belong to her until—until—you came—Lucie."

His voice had dropped to a husky whisper; he had lost his self-control and leaned forward with a pleading gesture:

"Lucie!" he said, "Lucie!"

That was all, but there was such anguish in the tones that she felt her eyes fill with tears.

"Lucie," he said, "I love you. If I thought she cared, I would not wrong her by the slightest act. But, what is the use of keeping up the farce? I loved her; no man ever loved more truly, but her indifference has killed it. I cannot help it. I—"

"But if you loved her so, how can you love me? Can a man—love—in that way—more than once?"

"I do not know—I do not understand," said Allison, "but my heart went out to you from the first. It seemed to me that I had always known you; that there had never been a moment in my life when I had not loved you. If she cared—"

"But she *does* care," she said. "You cannot know how *much* she cares."

She paused, and when she turned and faced Allison, he saw that there were traces of tears on her face. "She told me," she went on slowly, "that it was you who were indifferent. She loves you; oh, you do not know how much she loves you! But at first she was afraid of ruining your career. She knew you were sure to win to the very top if you were only unhandicapped. And then when success came, she heard that the world was bowing down to you; that you were being made much of by the great ones of the earth. And then she heard that you loved another woman. She remembered how many years it had been since you had met; she remembered how young you both were when she had

given you her promise, and she was afraid it was only your sense of honor that led you to urge her to marry you. And that is why she would not let you go to her; why her letters were indifferent; why—". She ended with a little sob.

Allison held out his hand. "Thank you," he said, "you are a good friend."

They stood in silence for some moments; then Allison spoke:

"Miss Hunt, I do not know what defense to make to you. When I spoke as I did, of my love for you, I could not help it—that is all; my love swept all discretion aside. But I love you still. I must tell you; I must feel that you know it."

She stood with down-bent head.

"Lucie;" he went nearer and took her unresisting hand in his. "I have no right to ask it, but Lucie, if you could give me a crumb of comfort?"

"I love you," she said. The words were so low that he could just catch them. Allison's face went white; he bent and touched her hand reverently with his lips. As he did so, his glance caught the glitter of a diamond. He started. "Lucie," he began, his gaze still fixed on the ring, and Lucie said quietly:

"Yes, I too, am engaged."

"But I have never noticed—"

"I—I believe I used to hide it from you," she said, guiltily.

"Then you—"

"I love you," she said again. She heard something like a moan and turned away from the agony of his face.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked, after a while. "I did not know. What can I do?" He looked to her for help but she made no response.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she said slowly.

She was standing, leaning against the mantel with averted face.

Allison longed to take her in his arms, but another face—a trusting, child-face—looked at him from out the past and made him strong.

"If Barbara loves me there is only the one thing to be done."

"Yes," she said, with face still hidden.

"Good-bye, little girl."

"Good-bye."

He held her hand for a moment, and then

walked slowly to the door, but as he reached it, she made a step forward and held out her hand with an entreating gesture.

"Mr. Allison!"

Allison turned, but did not move toward her.

"Bob!" There was pleading in her voice. "Don't leave me so."

Allison was fighting the hardest battle of his life.

"Barbara!" was all he said.

"I know, but think of me. Am I not to be considered?"

"Oh, Lucie, don't make it so hard for me!"

She turned away with a little gesture of reproach.

"You do not love me, or you could not leave me so easily," she said.

"I love you. Heaven forgive me!" said Allison, passionately. "But you would not, oh, my dear, you *could* not wish me to prove false to *her*—your friend, who believes in me—and in you?"

"But if she loves you, I love you, too," said the girl, looking at him steadily.

"When I spoke to you as I did tonight, I wronged her and you," said Allison.

He spoke in a dull, slow way, feeling as if everything were slipping away from him. Mingled with an intense, passionate gladness at Lucie's avowal of her love, was a feeling of disappointment in her, almost as keen.

"I can only crave forgiveness and hope, even though the thought is death to me, that we may both forget soon. Forgive me, oh my dear, my dear," he said, and bent his head and touched her fingers again with his lips.

But she buried her head on his shoulder, sobbing out:

"Oh, Bob! Don't you even *know* me?"

Allison pushed her gently back and looked into her tear-wet eyes, a light slowly dawning on his face.

* * *

"I don't believe I shall ever quite forgive you," said Allison, but she laughed in his face and he bent and kissed the little dimple in her cheek. How he had longed for that privilege in weeks past!

"I don't know what Spirit of Darkness possessed me to do it," said she, "but Lucie and I were such chums, and we used to talk

things over together, and then, just for a joke I sent you that picture. Lucie had just had it taken when your letter came, begging for mine. I intended to tell you later, but you were so sure it was mine that I just let things go on, and then I began to hear rumors of your fame and then later that you were engaged to Miss Terhune."

"Those confounded newspapers—" interjected Allison.

"And so, during those last three years, I put you off, and I did not let you know about the picture, and I did not know what to do, but I was so jealous of that Miss Terhune—"

"Oh, Barbara!"

"Yes, I was. And then when there was no excuse for me to stay in Beyreuth any longer, unless I intended to stay forever, your letter came, pleading with me to let you come for me. I did not feel as though I could. I was afraid to meet you because I thought you did not really care and I thought if you had even forgotten how I looked—"

"But, Barbara, think how long it had been and you never would—"

"Oh, I know! The old grievance! But I detest people who are always posing for pictures and besides—to tell you the truth, Bob—I was *afraid*. You had idealized me so in the picture you painted during those first, dear old days. I used to think of that picture every time I had my photo taken, for I did have some, but they were all *so hideous!* really, they were. That lovely, idealized face used to rise before me, and I did not have the courage to send you one. I was so afraid you would be disappointed. Then after Lucie came over to join me. I discovered that she was really something like me when I was her age. She used to remind me so much of the picture you painted. And so, one day, in a spirit of fun, we sent the picture, when you became so importunate that it was necessary to send you one of *some sort*. And it was there that all the mischief began. You took our joke seriously, and I believe I was a little hurt

to think that you did not even *know me*. One day I said to Lucie:

"I am going home and make him fall in love with *me*—the *real me*. Not the memory of the little, undeveloped child that he now loves."

"From that chance remark, my plot grew and thickened. I used to lie awake at night and think of it. I was jealous of Lucie; jealous of Miss Terhune; of those people who were making much of you, while I seemed to have no part in your fame; jealous even of my old self. And so I wrote you that letter of introduction—to myself, and followed it on the next steamer. And then when I came and found that still you did not know me and that you were falling in love with me—the real me—I determined to test you; And I want to tell you—" she laid her hands on his shoulders with her eyes brimming, "I want to tell you that you are the dearest, best boy in all the wide world!"

* * *

Allison was putting on his top-coat. "But those letters?" he said suddenly.

Barbara laughed. "Those letters were the bane of our existence. But I wrote a stack of them and left them with Lucie, and when your letters arrived, she sent you one of mine in answer, and forwarded yours to me. Didn't you notice those letters were never dated?"

"I noticed nothing except that they were remarkably indifferent, and decidedly brief."

"And are you sure that you love me, and not Lucie?"

"I love Lucie too, for giving me my wife. You were fast drifting away from me, little girl. If she hadn't aroused your jealousy, I dare say you would be married by this time to some beer-drinking, German student. We must invite your double to our wedding next month."

"Who said I would marry you next month?" demanded Barbara.

But she did.

THE COERCION OF MYNHEER VAN HOESEN

By Henry H. Day

I tell you, it is useless to argue, Anneke. I will never agree to it."

"And I tell you, that if you do not agree to it I will never marry you."

"But you have already told me that you care for no other man but me."

"That is true, but I will marry no man, no matter how much I may care for him, who will not agree to have the word 'obey' left out of the marriage service."

"Very well. We shall see. I shall speak to your father tonight, and perhaps, when I have his consent, you will be more reasonable."

"When you have his consent? I have told you twice that I have all I can do to prevent him from forbidding you to come to our house. You will not get his consent in a hurry, I can tell you. But, whether you get it or not, I will not marry you unless you agree to my wishes. And I bid you a very good-day."

And with this ultimatum ringing in his ears, Peter Dorendorf was obliged to take his leave.

What was the matter with all the women, lately? He pondered over this question as he trudged angrily homeward. Had the self-willed and dominant spirit of Peter Stuyvesant, their irascible governor, who was making all New Amsterdam dance to the tattoo played by his wooden leg, gotten into them also? It was true enough, as Anneke had said, that Mynheer Van Hoesen was none too well disposed toward him. The old man's unamiable expression whenever his glance rested upon Peter and the bare civility of his greeting would have told him as much, even if Anneke had not.

Although Peter's phlegmatic persistency had been proof against behavior which would have frightened away a more timid suitor, he contemplated the coming encounter with Mynheer Van Hoesen with some trepidation,

tion, which, on reaching home, he strove to allay with plentiful draughts of his favorite home-brewed beer.

How should he overcome Anneke's rebellious spirit—how prove himself to her father's mind a worthy suitor for his daughter's hand?

Turning these two questions over and over in his mind without obtaining a solution to either, but consuming innumerable potations meanwhile, he passed the most of the Sunday afternoon.

He was conscious, however, of one result—his normal stock of Dutch courage was considerably increased. He felt capable of overcoming any number of objections that Anneke's father might offer, and, as evening approached, he started off, full of confidence, for the home of his *inamorata*. His heavy shoes clicked loudly on the pavement as he walked, but their clamor was appreciably subdued as he approached the neighborhood of the Van Hoesen abode.

It was a fine, cool evening in early spring and Mynheer Van Hoesen, who seldom remained indoors unless obliged to do so, was sitting, warmly dressed, on a bench near his house, placidly smoking his pipe and gazing out over the Hudson at the sunset beyond. He took no sort of notice as Peter, like a well-regulated young Dutchman and candidate for paternal favor, drew up in front of him and saluted.

"Good evening, Mynheer," said Peter, pleasantly.

It was apparently a most interesting sunset, to Mynheer Van Hoesen, at any rate, for it occupied his attention to the complete exclusion of Peter's greeting.

"It is a fine evening, Mynheer Van Hoesen," persisted the unruffled Peter.

Grunt.

"I came," ventured the courageous suitor, plunging at once into the matter in hand,

"to ask for your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

The sunset suddenly lost its attractiveness for Mynheer Van Hoesen. Had Peter appeared before him with a Dutch blunderbuss and demanded that he forthwith make over and deliver to him all his earthly belongings, it would not have produced in the worthy burgher's breast one-half the surprise and indignation that now found lodgment there.

"What," he cried, getting on his feet with as much celerity as his ponderous weight would allow, "You dare to aspire to my daughter's hand? You, a common Bouweli farmer; and she, the daughter of one of the foremost citizens of New Amsterdam! But it is a just rebuke to me. I should have forbidden you to enter my house! You for a son-in-law, indeed! You—you—" Rage prevented his proceeding further, but he continued to stamp up and down, pounding the ground with his stick.

"But, Mynheer Van Hoesen," interposed Peter, whose courage was beginning to wane before this inhospitable reception, "consider a moment. It is true that my possessions are small, but they are gradually increasing. I have added to my farm in the past year. I have bought four cows. I have—"

"And I tell you," broke in the old man, regaining his breath and returning to the assault, "you shall never have my consent, even should you own half of New Amsterdam! So you may take that for your answer, Peter Dorendorf!"

By this time Mynheer Van Hoesen had worked himself into a truly alarming fury. He stamped up and down alternately shaking his stick in Peter's face and pounding the earth with such a vehemence that it was wonder that the staff did not fly to bits, sturdy oak though it was. Exhausted by his efforts, he paused at last at the head of a broad stone walk which sloped gently down to the river and was used, in summer, as a landing place for one or two small boats.

The afternoon shower had left the walk with a coating of moisture which the cool temperature of the early spring evening had turned to a wafer-like surface of ice, and it was on the head of this path that the ponderous burgher now unthinkingly stopped.

Slowly, but decidedly, like a ship at launching, he began to move down the icy plane, rapidly gathering momentum.

Suddenly awakening to the peril of his position, he endeavored to stop himself, but too late. He continued however, to keep his balance with the aid of his stick which he swung frantically around his head. Seen at a distance he might have been taken for a drum-major twirling his baton in the practice of some new and particularly difficult evolutions.

In this manner, he advanced majestically down the pier and as he disappeared over the edge the sound of a mighty splash and a fountain of spray ascending heavenward, indicated that the placid waters of the Hudson had been rudely disturbed.

Peter, who had felt the last vestige of hope and courage depart before the old man's fierce onslaught, beheld the hard-hearted parent's mishap with secret joy and exultation. On seeing him take the plunge, the youthful suitor rushed forward to render aid.

Incautious Peter! Forgetting the cause of the elder's downfall he, unthinkingly, set foot upon the same icy pathway.

From her chamber window Anneke had listened anxiously to the interview between her father and her lover, confident of her ability to bring the obstinate Peter to terms if her father's consent to their marriage were once given. She had beheld her portly parent's mishap and had flown to the rescue, not waiting to witness Peter's disastrous attempt to render aid. Hence it was that as she reached the outer door, she beheld her ponderous lover skidding rapidly down over that surface which her father had traversed only a moment before.

Peter's progress toward the river was unattended by that dignity which had characterized the launching of the worthy Van Hoesen. In his efforts to save himself, at whatever cost, from the elder's fate, he was promptly upset and reached the bank in short order, meanwhile rotating like a huge roulette-wheel, which appliance of the devil was at that time unknown in New Amsterdam. An unkind fate had decreed that the hard-hearted parent should be floating directly at the foot of the dock at the moment when the impetuous young Dutchman took his plunge.

Although the disaster to the bulky burgher was due to his own lack of caution, it must be owned that he had displayed rare foresight in selecting a place to fall in, for on the

bank of the river and immediately beside the wharf, stood a ducking-stool, one of those ingenious instruments of punishment for female scolds. This appliance was not of Dutch origin, but had been for some time in use in the neighboring English colonies, whence it had been adopted by the ever vigilant Governor Stuyvesant, and erected at the water's edge, as a mute warning to the housewives of New Amsterdam and a discourager of garrulity.

Xantippes were rare in the Dutch town, however, and it had remained unused, but the dames of the place had resented its introduction as an aspersion upon their characters.

Down the bank, but avoiding the slippery pathway, flew the dutiful Anneke to the ducking-stool, her nimble wit showing her what to do. She realized, however, that her own strength and weight would not be sufficient to rescue her parent and her lover. At this moment, the respected Dominie Brinkerhoff, who happened to be passing in the roadway, was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a strenuous call for help.

Looking toward the water, whence the sound proceeded, he beheld Anneke on the bank, beckoning him.

The pious dominie, who, in avoirdupois, outranked both Mynheer Van Hoesen and Peter, displayed unwonted agility in reaching her side. What was his astonishment on beholding in the water the two round fat faces of two members of his congregation, neither of whom, however, had been lately distinguished for constant attendance at divine service.

"How now!" he cried, not ill-pleased to find this audience of two where they could not escape him, "so this is where I find you, desecrating the Lord's day. You will not come to hear me preach, yet shall you hear me now, forsooth!" And he would have then and there proceeded to harangue them, had he not been reminded by Anneke that they could not swim and if he wished to save their souls by his preaching, he must first save their bodies. Luckily, the water at this point was not over-deep, and Mynheer Van Hoesen and Peter, by standing on tiptoe on the bottom managed to keep their faces above water.

Together the Dominie and Anneke loosened the chain and lowered the ducking-chair into the water.

"Climb in, father," called Anneke. The portly Dutchman scrambled, or rather, floated, into the chair as rapidly as possible, and by the combined efforts of the two on the bank, was lifted into the air, where he hung, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. The simile applied to his position only. In no particular, could the outlines of the worthy burgher be said to resemble those of a coffin.

"Pull me in, my daughter," he called, shivering with the cold, and not relishing the idea of being hung up to drain, even though he perceived that the unlucky Peter, directly below, was receiving most of the drainings.

"We must rest a minute," said Anneke, panting. "Father, do you freely give your consent to my marriage with Peter?"

"—Consent," bellowed the old man, "I consent! I will see him—" A slight, but ominous lowering of the chair, caused him to break off his words.

"You would do well to consent, Mynheer Van Hoesen," put in the pious dominie, not sorry to see him thus disciplined. "Peter is young, and may yet make a worthy son-in-law, if he can be brought by your daughter to see the error of his ways."

Still the sire hesitated, when his glance chanced to fall upon a row of near-by houses which bordered on the river.

It seemed as though from out every window a round, female, Dutch face was peering, and that the owner of each face was taking a most uncalled-for interest in his position. He remembered with shame and regret, that at the time of the introduction of the ducking-stool he had been one of its most ardent advocates, and that his prestige had, in consequence, suffered considerably. Indeed, had a voting contest been held at that time to decide who was the most popular citizen of New Amsterdam, it is extremely doubtful if the name of Jan Van Hoesen would have been found among the leaders.

"Look!" cried a fat, Dutch matron, from an upper window, "at last the ducking-stool has an occupant! Who would have thought that it would be the worthy Mynheer Van Hoesen!"

"Ah!" answered another, "I have always heard that he had an unruly temper. Yet little did I think that he would come to occupy the chair for common scolds."

The Van Hoesen dignity could have endured anything but ridicule.

"I consent Dominie. I consent, my daughter. Only pull me in."

The chair swung shoreward like a derrick depositing its load, and the hefty occupant hastily dislodged himself.

Again it descended to the water. Peter watched its coming with little satisfaction. He would have preferred the devil as a deliverer, to this throne for garrulity, but as it was his only hope of rescue he managed to squeeze his burly body into the seat and was elevated in the air.

Once more it came to a pause.

"Peter, do you agree to my conditions of this morning?" There was a faint suspicion of exultant calmness in Anneke's tone. Peter looked at the rapidly gathering audience upon the bank, then at the cold water below, from which he had just emerged. The prospect of a second bath was not inviting.

"I agree," he answered, somewhat sourly.

He was deposited on the shore and the two bedraggled Dutchmen lost no time in reaching the house. Indeed, the elder was nearly there, by the time Peter landed on the bank.

The comments that were borne to their ears from the numerous onlookers, were heard but not appreciated.

"Come in, Dominie," said the hospitable and grateful Anneke. "I will warrant it is many a day since you have performed such labor as today."

"Nay," answered the good man, "I must be going. But hark you!" calling to Mynheer Van Hoesen, and his prospective son-in-law, "Remember this day and let it be a warning to you hereafter, and to all back-sliders like yourselves."

"If you please, sir," said Anneke, "Peter was the only back-slider. My father stood on his feet all the way down."

AT PANAMA

By Charlotte W. Thurston

TOP-HEAVY, Belgian engines, side-tracked on ribbons of rust,
Furious fire-breathing Dragons crumbling to impotent dust.
Down through the tottering framework the clamoring monkeys crash;
Weird from the dark cab-windows the faces of orchids flash.
Stretched on the sun-baked footboards the loitering lizards dwell;
Tangle of wild bejucca muffling whistle and bell.
Herons flap lazily seaward, harsh-voiced,—and a watery thud
Tells how the gray-green saurian slipped from the shelving mud.
Insolent, lordly, defiant, the Chagres rises and falls;
Fierce tears the Titan Bucyrus Culebra Cut's challenging walls.
Down from thy cliffs, Bas Obispo, the splintering boulders are strewn;
Fiercely the steel-toothed buckets shiver the clays of Gatun.
Ocean is whispering to Ocean, foretelling the welcoming grasp;
Glorious Sisters of Ocean, waiting the ultimate clasp.

MRS. FOSTER and THE DECREES OF THE GOVERNMENT

By Mary B. Sheldon

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Francis Stillman Foster were New Yorkers, and they were young. Both, also, were adventurous, for, though they were not aware of it, down in the bottom of the character of each were lying dormant the embryos of a gambler. He had accepted, almost without consideration, the offer of the English Railway Company to go to South America on a salary of £50 a month, and she had been quite as impulsive as he about it. On the whole, however, hers was a practical nature, and though she was willing to take large chances, she usually kept her powder dry. She began, then, to ask questions.

"How much does it cost to get there?"

"Nothing. The company pay the freight, both ways."

"Lovely! Then even if we don't make anything out of it, we have the trip?—and the experience?"

"You'll have the experience all right," a friend of her husband told her, significantly. "You haven't the slightest idea of what it's like, down in that bubbling country."

"It is what we are going to find out," explained Mrs. Francis.

"You think it's a wild idea—our going," Foster said, turning to the other man. Why?"

"Because that's what it is, exactly. You're giving up a certainty for an uncertainty."

"For \$3,000 a year," corrected Foster. "Tracy, you know the man who told his son never to give up a certainty for an uncertainty unless he was sure of it? That's this case, precisely. If it's an uncertainty, at least I'm sure of it."

Tracy shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course you know they're in the midst of a revolution in Colombia."

"Oh, yes; they're revolting,—they always are. That's another reason for going. They say a foreigner can always make money

during one of those South American shooting matches. I expect to get a lot more than my £50 a month out of it."

The friend then turned to Mrs. Francis.

"I know you're afraid of snakes," he charged her. "How will you like it when you have at least one snake in your bed every night?"

For answer she turned to her husband.

"Frank—?" she questioned him.

"Nonsense!" he reassured her. "As for snakes, I've been reading up on the subject. I know exactly how to deal with 'em. You take a bottle of milk. Then you put a cork on the snake's tail. Snake goes into the bottle to drink the milk; corks himself in; and there you are!"

It was in this spirit that they left New York, and the succeeding forty-five days' journey neither bored nor frightened them. On the Magdalena boat they quoted to each other:

"By day, like play-house scenes, the shore slid by our sleepy eyes;

By night those soft, lascivious stars leered from those velvet skies."

Even the mule trip up from Honda did not discourage them. Mrs. Francis learned to cry, "Hola! Mula! Echele! Arriba!" to the infinite interest of their arrieros; and before the end of the trip she ejaculated—"Car-am-bal!" at any unusually bad place in the road.

Arrived at Bogota, both husband and wife took the life there as rather a joke. Their world had never regarded a South American revolution seriously, and now, even with the real tragedy and ruin of one daily before their eyes, they could not look at it in any other light than as a sort of military opera. They wrote home stories of the imprestos, or forced loans, which the government was demanding of individual Columbians, and of the manner in which the requirement was

emphasized,—by placing a guard of soldiers in the doorway of the victim's house, and not allowing a human being to go in or out until the money was paid. They found it only amusing that one day the guard was put by mistake in *their* doorway, and that for several hours they were prisoners in their own home. They had callers at the time, and they all entertained themselves by playing the *tiple*, until a friend passed their window. Him they hailed and entreated to go to the War Office, and there tell the tale of their captivity; which being done they were of course released.

One morning, before they were out of bed, a squad of soldiers entered and searched the house for some political prisoners who had escaped the night before, and who, it was suspected, were being hidden in the homes of liberal sympathizers. The Stillman Fosters had no one concealed on the premises, and for the moment they were annoyed at being disturbed at that hour of the morning. Later in the day, however, they realized that they had an experience which it is not given to the New Yorker to enjoy.

It came nearer to them when one of Foster's business friends, a young Englishman, went down to the *Tierra Caliente*—the hot country for a few days, and got into an argument with a drunken officer over a question of passports. The dispute was finished by the officer's slashing the Englishman over the head with a machete, and the Englishman's being brought back to Bogota so nearly dead that it was only his Anglo-Saxon blood that saved him.

Affairs like this; stories of the plots and counterplots of the revolution, and the daily decrees posted on the street corners by the government, took the place of the regular mails and the morning papers of home; while, instead of the topics of conversation to which the Fosters had been accustomed, they found that the gossip of the little foreign colony was of passports, the rise and fall of the exchange, mules, guerillas, coffee and claims against the government. They drifted into the life and soon grew used to it. Florence learned where to buy old silver, what were the best places for Indian curiosities, and who made the feather-work that looked like water color, enamel and stained glass combined.

Accustomed to New York figures, the prices of things seemed to them nothing less than ridiculous. For a pretty little house, nicely furnished, in a good locality, they paid fifteen dollars a month. As service goes in Bogota, four maids and a boy were necessary; but the cook, who drew the largest salary, received only twenty cents a week in American gold, that sum, reckoned in the currency of the country, being ten dollars.

It was this disproportion between the values of a dollar in gold, and a dollar in Colombian paper that amused the Stillman Fosters more than anything else.

"Florence," Foster would call out from the bedroom, "where are my one-hundred-and eighty-eight dollar shoes?"

"In the corner, under the steamer-chair."

"No, not those; those are my two-hundred-and sixty-four dollar ones. I mean my cheap, one-hundred and eighty-eight dollar shoes."

"What would the people at home think of the prices we pay?" wondered Mrs. Francis, going over accounts which she kept in the terms of Colombian currency. "Look at this: Tea, \$40.00 a pound; American sugar, \$5.00 a pound; one pair of gloves, \$60.00; candles, \$2.50 each. Isn't it ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous, for us, yes; we have gold. But it's very far from ridiculous for these poor devils whose income is in paper, and who get scarcely more now than they did when the exchange was 500 instead of 5,000.

When gold was low—when, for instance, one American dollar was worth only forty dollars in Colombian paper—the Stillman Fosters felt poor, and obliged themselves to economize, in cigarettes for him, and bocadillos for her. If they sold a draft one day, and the next day the exchange was one hundred points higher, they mourned their lack of foresight, and wondered why on earth they had not waited twenty-four hours longer. Or, if they sold, and then the price of gold went down, they felt that as speculators, not to say financiers, there was not their equal in Colombia. The spirit of speculation was in the air. The very fact that one had to sell his gold or his drafts to get the money of the country to live on made it a matter of daily, sometimes hourly interest, whether one got more or less by the exchange; and, constantly doing business of that kind, it

was impossible not to try to buy low and sell high. With every report of a battle, with every new decree of the government; with every arrival of mail, bringing drafts from abroad; with every fresh rumor about the canal, the exchange went up or down, sometimes five hundred points in a few hours.

One day came news, apparently authentic, of war between Colombia and Venezuela, and gold went higher than any one had ever seen it before.

"By Jove!" cried Foster, excitedly. "If I only knew the truth of that story! Of course, if it's so, gold's going to stay high; but if it isn't, and the exchange drops, there'll be a chance to make a pile of money!"

He waited a day. Nothing further was heard of the international difficulty, and gold went down over one hundred points.

"Just as I thought," quoth Foster, "wish I'd bought paper yesterday. But it will go lower still before it goes higher. Florence," he turned to her impetuously—"I believe I'll go in for a lot!"

"I didn't know you had a lot to go in with," she commented, suggestively.

"I can get it; there's no trouble about that."

"How?"

"From the banks."

"Borrow it?"

"Why not?"

"But if you lose—?"

"I shant lose. The exchange is going down, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Don't worry about it. You'll see it will come out all right."

It followed as he had said. For several days the exchange dropped steadily, and the paper he had borrowed gold to buy became several hundred points nearer its nominal value.

Then, one afternoon he came in from the office with rather a long face.

"Florence," he explained, frowning, "I've got to go to Giradot tomorrow morning."

"What is Giradot?" she asked him.

"What's Giradot? It's a place—two days from here—down in the hot country. I've got to start on the eight o'clock train, in the morning."

"Are you going all the way by train?"

"Great Caesar! No! Do you think we're in the Empire State? I go about two hours

by train, then a day on horseback, then the rest of the way in a push car to Giradot."

"A push car?"

"Yes, a hand-car—over the Company's rails. Some places where they've burned the bridges, it's nothing *but* rails—the wood's been burned away underneath. I get out and walk, but the push car men take the chances, and go over deep ravines on nothing but iron tracks."

"Frank!"

"Nobody's been hurt yet. Don't look like that; I've told you I'm not going to do it. Never mind it, anyway, the point is, that I've got to be out of Bogota for at least a week, and *quien sabe*, what's going to happen to the exchange while I'm gone?"

"Buy gold before you go."

"Can't. It's too late in the day, now, and I've got to start too early in the morning."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"Take the chances. I don't like it, but there's nothing else to be done. If it will only hold a week longer, I'm all right; I'll be back a week from tomorrow, by the afternoon train. Caramba! I'm going to buy gold the first thing I do when I get here! I'll be glad when the thing's off my mind."

Florence saw him off the next morning, then went back to the house to calculate how many hours there are in the average week. One hundred and sixty-eight! "But perhaps it will go down to one hundred and fifty," she hazarded, her mind on the exchange.

Her one interest during the succeeding days was in keeping track of the money market. She called on all persons she knew, and at each place, just as she was coming away, she inquired, with a casual little smile:

"Well,—and what is happening to that ridiculous exchange? When it goes to six thousand, I'm going to buy the old silver cup at Frankel's."

Every one told her—but she made no sign—that gold seemed to be going down rather than up—and that if this sort of thing continued, really, foreigners would be as poor as Colombians. She almost held her breath as the days went on, and it got to be Wednesday, Frank was to come Thursday—and the exchange was still low, and, apparently, stationary.

Wednesday afternoon she made her last calls, stopping, just before time to go home,

at the house of the minister of war. His wife spoke an English of her own, but they had been very kind to the Stillman Fosters.

Almost from force of habit, Florence said, as she rose to go:

"And the exchange, Senora? But of course, to you it is not a matter of special interest, as it is to us foreigners. I suppose you do not notice the rise and fall particularly?"

Now, the wife of the minister of war was a clever enough woman, but it was her ambition to appear much cleverer than she really was, or ever could be. Her husband did not tell her all his secrets of state, but nothing gave her more pleasure than to have the people, especially foreigners, imagine that he did. And as it happened that today she really was in possession of a little piece of information which the general public would not have until the following morning, it was impossible for her to resist the temptation to whisper it into Mrs. Foster's ear.

"The senora," she began, with what was intended for an astute smile, "the senora believes that the ladies of Colombia have no regard for the *cambio*—what it calls itself? —the exchange, no? To the senora it pleases to see the exchange rise up, no? Bueno! manana it rises up, and the senora will buy the ollita of silver; but an ollita so antigua that only an Americana will desire it."

At this point Mrs. Foster hastily sat down in the chair from which she had just arisen.

"Si, senora; it is like that," went on the hostess, more than pleased with herself. "Manana will be a *decreto*—but many *decretos*—on all the corners of all the ways of Bogota. The husband of me"—this with great pride—"has making *decretos* to all the banks of Bogota, to catch gold to make go on the government. But *muchissimo* gold is a necessary, no? And when *manana* there is a very few, the exchange rises up, but high, no?"

It was only too plain, in spite of the English. The *emprestitos*—the forced loans—hitherto demanded of individuals, were now to be required of the banks also. Gold would, without doubt, be "very few," and the exchange would rise up, but *high*. If what the wife of the minister of war wanted was to make an impression upon her foreign visitor, she had the immediate satisfaction of seeing that she had done so.

"The decrees," Florence said, forcing herself to speak quietly,—"are you sure that they will be made public tomorrow?"

"But *sure*," affirmed the hostess, "Are they not — how you say? printed? All are in the *officina* of the print, and *manana*, but early, they are taking out the *officina*, and placed upon the corners of the ways."

It was, then, a question of hours. "Manana but early," the decrees would be posted. At three in the afternoon Frank would be in Bogota. And Florence could conceive of no possible way by which the one event could be delayed or the other hastened.

Mechanically she went through the ceremonial of a Colombian leave-taking, and started for home. On every corner of the streets that she passed, her imagination placed already the decrees which were to be posted there in the morning. If they had been there in reality, it seemed to her as if nothing could have prevented her from tearing them down. If only they would put them up during the night, she felt capable of going out and defacing them. If—the thoughts came thick and fast—if those decrees,—those sheets of paper—could somehow be put out of the way, so that several hours would be spent in looking for them, and, when they could be found, in printing new ones,—if the delay could be made to continue until Frank got back to Bogota!—! She entered the door of her own home and dropped weakly into the nearest chair.

When the maid came to call her to dinner, she realized that she had not taken off her hat and gloves. She went to the table, but ate automatically. One thought filled her brain, so that no other could enter it: *How was she to get possession of those decrees?*

Leaving the dining-room, she returned to the *sala*, and there sat down before the desk in which Foster kept his papers. Blindly seeking for some grain of enlightenment as to what she ought to do, she opened one drawer after another; but there was nothing to explain to a woman how government decrees may be done away with. She found only the records of the money Foster had borrowed, the memorandum of the sale of the gold, and the bank book, showing the amount of paper that had been deposited. In a few hours unless something were done, the value of that paper would probably be less than half the sum represented by the figures in the book.

But what could she do? The decrees of a government grind exceeding small, and she was as powerless as a baby.

Continuing to turn over the papers, she came across the passport which gave Foster permission to be in the streets of the city after eight o'clock at night. With that ticket, Frank, if he had been there, would have been able to go out, and Florence felt sure that he would have devised some plan of action. But she—alone—a woman—

With the word, a notion came to her; but such a notion—as the wife of the minister of war would have said—that only an American would have entertained it. Mrs. Francis thought hard and fast. Then—

Fifteen minutes later, to all appearances, a young man stood before the glass, putting the finishing touches to his toilet. He drew on his over-coat and gloves, placed a folded paper in his pocket, and taking up his hat, went quickly out of the house. The clock in the cathedral was just striking nine.

Followed an interval of three hours and three-quarters, during which, in the house of Foster, perfect quiet reigned. Then might have been seen approaching from one end of the street, a young man—to wit: Francis Stillman Foster. From the opposite direction hurried, as it seemed, a double. The two met exactly at the entrance, and for one instant, they stared at each other in silence.

"Frank!" then ejaculated one of them.

"Good Lord!" gasped the other, "What in the—? *Florence!*!"

"You are here," she stated, superfluously, "How did you get here—now?"

"By trying to catch today's train at Ceresuela; missing it, and coming all the way on horseback. But will you tell me what under heaven—"

By this time they were in the sala. Florence put her hand into the pocket of the overcoat she had worn, drew forth a package of papers, and laid it on the table.

"They are decrees," she explained, succinctly; "Government decrees. I have just been stealing them."

"Just been—*what?*"

"Yes. It had to be done. Don't stand there looking at me like that!" Her voice broke as the strain of what she had gone through began to tell on her. "Oh, Frank," she sobbed, in his arms, "You don't know how awful it was!"

Gently he stroked her hair, and petted her. "What was it, darling?" he said, between his kisses. "What was awful?"

"I am going to tell you. But wait,—just a moment. I can't talk like this."

She ran from him to the bedroom, then returned almost immediately, wearing a pretty, loose gown that was kept for the home, alone.

"Now! Well, Frank, you know the paper money you bought?"

"Yes—?"

"And we wanted the exchange to be low—to *keep* low."

"Has it gone up?" he asked, quickly.

"Not yet; but if I hadn't called at the Santiago's this afternoon, I don't know what would have happened. Listen! I went there, and by the merest chance I asked her about the exchange, and what do you think she told me? She said the *decretos* were all printed, and ready to be put up, demanding *empréstitos* of all the banks, and that tomorrow morning, early, they were going to be posted. Of course, gold would be awfully scarce, and the exchange would go like *that!*" She waved her hand toward the ceiling.

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

"Yes. So I came home as fast as I could, and thought and thought, and tried to fancy what you would do."

"What I would do! What could anybody do? I couldn't have done anything."

"Yes, you could. I did. First, I dressed myself as you saw me."

"In my clothes! And you went out like that! What—?"

"Wait! I took your passport, and I went out. Between here and the printing office I was challenged twice, but I just showed them your ticket, and they said,—what is it they say in Spanish when they mean you can go on?"

"*Puede seguir.*"

"That's it. Well, they looked at the ticket and said, '*Puede seguir,*' and didn't look at me at all. But when I got to the printing office, there were patrols standing right in front of the door, and I couldn't go in, or do anything."

"But what in the name of common sense had you expected to do?"

"Just what I did, only it was too early. It wasn't half past nine yet, and the patrols didn't go away until after twelve, so I waited all that time."

"You waited! Three hours! Where?"

"In a doorway, where it was dark and no one saw me. Seemed to me I stayed there for three centuries.

I kept looking out to see if the men had gone, and they didn't go, and I was afraid they were going to stay all night, and—and I was *so cold!*"

At this point Florence found herself held so closely in her husband's arms that for the time there was nothing but to keep silence, with her face hidden against his shoulder.

"What else, darling?" at last he said, with a deep breath.

"Then they went away, just after twelve o'clock. I went to the door of the printing office, and just then I heard a man coming out.

I stood in the shadow and he went on without noticing me. Then I tried the door, and he had left it unfastened, so I went in. It was all dark, but there were some matches in your match box and I lighted those, and there I saw the *decretos*, on a table! Well—I just put them in my pocket—what a good thing your overcoat has big pockets! And then I came away, and hurried home as fast fast as I could. And there you were in the doorway, and I *never* was so glad to see anyone! Frank, if I had to choose between scrubbing floors for a living, and trying to be a heroine—"

But she was not permitted to finish. For the time, further speech on her part was rendered impossible.

IN THE FAR MEADOWS

IN the far meadows of death's realm of light,
Forevermore through amaranthine bowers
I move in glory, heedless of the hours,
And heedless of the passing day and night.
At last all riddles do I read aright;
All mysteries grown simple as the flowers,
Yield up like fragrant perfume to my powers,
Their inmost charm and secrets of delight.

Yet still I sorrow, sorrow; still with sighs
I wander lonely midst Elysian mirth,
Bewildered in the throne-room of its lord.
For only where thou art is Paradise;
And thou dost linger in the gate of earth,
Life in thy loving hand like flaming sword!

Edward Wilbur Mason



THE ETHICS OF GLADNESS

WITH the poetic stroke of a master genius, Robert Browning created one of the most beautiful ideals in literature when he gave to the world "Pippa Passes." This dramatic gem is affluent in deep lessons of life, and as soulful and astir with the divine spark as it is tender and true.

Pippa,—abbreviated from Philippa—the little silk-winder, whose labors in the mill are constant, who

"Winds silk
The whole year around to earn just bread and milk."

has but one holiday the whole year through—only one day to "get a feeling of heaven" as she says, and this is New Year's Day. As the day dawns Pippa, with a keen sense of its preciousness, exclaims:

"O Day! if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
Then shame fall on Asola and me."

So she sets herself to plan for the day. While she plans she sings—sings to the sun-beams, sings to her lily, *sings to the sad earth*, sings even to her wash-basin. In fact Pippa is an animated bundle of song, and joy radiates from her in all directions. The while she sings she plans. The culmination of her plans are: She will just imagine herself the four happiest people in loom-sounding Asola, and will crowd the blisses of them all into this one sweet day.

She soliloquizes about them and the happy way they spend their lives, and wanders forth on her day's adventures, trilling her little heart songs. What wonder the joy-notes reach the ears of the four favored ones whom she is to imagine herself to be! What a sunbeam in dark places! What a conscience-sting to those whom she had wished to personate! Each and every one that she thought must be happy; how much of sin and evil and weakness were in their lives! But Pippa's cheer and voice of innocence put a charm for everlasting good in each one of their lives.

There was Ottima, the beloved of Sebald, the German music teacher—a guilty lover—but Pippa's vocal touch drew him up out of the depths of degradation, and a new love—an unselfish love is born. On she wanders the winding streets through; and next the faint-hearted patriot is nerved to slay the despot who would annihilate human liberty. And the artist is taught the Christ-lesson of self-sacrifice, and the cowled priest is moved to act from a sense of godliness instead of guilty greed—all these reformations are brought about by the fine spiritual essences emanating from the gladsome little heart of Pippa, the winder of silk!

The fundamental lesson taught by Browning in this gem of literature is that

"All service ranks the same with God."

So powerfully does her life emphasize this lesson—and with such truth and purity of heart—being more than innocence—Browning develops a most beautiful, ethical "joy forever." So pure was the gentle heroine that when she came in contact with baseness, with cowardice, with villainy, each in turn is overcome and love plants her vine where these evils brooded. Pippa is unaware of the result of her day of singing, of joy-bringing, and when night comes, wondering in the tenderness of her soul if she has done aught of good, lies down to calm repose, a tired angel of sweetness and light.

We are told of Browning, that while walking alone about his English home near Dulwich, the image of some one thus walking alone through life flashed upon him. The little silk-winder of Asola was the final conception, and he elaborated it in the precious vision he gives us in the drama. Pippa passes—and where she passes men and women are won to moral rectitude—Pippa passes, and heeds no Siren voice of sin.

While Pippa is one of Browning's ideals, yet such ideals are all but attainable. She lives sweetly, innocently, the life He gave. The circumstance of her being a factory girl does not cumber her soul at all. Base things cannot touch her. She is an adept in the philosophy of human life. She is the reservoir of knowledge never learned of schools or books. While but a child yet is she great in simplicity. Pippa learned from the bee and the ant to be wise, for she says, "the fire-fly and the bob-worm" remember that

"Winter hastens at summer's ends."

From these things had she learned that beasts and birds have words—

"Our words only so much more sweet,"

and by such words she could almost understand the moon, and had so nearly made out the sun, and could then proceed no farther in finding wisdom; so she says "God took me," and completed her need. God's messenger she then becomes. She is moved and actuated by the Holy Spirit—true to self, true to truth. She is so in harmony with Divinity, and so beautifully and tranquilly and spiritually manifests a power not her own—Browning is always teaching this—"a power," as Arnold says, "that makes for righteousness." Browning has illimi-

table faith in the Divine possibilities of our every day life. Nothing is "great" or "small," so that it be genuine, be pure.

There are elements of life, or death, in every hour we live, not only for ourselves, but for those whom we daily meet. We pass and repass each other in life, influencing for good or for bad. We have all felt this subtle something in one another, that helps us to decide a course of action. Each character is made, not as the sole result of knowledge, but abetted by this outward force. Pippa's power to move to goodness was a Messianic power—the Savior in the heart.

Pippa becomes the central point of her own world, and she largely creates that world. Browning's subjectiveness becomes apparent here. We all live in a world of our own creating. Midway point am I of everything, as the eternal *now* is the midway point of time. Pippa, while only a little, menial spinner; yet had she the divine power to unloosen that which was working for death—"and whatsoever is loosed on earth is loosed in heaven." It is the old battle again of good and evil,—evil with all its legions, and Pippa, with a glad little heart—but all goodness,—beats down the minions of sin on every hand.

So Pippa passes and leaves her song. If we cannot sing, at least we can pass by evil. If not a pearl of purity like Pippa, radiating joy-beams, we can smile a salutation at least on God's good morrow. We can learn the lesson of the tremendous importance of the unimportant. The winding of silk is quite as important in the Father's eye as the owning of silk mills. She who sweeps a floor, and does it well is as important in her place as the noble who owns a castle. Who sets the type, does as splendid work as he who writes a book. To brighten an angry brow, to bring smiles where erstwhile were tears, to put a good thought where a bad one was—these are not menial service—this is the prime lesson so beautifully taught by the little silk-winder of Asola. So innocently joyous and triumphant in truth, ever may we rejoice in the song she sings:

"God's in His Heaven.
All's right with the world."

J. L. Smith.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

CURE FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM

By N. A., Dawsonville, Md.

Mothers, cut this out and paste it on the fly leaf of your Bible: One teaspoonful of Cox's gelatine; one teaspoonful of best arrowroot; six to eight teaspoonfuls of new milk; two or three tablespoonsfuls of new cream.

Soak the gelatin in a little cold water for a short time, then boil in one-half pint of water until dissolved. To this add with constant stirring (at the termination of the boiling) the milk, then the arrowroot, the latter having been previously mixed in a little cold water—now the cream and a little sugar. Remove from the fire. This is given to babies who have summer complaint, or in other words, delicate bowels. As the child gets older, increase the quantity of milk and cream. I know a mother who was compelled to use this with her boy until he was three years old. It does not sour, and you can make it in the morning and again at night. I can mention a case of dysentery, the child having been given up; her stomach was too weak to take this food, so a little whiskey was put into it. She is living today. Mothers try this; it never fails. Children love it. This food was discovered by an eminent physician of Montejo, County, Maryland, who lost several babies from cholera infantum, but after trying this remedy, his babies and all other babies who came were saved.

SLEEVE PROTECTORS

By L. F. Shannon, Washington, D. C.

Cut the sleeves from old white lawn shirt waists. Trim off the cuffs, leaving only enough to make a narrow band and cut straight across the top, making the sleeve protectors long enough to come well over the elbow. Hem the tops and bands on the sewing machine, and you have a quickly-made and very useful article to draw on over the clean blouse sleeves. Being so easily and cheaply made, one can have several pairs, which can be put in the weekly wash when soiled. As a general rule, they will stay in place without pinning, but if one finds them keep slipping off, it is very easy to put over them when in place a thin rubber band, to hold them on.

POTATOE DOUGHNUTS

By A. B. E., Louisville, N. Y.

One and one-half cups of sugar, butter size of butternut, boil three medium-sized potatoes, mash and mix with above; add one teacup sweet milk and two eggs; five heaping teacups flour and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. This recipe makes forty-five doughnuts, and they will keep moist for many days.

AN INDIAN REMEDY By Lilia Cole, Bellevue, Ia.

Knowing that you are interested in securing information for your readers, I send you a simple remedy for wounds made by rusty nails, bites of angry animals, felon, wounds made by fireworks and all inflamed and poisoned flesh wounds generally. It is an old Indian remedy, and used successfully by many; it should become generally known, so that cases of lockjaw may not be so common. Here is the remedy:—Put equal parts of good fresh wood ashes and hot water in a pail or pan large enough to more than cover the hand or foot which is hurt. Keep the member in it some time, and when the water cools put fresh water as hot as can comfortably be borne, sometimes renewing both ashes and hot water. After a short time a soothing sense of relief from pain will come, but keep the treatment going on until the pain is soothed, the inflammation gone and the pus comes from the wound, leaving the flesh white and wrinkled as when taken from hot suds. Everyone can keep a bag of good wood ashes handy, to be used in time of need. It is so simple, but so sure.

CELERY ON TOAST

By M. G. D., Haire, Mont.

Peel and wash the roots of celery; or the coarse stalks not suitable for the celery glass, cut in small pieces and stew tender in a little salted water, (if for breakfast, this much can be done the evening before), add a small lump of butter and thicken with one tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold milk or cream; let all cook together for a few minutes. Have rather thick slices of well-buttered toast in your mush dishes, or small soup dishes, pepper the toast slightly and give it a sprinkling of celery salt, pour the cooked celery over it and serve hot. One celery root or three stalks is sufficient for two people.

COOKING HAM IN A BAG

By E. G. R., Girard, Pa.

When boiled ham is needed for sandwiches, picnic dinners, or other uses where thin slicing is a desideratum, try the following method: Trim the ham as for boiling by usual method: put it into a strong cotton bag just large enough to hold it. Gather the neck of the bag in hand and tie closely. Now put the "bagged" ham into the water and boil slowly, until perfectly tender, then lift out and hang up to drain and cool. When perfectly cold the meat will be very firm and easily sliced. The secret of deliciously-tender ham lies in long, slow cooking, and when it is encased in a bag it may be cooked much longer than otherwise.

DELICIOUS DESERT

By Lucile H., Willard, N. M.

A dainty and delicious desert may be made by using the oats left over from breakfast. To two cups of oats mix one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one egg, and a few chopped raisins; mix well, and bake in quick oven. While warm, place on dishes, and sprinkle lightly with prepared cocoanut. Serve with milk sauce.

CRACKED HANDS

By John C. Rose, Hartford, W. Va.

Take several parboiled potatoes, peel and mash finely, add some dry bran and mix thoroughly; rub this all over the hands and let it dry; a few such treatments and your hands will be well.

A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH FRAME*By Mrs. J. K., Meadville, Pa.*

Any unmounted photograph can be nicely framed in the following manner: Place the unmounted picture face downward upon a plate which has been made wet with cold water. Mix a quantity of plaster of paris with water to the consistency of cream. Pour this mixture over the picture and fill the plate. By placing a piece of cord in the mixture before it hardens, one can have a hanger for the picture. After this has become perfectly hard, remove from the plate and you have the picture in a frame. A very pretty way is to bronze the edge. It gives more of a finished look.

PREVENTS IRISH POTATOES FROM ROTTING*By Mrs. Polk G. Johnson, Clarksville, Tenn.*

To prevent Irish potatoes from rotting after they are dug, never let the sun shine on them after they come out of the earth. Throw them in the shade, or cover them as you dig them and remove to a shelter where the sun cannot reach them immediately. It is always best to dig them early in the morning, late in the evening, or on a cloudy day, and I have followed this most successfully for ten years.

SAVE YOUR SUGAR*By Mrs. F. S., Ohio*

All housekeepers should know that sugar boiled with an acid if it be but three minutes will be converted into glucose. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as two and a quarter pounds of glucose. In other words, one pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked and while warm, will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter added while fruit is boiling.

IMITATION GROUND GLASS

Dissolve epsom salts in ale and apply with a brush; as it dries it crystallizes.

OLIVED CHERRIES*By Hattie Smith, Pasadena, Cal.*

Take nice ripe cherries, wash them and cut off about one-third of the stem; place them in a quart jar; when full, add one tablespoonful of salt, then mix together equal proportions of cold rainwater and vinegar, and fill the jar. Seal and set aside for winter use. These taste very much like pickled olives.

FOR CLEANING STEEL AND COPPER*By Mrs. G. E. H., Waterbury, Conn.*

Select the finest ashes from your range or furnace, put these through a fine sieve, and put into tin cans. Apply by dipping a soft cloth wet, in the ashes, and use as you would any scouring. I have found it excellent, especially for steel knives.

CHERRY-STONER*By Blanche Stubblefield, Stevenson, Ala.*

Use a common writing pen, turning the point into the holder, thus making a little scoop that fits the stone and removes it without bruising the fruit.

IVY POISON*By J. R. Butler, Marburg, Ont.*

Touch each spot as it appears with a cloth or sponge saturated with the brine of codfish.

FOR TANGLED HAIR*By Mrs. H. H. Spear, Pe Ell, Wash.*

When hair is tangled after a severe illness, rub it well with alcohol and the tangles will come out nicely.

PREPARING A MUSTARD PLASTER IN HASTE

To prepare a mustard plaster in haste, trim the crust from a thin slice of white bread, then sprinkle it thickly with ground mustard, spread a very thin cloth over the mustard, then dampen with vinegar or water.

CLEANING LINOLEUM

Sweet skimmed milk, warmed, is excellent to wash linoleum with. It cleans thoroughly and preserves the paint.

WASH YOUR MIRRORS WITH ALCOHOL

Try alcohol for washing your mirrors; polish with soft paper.

HINT IN COMFORT MAKING*By A. L., Ironton, O.*

The hard work of washing comforts will be greatly lightened if the cotton be first covered with common mosquito netting and lightly tacked, before covering with calico. When the calico becomes soiled, cut the tacks and remove the calico and wash. Hang the cotton covered with the netting on a line in the sunshine to air, then return to covering and tack as before.

TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR*By May Peininger, Lacon, Ill.*

When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand and shows the impression of the fingers. The dough made with it is very gluey, ductile and elastic, easy to be kneaded, and may be elongated, flattened and drawn in every direction without breaking.

COOKING BONY FISH*By Rachel E. McNair, Willow Hills, Ill.*

If the small, bony fish which taste so good but are so much trouble to prepare, are split in two after being dressed and laid on a board or table with the flesh side down, and cut crosswise at least every quarter of an inch from head to tail with a sharp knife, one will not know that the little bundles of bones had been there.

FOR DEBILITY*By Mrs. F. A. Stuart, Palo Alto, Cal.*

Raw eggs thoroughly beaten, and stirred into strained orange juice (one egg to two medium-sized oranges) make a palatable and nourishing drink especially valuable for debility.

TO REMOVE A MOLE*By J. C. Y., New Iberia, La.*

Diluted acetic acid applied carefully every night to a mole will at length cause the unsightly blemish to turn dark and fall away. This remedy I have personally proved to be effective.

KILLS CABBAGE WORMS*By Charles H. Bishop, Springfield, O.*

To kill cabbage worms, sift pepper, or flour and salt on the cabbages when worms begin to work.

CREAM SODA

By Elwood Oplinger, Allentown, Pa.

A very good cream soda is made by mixing the following: two pounds granulated sugar; one kitchen spoonful flour; the juice of two lemons; white of one egg and two ounces of tartaric acid.

After all this is mixed, pour two quarts boiling water—but it must be boiling—over the mixture, and boil for fifteen minutes.

Let this stand until it is cold, and then add ten cents' worth of birch flavor. Put this soda into bottles, and put away for further use.

How to prepare for use:—

Shake this mixture well, and then take one tablespoonful of this liquid in a glass of water, and into this put baking soda about the size of a cherry. Stir this well, and you have a good drink. It quenches thirst and is also healthful.

CHIROPODIST'S PRESCRIPTION

By A. L. R., Jeanerette, La.

A lotion and powder for tender and swollen feet. One teaspoonful of boracic acid to one pint of grain alcohol. After bathing the feet in lukewarm water, spray them with the lotion used in an atomizer, and fan until dry. The effect is delightful. Then rub over the feet this powder, or put it in the stockings, or the lotion can be used alone.

Powdered starch 35 grains; oil of bergamot, 10 drops; oil of lavender 6 drops; oil of wintergreen 16 drops. Mix well, and pass through a sieve. Excellent.

BERRY PIE

By Elizabeth Cairns, Chicago, Ill.

To make a berry pie that will not run over in baking, line the tin with crust; put in this two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Fill with fruit. Put on sufficient sugar to sweeten. Sprinkle over this a few cracker crumbs, and put in two or three tablespoonfuls of water. Make plenty of slashes in the crust; wet edge of lower crust; put on top crust and pinch upper crust well into the lower one. Bake slowly three-quarters of an hour.

NEW USE FOR COMMON YELLOW SOAP

By Mrs. J. C. Weir, Newcastle, Ind.

It may be of interest to know that common yellow soap can be used even more effectively than mending tissue to mend a torn place in a garment. Wet the cake of soap, rub it over a piece of the goods, lay over the rent carefully, press with a hot iron (not too hot, of course) and the deed is done.

WATER- AND FIRE-PROOF CEMENT

By C. E. Washburne, Cooke, Mont.

For use around chimneys, fireplaces and stove pipes: Mix two parts sifted wood ashes with one part slackened lime, with boiled linseed oil, to smooth paste. A water-proof cement is made by dissolving in a little water four ounces of shellac and one ounce of borax, reducing it to a paste with heat.

TO KEEP THE FLIES AWAY

By Mrs. Chas. H. Bell, Portland, Conn.

A few drops of essence of sassafras will keep flies away.

A spoonful of mustard in a gallon of water will kill insects in the earth, and is good for the plants.

COVERING AN IRONING BOARD

By Jennie K. Hilton, Chicago, Ill.

To fix an ironing board neatly, lay over one side of it several thicknesses of old flannel; discarded blankets are good for this purpose; tack lightly to hold in place, then draw edges smoothly around to the other side of board and nail securely in place. Now take measurements of board and make two coverings to fit it out of coarse unbleached cotton cloth; draw one of these onto the board as you would draw on a stocking, and when in place tack the broad end lightly to board; when one covering is soiled you can easily remove it and adjust the clean one.

DANDELION WINE

By Harriet L. Sisson, Unadilla Forks, N. Y.

Four quarts of dandelion blossoms; one gallon of boiling water; let stand three days in a cool place and then add the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut fine. Boil fifteen minutes, strain and add pulp of fruit and three and one-half pounds of loaf sugar. When cool add one-half yeast cake, let stand one week in a cool place; strain and let stand three weeks; strain again and bottle.

FEED FOR YOUNG CHICKS

Feed young chickens dry feed, and you will not have any sickness among them. Skimmed milk is good for laying hens.

FOR SORES AND CUTS

By Mrs. Orrin Ralph, Confidence, Cal.

Take the leaves of common yellow dock, and lay them on the sore, covering the surface all over and pressing the stalk of the leaves between thumb and finger, to make soft. Bind on with soft cloth, changing leaves before getting dry. Wash the sore each time with pure medicated soap; keep leaves on until sore is healed. This is the best remedy I ever tried and it cured my little boy of blood poisoning.

KEEPES YOUR STOVE BLACK

By Miss Ida F. Beadle, Little Rock, Ark.

If, after washing the stove, a few drops of linseed oil are put on a woolen cloth and then rubbed on the stove, it will never have to be blacked, and will always look new. This is a labor-saver. The oil costs about fifteen cents per quart, and that amount lasts a long time.

FRIED PARSNIPS

Parsnips boiled and then sliced and fried in lard are very appetizing.

PARING APPLES QUICKLY

By L. E. P., Atkinson, N. H.

In preparing apples for cooking by hand, much time and trouble are saved by quartering, coring and then paring.

NEW IDEA IN USING COFFEE

By Mrs. W. G. Roberts, Fox Lake, Wis.

Stir thoroughly one egg into one pound of ground coffee; set in covered porcelain dish in warming oven, to dry; then put in coffee can. Your coffee will need no more egg until a fresh supply of coffee is needed.

TEA IN APPLE PIE

Sprinkle a little cold tea on your apple pie before putting on the top crust. This gives the pie a delicious flavor.

THE HAPPY HABIT DEMOCRACY OF DOG DAYS

By the Editor

HAVE you ever observed what a different person that stern and absorbed man of business becomes when he mingles with his children and old friends on the sea shore or among the mountains, in the dog day vacations? Every year the vacation habit becomes more fixed, and relaxation in dog days more of a necessity. That is the time when stiff manners are laid aside with stiff collars and hard hats. The easy deportment of vacation days matches the tennis shirt and slouch hat in which the business magnate meets his fellow man—just as a man.

Now the mask of every-day business life is tossed aside, and even the stately parson, in clerical garb, forgets to be proper while he enjoys himself at a picnic,—mingling in the games with hat off and coat-tails flying; an easy mark for the pursuer.

* * * * *

WATCHING this mingling of human elements of varied character, I am reminded of the hobby of a friend, whose favorite study is metallurgy. He seems to consider those bits of metal as almost human, and I found him one day recently, in his yard, with two large pieces of different metal, which he had placed not far from each other, to test their mutual attractiveness. He assured me that the harmony between the two would eventually draw them close to each other, and he stroked that piece of metal as he would the back of a favorite pussy.

My friend is also something of an astronomer; and he went on to demonstrate, with a mass of logarithms and calculations far beyond me, the attractions of metals in masses, and the attraction of one star for another—the principle that holds the great universe intact.

The more he demonstrated, the more clearly I saw a lucid application of a similar force to human beings; for the Happy Habiter's line of thought deals with people, rather than with things, and it seems as though this theory has a fundamental application to every Happy Habiter.

The first thing necessary is to take a vacation at least once in the year—no matter if you have to change positions or steal away for a few days at the weekend to do it. Go out and find yourself as you really are; feel the touch of the real democracy of dog days; for certainly human beings are not less susceptible to the laws of attraction than are two pieces of ore,—or less ready to come into harmony.

My friend took a piece of metal and rapped it, and it responded to his touch with a clear, ringing sound. He struck the other piece in the same way, and it responded in a similar key. He seemed bent upon coaxing them together; so it is with the vacation days, which strike a responsive chord of friendship in every heart, while the rest-seekers are far removed from the whirl of the city and the clamorous demands of business life. There is the tramp through the woods, a clamber over the rocky shore, or a struggle through the brush of the hillside, and afterward the happy lunch together—perhaps the necessity of drinking from the same cup.

There is the comradeship of the automobilists—in trouble, it may be, over a punctured tire, on some isolated road. Such incidents make the democracy of dog days a potential influence in national affairs; for many of the conferences and comrade-ships of vacation time bring together into close understanding two persons who, if they met at first in business life, never would have had that harmony of feeling for each other. Each would have seen the other dimly through the heavy armour of modern business life, the vizor down to protect the wearer against the darts of commercial disaster or misunderstanding. Once known, in the heat of conflict, the adhesive qualities of friendship are apparent.

This thought has occurred to me many times, in connection with the reunion of National Magazine readers, which is to occur at the Jamestown Exposition in Norfolk, on September 14. I want you to come there with all the bloom and glow of vacation days upon you; to make this the very climax of your time of recreation. The place where we meet will be full of the congenial spirit of comradeship.

* * * * *

I THINK it was Tolstoi who recorded that, in order to comprehend the dignity and honor of labor, it was well to do real hard manual work for a whole day. In other words, do something for others, rather than for yourself—not the kind of work that is easy, and that the world could get along without, but the real hard toil that *must* be done.

This is the reason that many of the young college boys and girls who have served as waiters and waitresses, or performed other "menial" duties at the summer hotels, never suffer any loss of dignity. A man or woman may use a scrubbing brush all day, and yet not feel that anything unworthy has been done. Of course it is very easy to write about these things on a sticky, perspiring dog day in August, and very pleasant to sit on a fence and watch the other fellow work in the fields stacking grain, with the drops of perspiration pouring into his eyes and streaming down his hair. It looks very picturesque and poetic from the fence—a good deal more poetic than it seems to the man in the fields. I believe it was Henry Ward Beecher who insisted that he should perform at least one day's manual labor during his vacation, even if he had to take it on the instalment plan. It is in this way that the cohesive qualities of society are brought out.

* * * * *

T HERE is such a thing as the pride of labor. There is the man who thinks that no one else can do the work as well as himself; and there are things which seem very simple, yet cannot be done just right without previous experience. It certainly is humiliating to see the good country cousin enjoying the joke when you undertake to harness the horse and get the britchin where the breast-band ought to be. Harnessing a horse is a useful accomplishment, even in these days of automobiles; for does not the automobilist look longingly upon the plebeian horse wandering by the roadside, and wish that he could secure him to tow the incapacitated auto back to port? The things that our country cousins can do well are usually the useful and necessary ones.

Driving, boating, fishing, or just resting—though one rests best when doing something. A change of activities is more restful than laziness, in many cases. It is delightful to return each night with the consciousness of having done some thing, and talk it all over afterward. The yachters tell each other of "that day when we

encountered the stiff tail of the nor'easter," and how they handled the rigging on that momentous occasion. The fisherman will have stories of the size of that trout, which he will remember with unerring accuracy, unless he happens to be one of those fishermen whose catch increases in size every day after it has been hauled from the water. Then there are those days in camp when the Crusoe spirit prevailed, and everybody reduced the problem of living down to absolute simplicity—everywhere in vacation days there is the sweet, exhilarating sense of being near and close to nature, that seems to still the craving aroused by the summer time, as nothing else will do.

On Sunday I enjoyed a drive up the banks of the Ipswich River, among the beautiful fields and forest that have for centuries past known the sturdy touch of New England thirst. Here were trees of the third and fourth cutting, and among them were charming glens and nooks which had furnished happiness for generations of boys in years past. The old stone walls that bounded the fields were concrete evidence of the industry of previous occupiers of the soil. All the bell-crowned stately elms were wearing their cravats of burlap as a protection against insects. Here and there was an ancient, deserted well. Forsaken, too, were the old mill dams, but the delightful swimming pools were there—an attraction that never grows old. Passing from this near past, we were transported to a far remote age by the evidences that exist here of the glacial period.

How delightful it was to feel again the old buoyant spirit of playfulness. There was with me one of the most celebrated attorneys of Boston, whose mind is doubtless a perfect labyrinth of questions of law and equity, but on this day he just talked as though we were a pair of boys. We commented on the angle at which a fishing pole should be held when trying for cat fish on the bank of the stream. We lay on the grass and threw stones, so that they would "skip" along the water—we stopped, entranced, before a glade in the woods which recalled some old boyhood's favorite nook. Here were a number of Italians, disporting themselves in the stream with the same care-free joy as though in their own blue Bay of Napoli. We stood to watch them; it was astonishing how much old-fashioned fun we got out of that day.

I recalled the time I caught my first fish. It was a red-horse-sucker, and even now I can feel the wild excitement that possessed me as that thrill ran up my arm which indicated that at last a bite had come to my line. How cautious I was about landing him—if I had lost that initial catch I think I should have been heart-broken; when the little fish lay, with his mouth agape, and his red scales shining like gold in the sun, I am sure no miner was ever more rejoiced at finding a big nugget of the precious metal. How I conveyed the news in a hoarse, excited whisper to the other boys along the line, and how they laid down their poles to come and watch; "Joe's landing his first fish," they whispered. To this day I recall the eager, excited faces of that little group of watchers, and hear again the confused, whispered directions. If I had obeyed them all I might be still occupied in landing that first fish—at the old dam below the lime kiln.

So we ramble on in the dog days, when we have left the routine tasks behind, flung aside the worry, and are here for a week or two at least—our own real selves. The charm of those days cannot be described, and we hope may be tasted by everyone and, as I said before,—don't fail to come to *our* reunion; let us have the democratic happy habit vacation spirit exemplified at the Exposition on September 14, 1907, and prove that during the Democracy of Dog Days is a fit time to train for the Happy Habit.



PRINCE FUSHIMI AND PARTY AT " THE GREAT DIVIDE " EN TOUR CANADIAN ROCKIES

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

ALMOST without warning, the traveler on the Canadian Pacific dashes from the rounded, grassy foothills of Calgary in among the precipitous, snowy peaks of the Rockies. As the train steadily ascends, one constantly looks upon great mountains, with bases tinted in purple, and higher altitudes flecked with white and gold, where the snow has begun to melt. The railroad follows the Bow River until it reaches the Kananaskis Falls, the roar of which is heard distinctly above the noise of the train.

Here we looked upon a glacier-fed river, tumbling from great heights into sheets of milky green, grinding away ceaselessly by night and day over the cliffs. The walls are almost directly perpendicular, and through this natural gateway the railroad winds up past Pigeon Mountain, among the fantastic castle-like peaks that reach far into the clouds. Veritable giants they are, and the outline of these tremendous uplifts of stratified rock is truly awe-inspiring. It seems as though they had been pushed straight up by some Herculean hand, and then tipped forward to salute the passing train. Even in the fleeting view from the car windows,

the faces of the cliffs can be plainly seen to be scored over with shelf-like ledges, and all this comes so suddenly into view that the traveler feels a thrill in looking upon these giants of past ages. It is "look, look, look," first from one side of the car and then from the other, every mile revealing something more wonderful than the last.

* * *

Far out at the foot of the mountain, we caught a glimpse of the famous Hoodoos, the giant earthen pillars, many times the height of a man, which stand like sentinels guarding the new land. These erosions, immense in height and girth, are plainly seen from the train, and are but specimens of the weird sculpturings of Nature in these canyons, shooting up peak after peak, yet each one with an outline peculiar to itself, which is distinguishable as it is pointed out by some good friend on the train. There is Mount Rundle, named after the famous missionary to the Indians, and many another peak whose name is familiar to those who travel through this picturesque country.

At Canmore, we saw a deserted city, built

around the coal mines, and it was pathetic to think that all this devastation had taken the place of industry because of a quarrel between two men; but farther on, gigantic new cement works make amends for this depressing sight. At Bankhead, large anthracite coal mines are being worked, and all is activity and bustle.

* * *

The exhilaration of the altitude grows upon one as the train wheels into the Banff district, where the Canadian hot springs

summits we saw specimens of real mountain goats. Just before we reached Banff we came upon a herd of buffalo browsing amid the brush.

When you have been in Banff, and meet a fellow-traveler who has also had that privilege, all that is needed is:

"I have seen Banff."

Here the spacious hotel is located in the very heart of the mountains—a haven of rest and recreation. The fountains about this hostelry are furnished with glacial water, which is considered the purest obtainable.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE LOUISE, FROM THE CHALET

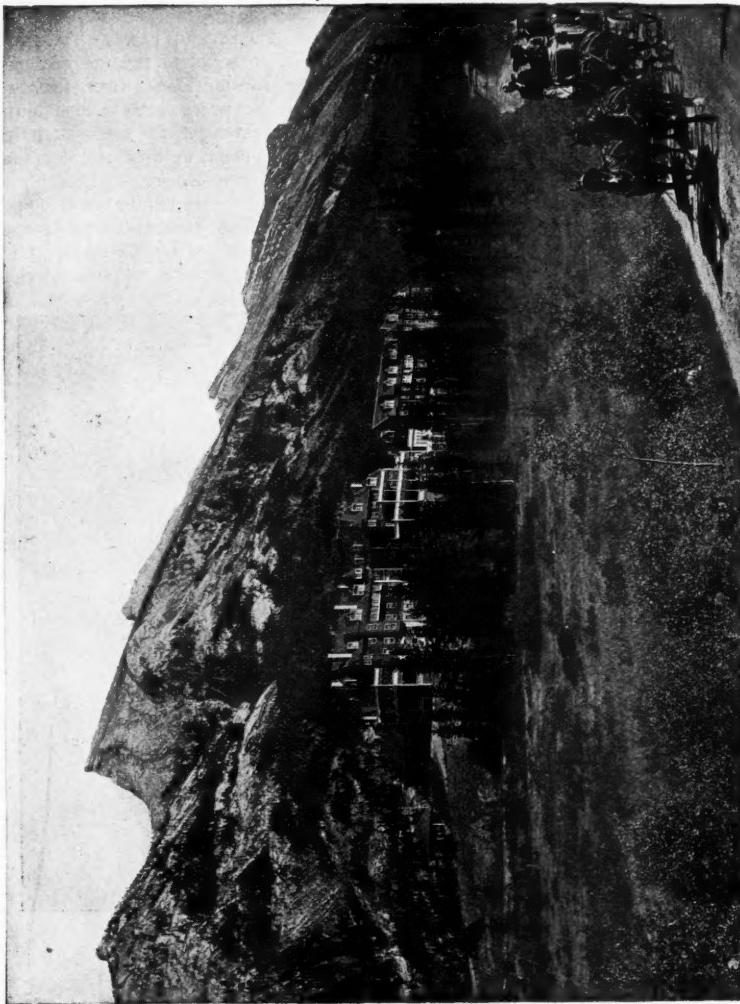
are located. Here is a reservation of 5,700 miles, which includes portions of the Cascade, Spray and Bow Rivers, a preserve twice as large as the Yellowstone Park. Amid this magnificent scenery are web-like bridle paths, leading in all directions. The huge masses of the Cascade Mountains rise to the north; seaward is Mount Ingismaldie, with the sharp point of Peecher projecting; the forest-fringed ridge of Stony Squaw; and the wall-like, high crest of Mount Bourgeo seems to have an almost human personality, and, as he gazes, the traveler is lost and intoxicated in admiration. On every side were the wild creatures, the birds and animals of the forest; and on the mountain

Near-by are hot springs which provide the hotel with the sulphur baths, the curative qualities of which are sung in chorus by tourists.

Banff is far more than a health resort; there is canoeing, driving, mountain-climbing, for the strong, while for the seeker of information there is a fine museum established by the government.

On the mountain slopes the remains of pre-historic creatures have been discovered; and it may be, after this region has been more thoroughly explored by the scientist, that valuable information will be added to our knowledge of those primeval times.

After a sharp turn in the railroad, the



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD

traveler sees ahead the great pillars of snow-ledges, and there is Pilot Mountain, the landmark of Canadian trappers, which stands out with an individuality recognized almost equally well by night or day; 1,500 feet above the valley-bed are caves which run back 160 feet into the mountain, with a chimney-like aperture, giving a glimpse of the sky. A sheer precipice of 5,000 feet seemed nothing as the crescendo of awesome splendors burst upon us.

Never can I forget that Sunday when we looked far up the mountain and saw, for the first time, the beautiful glitter of the glacier. How strange it seemed that all that great lake of ice should hang there suspended, frozen solid as though by the wand of some mighty magician. Here the gigantic crystal remains, year after year, century after century, a relic of that mysterious glacial epoch which we are told once enveloped the entire continent—and here, after

we have all passed away, those gleaming fields will still shine in the beauty of the May-time sun.

Laggan is the station for the Lakes in the Clouds, and after a few minutes' carriage ride, we looked upon these picturesue sheets of water, nestling upon the mountain sides. This is where the young professor from Montreal sat down and lapsed into a reverie on the charm of the scene, feeling that he must write a sonnet upon it; so we passed on and left him to woo the muse.

Divide, where the stream separates, part flowing to the Pacific and part to Hudson's Bay. Then we began to feel the first impulse of the Kicking Horse River, that tumultuous cataract which comes rushing down the ledges. That night, for hours after we had passed this point, we could still hear the roar of the Kicking Horse.

At the station of Field, the great gorge of the Kicking Horse spreads out into a vast valley of sand, washed by the rushing torrents. From Glacier the immense glacier



MARION LAKE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

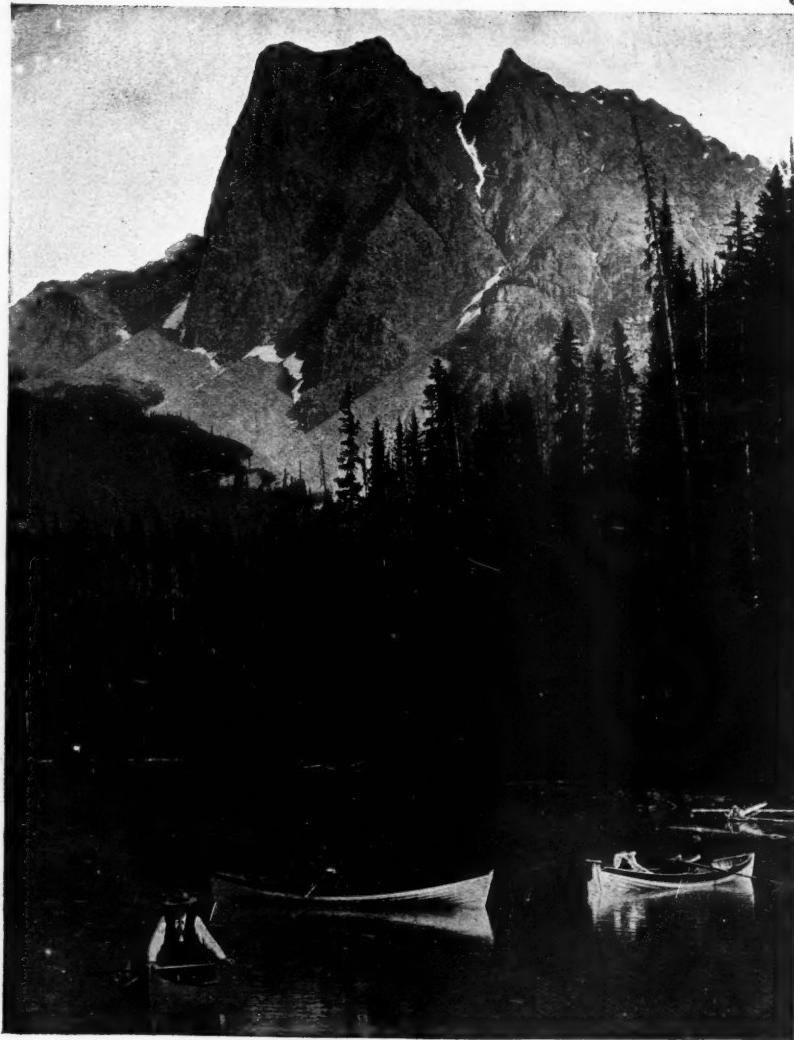
Beside Lake Louise is a hotel. All along the shores are bridle paths, which are used continually by tourists; and there are not only bridle paths, but bridal pairs also, as was evident when we watched the young people stroll along these picturesque mountain racks.

The pass over the Rocky Mountains on the Canadian Pacific road is 5,121 feet high, and is named after Sir George Stephen, first president of the Canadian Pacific, who aided materially in completing the railroad.

The train was moving slowly along as we looked upon the waters of the Great

field and the mysteries of the upper ice world may be reached. Here is the boundary line between the province of Alberta and British Columbia, which is nothing less than the "summit of the Rockies." It is difficult to define just where the summit of such a range lies, but if that boundary be elusive, it is certainly invulnerable.

While it was mountains and mountains, and glaciers and glaciers, we seemed so far removed from the stifling air of cities that we began to look with contemptuous eye even on the charms of ice-cream for dinner. I shall never again even look into the top of



MOUNT BURGESS, EMERALD LAKE

our refrigerator without thrilling recollections of those splendid glaciers.

Speaking of dinner—what a delight it was to get the real Spring salmon of the Pacific Coast, just fresh from the water, and put aside the eggs for breakfast for a time.

We were still running a race with the mountain torrents. At short intervals there

are built out on the steeper grades safety switches; so that if a train runs away, it can be instantly turned up the mountain and promptly stopped in its downward course—it is simply a matter of turning the switches by the man on watch, and all danger is over.

At Revelstoke we had the first glimpse of the Columbia River, girdling the Selkirk Mountains and going off again on its way

to the southern boundary. Revelstoke is an ambitious little city, and here, as everywhere, we witnessed the activity of the Board of Trade in setting forth the beauties and the advantages of the place. In hotels, on railroads, in all available spots, lively local literature of this kind is to be found, describing the attractive features of the various cities, and the traveler cannot look long

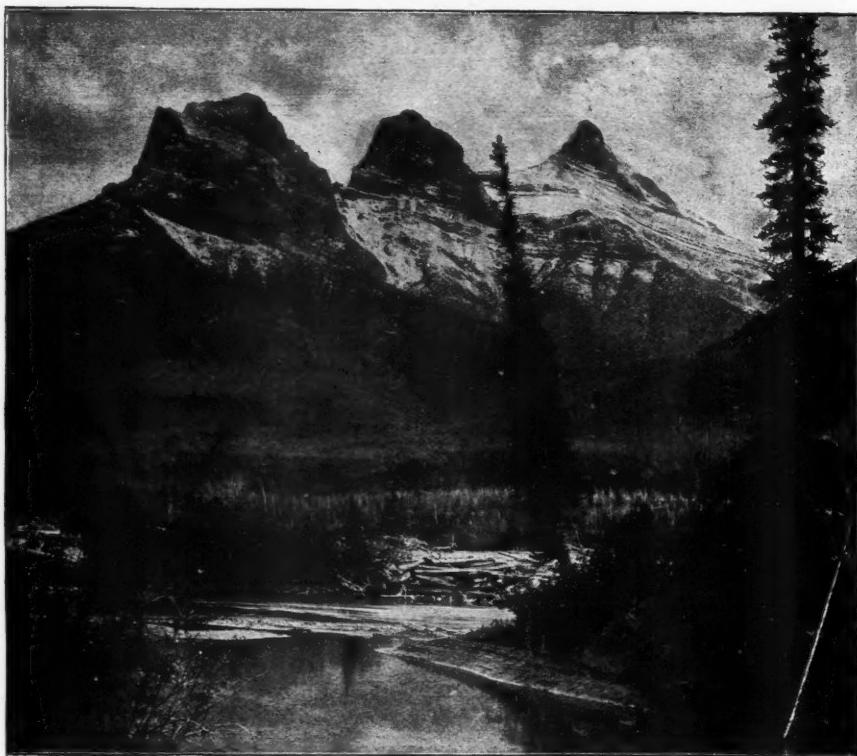
"Sicamous, Sicamous!" called George. The other porter replied, "Say that again." and it was said again.

"Yes; but say it slower."

"Sick - a - moose, Sick - a - moose," said George, in a drawling tone.

"Go on with you," said his irate comrade, "This chicken am no dog."

That afternoon's ride was down the Fraser



"THE THREE SISTERS" IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

at these seductive pages without feeling the impulse to stop off and see for himself.

There is Kamloops, and Spatsum, and Spuzzum,—how's that for names?—where the Fraser Canon is revealed.

At Hellgate, the great mountains seemed at times to close together and then open again, giving the singular effect of a moving earth.

It was morning, and the conversation was between two porters:

River, discovered years ago by the man whose name it bears. He thought he was on the Columbia River, hence did not go farther south, and this is the reason that the Columbia River is not at this time claimed by Canada. On the islands in this river are old Indian graveyards. It seems that they desired to bury their relatives in the most out-of-the-way places. The banks of the stream are lined with salmon nets, and there are many tall, slender trees.



AND THEY GATHER AT THE "BIG TREE" IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

THE PORTALS OF THE ORIENT

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

WHEN I alighted from the train at the Canadian Pacific Terminal Station in Vancouver, I saw beneath me the Steamer Empress of China, and other vessels, making ready to loose from their moorings, en route for the Orient. In one glance, the possibilities of this young giant City of the West were revealed. Close to the spot where I plumped my heavy suitcase, weighted with Canadian literature, concerning every city we had passed, was the stump that had been marked out twenty years ago as the town site of Vancouver—hard by a solitary wharf. The adjacent harbor is now lined with wharves at which craft of all kinds and sizes are loading. If Vancouver progresses in the next twenty years as she has in the past, her future prospects will be magnificent, multiplied in geometrical ratio.

We arrived on a busy Saturday night. It was a luxury to get out and rest, for with the Vancouver Hotel the Canadian Pacific Railroad has proved its right and title to be proud of its long line of hostellries, reaching from ocean to ocean. Two things the road certainly knows how to do—to run cars on rails as they ought to be run, and manage hotels and steamboats in a manner that spells comfort.

In Vancouver the rule of keeping to the left in driving is observed in true English fashion, and yet it was difficult to believe that we were really on foreign soil, though here was the impress of the plucky early British colonist. The Scotch in Canada are the real thing. One son of Scotia told me I ought not to speak of Great Britain as "England," and reminded me that there

was a country of no small importance lying to the north of England. He urged me to use the word British when I meant British; and also told me that persons born in Scotland were not Scotchmen, but Scotsmen. What a fine burr there was on all his "r's"—he did that letter ample justice when he said "bor-r-r-r-rn," and I began seriously to consider whether it would not be a good thing to have a few Scots sprinkled through some parts of New England where the letter "r" is seldom pronounced.

* * *

Here we met Richard Marpole, general executive assistant, who has been in these parts for twenty-one years in charge of the affairs of the company. He had just returned from a trip to Alberni district, on Vancouver Island, where the Canadian Pacific Railroad is building an extension over the Esquimalt Railroad, which they have recently purchased.

On the crest of the hill we invested in tickets for street car rides, and here I could not resist another look at the masts and funnels of the steamers below, which sail under the direction of D. E. Brown, General Superintendent of Trans-Pacific S. S. Here one is in close touch with the Far East. This fact is very apparent in the streets, where one meets, at almost every turn, Hindoos—long, lank fellows, with turbaned heads, and faces and manners that seem to speak of all sorts of occult mysteries, though by Indian laws only certain castes are permitted to emigrate from India. These brown-skinned wayfarers are British subjects, and so have a privilege which the Chinese do not enjoy—they can go to any part of Canada or the British settlements without incurring a head tax.

British Columbia's chief difficulty was discovered before I had been there many hours—it is the old question of labor and capital to develop the resources of the country.

One of the most hopeful features of the West is that, in the hotel dining rooms, on the streets, everywhere, one constantly meets young men with go-glint in their eyes. It looks as though about nine-tenths of the population must be young men, and I confess I fell to wondering what had become of the young women. Had their courage failed them when it came to leaving the homeland and coming West? I wanted to see that

incomparable, pushing spirit of the new country reflected in the faces of the girls as it was in the boys.

The first thing to do in Vancouver, of course, is to see the "big trees," so we set out for Stanley Park. A new road had been cut, and without considering the vast distances of the great West, we walked and walked and walked in this primeval forest, but still the "big trees" were "farther on," and "farther on" we went, and again a sign read, "Big trees farther on." It was early on a Sunday morning, but we were not the only pedestrians looking for big trees. The fresh roads are fine specimens of highways, with over-arching fir trees everywhere leading through Nature's own haunts, which have been left unspoiled.

We finally swung around a curve, and unexpectedly came upon the big trees, and behold! there stood an enterprising photographer. Of course we must have our pictures taken. So he stood us up against one of those forest giants and shot at us with his camera. I felt like William Tell's young son, who stood with the apple on his head to act as a target for his father's arrow. It is always more or less of an ordeal to have one's picture taken, and feel the carefully arranged smile slipping away before the camera has done its work. After that we explored the beautiful boulevard which skirts English Bay, far removed from the roar of the Pacific tempests.

* * *

A visit at the Vancouver Club, and we began to notice the effect of the climate—a little more deliberateness is seen here than is evident on the eastern side of the Rockies. The men in Vancouver do not make haste in their conclusions—but they duly arrive. The peculiar effect of the air is felt by almost all newcomers, which is not surprising when one recalls the fact that the city is at the sea level, and the traveler has dropped a mile in altitude within a few hours.

The great saw mills represent one of the giant industries of British Columbia. Logs six or eight feet in diameter, characteristic of Puget Sound timber, were being rushed up to the mills. Ships were in process of construction from the sturdy firs of the West. Near-by the long line of warehouses, elevators and many other features called to mind the

City of Duluth. The lumber interests of British Columbia are largely in the hands of Americans, who have come to help exploit one of the most wonderful timber belts yet remaining on earth.

With a population of 70,000, one comes back again to the text; for everywhere the most remarkable statistics and facts crop up concerning the development of the country.

Far away to the southeast, Mount Baker

plied with good water, gas, and electric light plants; so here, as in other places in the Canadian West, we met with modern conveniences in full swing.

* * *

To the east and south of Vancouver is a large area of land adapted for fruit-raising, and another prominent industry is the fisheries. Meeting the people, it was apparent that many of them had acquired competence



A VIEW OF VANCOUVER FROM FALSE RIVER

bobbed up serenely at sunrise. To the north are the Cascade Mountains. Across the water, to the west, are the mountains of Vancouver Island, and the long row of the snow-capped Olympics to the south. Yet, despite the magnificent scenery, the mind will revert to the focal fact that this is the jumping-off point for Australia, Japan, Hawaii and the Orient, to say nothing of the Northland country and Alaska. A handsome new government postoffice is being built close to the water's edge. The city is sup-

in the Eastern and Middle West of Canada, and had moved out to spend their later years in the mild climate of the Pacific Coast. Here they find a relaxation from strenuous labor, and the charm of seaside, mountain and city life.

At the dinner of the Canadian Club, Sir William Mulock, former postmaster-general of Canada, and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, C. M. G., deputy minister of labor, were present. Sir William is a veteran who has seen much of public life in Canada.

Mr. Mackenzie King is a young man who is certainly making his mark, and has come out to help settle the labor difficulties in the coal mining district of Fernie, in the Crow's Nest district. Sir William was the author of the Conciliation Act, which provides for an adjustment of labor troubles by calling in government officials to act as umpire between the contending parties—in short, an arbitration board. While the acceptance of this board is not compulsory, it is held to be binding by force of public opinion which lies behind it.

It is certain that young Canada has begun to "feel his oats," as the saying goes, as well as raise the famous Alberta variety. There is a spirit of independence that one cannot but admire. The young Canadian says to his brother, Uncle Sam: "Ha, ha, ha! Years ago we wanted to make a reciprocal tariff with you, but you haughtily decided that you did not want it. Now how is it? We are making you come over here with factories to realize that Canada is the real thing. Years ago we wanted you—now we can get along very well without you, and we are going to build up our own industries."

One is not fairly in Canada before he discovers that there are politics up that way—just as strongly marked as on the other side of the border. Several Socialist members were returned from the boundary districts.

* * *

In the Canadian West civic pride is a splendidly developed growth, only to be found in a young and thriving country. The outbursts of rivalry between the contiguous sections show an earnestness which is refreshing, compared with the indifference of older settled communities—it is better that men should vie and even fight with each other, than that they should spend all their energies snoring, or dreaming of the past.

The people of British Columbia insist that they have one of the richest provinces in Canada. The wealth of their timber resources alone is gigantic, being the largest stumps now left on earth. English manners and customs are more noticeable in British Columbia than in other parts of Canada. English statesmen are beginning to scent Yankee influence in Vancouver—in fact, in order to understand that city one must take a trip to Seattle, where are found kindred people who simply smile at impos-

sibilities. Canadians believe that when the Grand Trunk Pacific roads east and west are completed they will serve to check the pressure of "Yankees" from over the boundary, and stimulate more intimate relations between British Columbia and the lower provinces.

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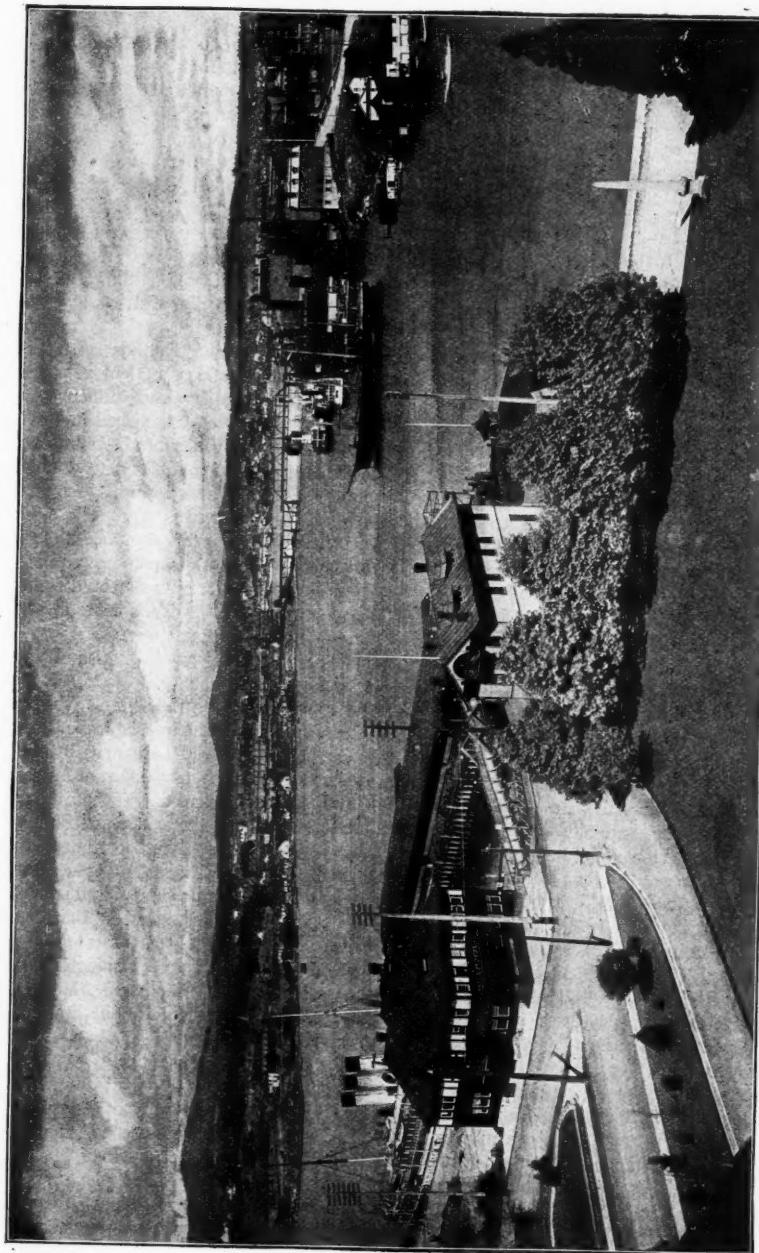
Vancouver has a gigantic Chinatown—a Chinese theatre, and a large amount of real estate in the city is owned by the Celestials—in fact, one of the wealthiest Chinamen in America resides in Vancouver. A \$500 poll tax is assessed against the Chinese who desire to vote. The shortage of labor has even brought up a suggestion that the tax be repealed for a year or so, until the market is supplied. The scarcity of labor is an acute problem, but the Socialist and labor vote has to be considered. This silenced those who would otherwise declare openly what they secretly desire in the way of labor legislation. Some radical citizens of Vancouver, it is said, are willing to go through an earthquake to eradicate the Celestials.

In some of the manufacturing establishments an effort has been made to employ the lanky, turbaned Sikhs. Many of these will eat no meat and have a half-starved appearance, which is no endorsement of a vegetable diet. Labor unions are against Hindoos to the last round, some of the white employes flatly refusing to work with them. These dark-skinned strangers have little desire to speak the English tongue, and their utter ignorance of the prevailing language makes it very difficult to employ them.

Two Hindoos were at work with shovels on a railroad track, and were expected to clean up. The boss having carefully explained what he wanted, and set the two men at different points of the space to be cleaned, left them for a time. Detained longer than he expected, on returning, he was astonished to find that each Hindoo had been industriously digging a ditch, in which he was standing up to his knees. They understood that shovels were to dig with, and they dug. The boss said something on his return which they understood.

* * *

A mammoth new elevator, to care for the Alberta cereals which are being shipped to Japan and China, is being vigorously pushed; and it is urged that this elevator ought to



A VIEW OF VICTORIA HARBOR ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

be built by the Dominion government. The visitor can hardly adjust himself to the degree of paternalism which exists between the Dominion government and the various provinces. Each province has its separate government, and the seat of parliament of the Province of British Columbia is in Victoria. A similar system prevails in the other provinces.

British Columbians certainly have an air of exclusiveness. One young lady, born in that province, indignantly denied that she was a Canadian. The aristocracy there seems akin to the "native sons" of California.

The railroads and land offices have, by their publicity campaign, secured concrete evidence of the success of the new home-makers in the West, and when you see farm-houses whose owners ride automobiles, there is ample evidence of prosperity. In the States, we think a man who owns an automobile certainly has money, or at least, gasoline to burn. In the famed Okanagan District is Vernon, with 1,800 people. Here fruit trees are pointed out as the real money-makers, and the Cold Stream Orchard is one of the largest in British Columbia, in fact the largest on the continent. Vernon sent out nearly two million pounds of fruit during 1906, and orchards are being planted at the rate of 250,000, trees a year. The estimated cost of developing twenty acres of fruit land is \$100 an acre for fencing, ploughing and planting, and the expense of cultivating the trees, pruning, etc., is \$2,500 for five years, which makes an investment of \$3,700. The results may be judged by the record of the Cold Stream Ranch—a twenty acre orchard of twelve-year-old California Spy apple trees, which produced \$15,525 worth of apples in one year. The fruit in this district is shipped in square boxes, instead of barrels, as they are more easily handled and the average price to the grower is about \$1.25 net per box. The horticultural and fruit-raising interests in every fruit belt are thus far a success, and with a large home-market still unsupplied, this industry is sure to be greatly extended.

American ideas do not necessarily mean United States ideas, nor anything different from Canadian ideas, for, in reality, American ideas are the amalgamation of all the ideas of almost every nation under the sun,

and each one has a share in making them. The strict constructionist Canadians want to call us from the United States, "Usonians," but that meets the fate of simplified spelling. Custom rules with an iron hand.

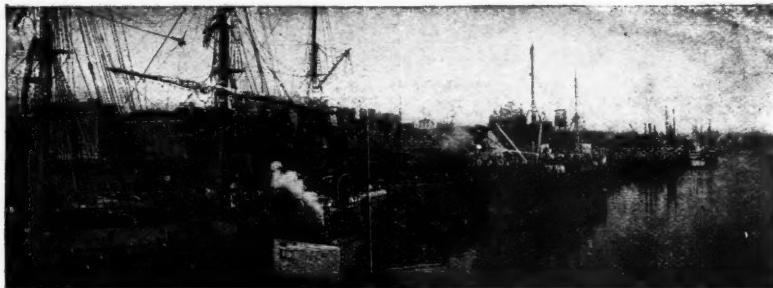
"The last and best of the West," is the slogan you hear on every side. Among the new developments that have attracted a great deal of attention is the British American Land and Development Company, which is being organized under the laws of Massachusetts, and is settling two townships, Bulkley and Necho, in what is known as the Skeena and Caribou Valley districts of Central British Columbia.

It has been discovered that Eastern factories do not make the class of foot-wear required by mountaineers and miners, so shoe factories have been established in British Columbia, and these new Columbian establishments have been obliged to double the product every year, and are also exporting shoes from Vancouver to Ontario.

Speculators in real estate see good things in Vancouver. Property is selling on Hastings and Granville streets for \$2,000 a front foot, and surrounding acreage is being divided into additional lots, but "the bane of permanent cities is a boom" say old-timers. They want solid growth.

With the coming of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern, and the steel bridge to be built over the Narrows by the Great Northern, and the expansion of industrial and jobbing interests, Vancouverites feel that their city is the van-guard of the Canadian West. They feel, too, that they owe much to the courage and pluck of Sir William Van Horne, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. The first steamer that the Canadian Pacific sent out is said to have had nothing on board but a few shingles and the bones of deceased Chinamen, who had desired that their ashes should rest in the tomb of their forefathers.

Here, again, were those live-wire newspapers, pushing prospects of the future. In the stores was a large supply of American goods—despite the heavy duty. I saw in the shop windows many reminders of widely-advertised articles, and walked along wondering if this might not possibly be the result of the influx of American magazines, and a proof of the value of the advance-guard—Advertising.



SCENE AT THE WHARVES, VICTORIA

VICTORIA, TIP 'O THE WEST

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

A FEW hours from Vancouver, and one is actually at the capital of British Columbia—Victoria, the “farthest West” city. West, still West—seems to me I have heard that word before. There is an irresistible magic in those four letters. Have you ever observed that nearly all the large cities in the country are built on the west side? Have you not noticed how often it happens that the west side of the street, the sunny side, is the fashionable promenade? Have you seen that it is usually the west side of a city which is most easily and rapidly developed? This curious westward tendency of the race was brought to my attention by a timber cruiser, who said no matter how tired he might be carrying his pack all day, if he came to the banks of a stream and happened to be on the eastern side, he would be sure to cross to the west before camping for the night, so that he might be “sure of a good start in the morning.” These things may be merely co-incidences, but it is remarkable how the trend has been always westward since the days of the Aryan migration, when they left the eastern cradle of the race, and began that westward “trek” which has lasted for so many thousands of years, and now culminates here.

The magnificent view burst upon us in the glow of a western sunset. The city lay nestling around the harbor dotted with the masts of whaling vessels, bound for or returning from the North seas. The great

gray stone Parliament House loomed up as the foreground of the beauties of the Evergreen City, flanked by the new palatial Empress hotel—Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

* * *

Victoria is the most British of all Canadian cities. It is a suggestive fact that while in Vancouver baseball is the rage, in sedate Victoria it is cricket. They are true to the sports as well as the traditions of “the old country.”

The massive stone quay, with steps leading up from the water, gave that air of solidity witnessed in European cities. There is a sedateness about the James Bay Embankment, suggestive of the Thames. There is the postoffice, the new hotel, the Parliament buildings, that always impress the stranger. Victoria is distinctly a city of homes. Hedge-bound estates are located in and around for miles; hidden behind rich banks of foliage, are homes which show that Victoria makes good her claim to be one of the finest American residential cities on the Pacific, as well as the western gateway of Canada, and the nearest British port to the Orient.

* * *

Extensive fruit and dairy farming country on the Island of Vancouver, surrounding Victoria, certainly presents opportunities for people with the right kind of push. Here again we found the city owning its own water

plant and equipped with electric railroads and four beautiful parks. The city is fairly barricaded with seaside resorts, where the people congregate for a holiday at all times. The names on the streets are put in mosaics on the corners of the pavement, rather than on the sides of the houses, which saves craning one's neck upward to see what street runs thereabout.

In the rooms of the Victoria Tourist Association, late at night, I found Secretary

sooner does a stranger arrive, or even news of a prospective visitor, than he is looked after in a way that will not permit him to pass on without pleasant and enduring memories of the capital city of British Columbia. Premier McBride and his cabinet, and the public men of the provinces, have been especially interested in bringing in new and desirable citizens to exploit the great resources of the province.

Victoria has been called a bit of England



A PASTORAL VIEW UNDER THE OLD TREES AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

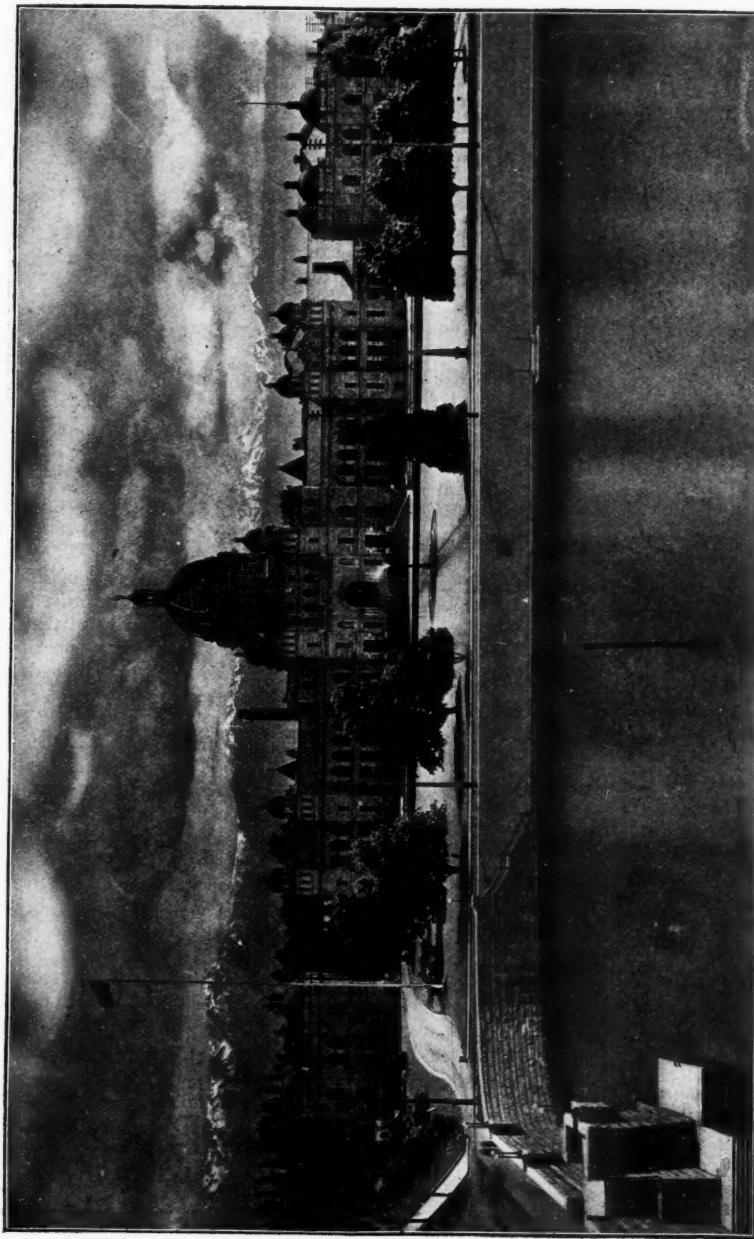
Cuthbert, preparing a handsome new booklet for exploiting the manufacturing and tourist interests of Victoria. The rooms are tastefully furnished and serve as a rendezvous or "rest room" for the stranger who passes that way. On the walls are splendid photographs of scenes in and about Victoria and Vancouver. In the adjoining room, merchants and manufacturers of Victoria keep a perpetual exhibit, and a handsome one it is, of what is being manufactured and sold in the city. The Tourist Association is supported by voluntary contributions. No

on the shores of the Pacific, and one can well believe that he has passed off the American continent to the green halo of Britain.

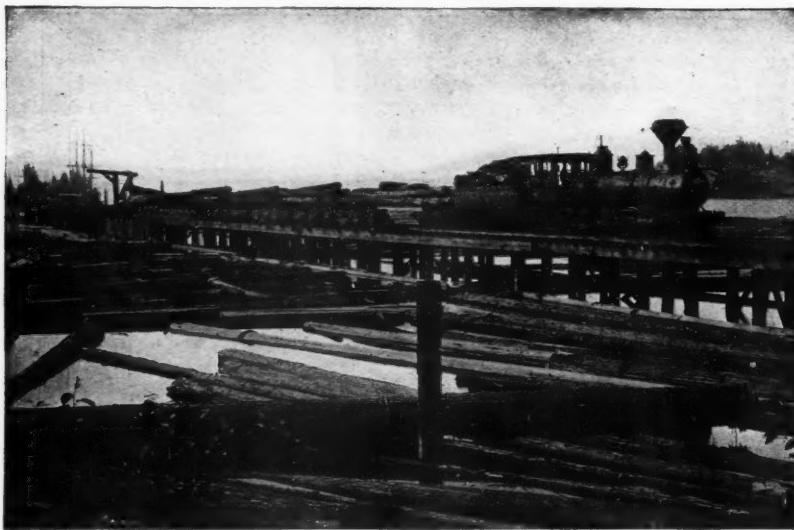
It is not surprising that when the phlegmatic English journalist reaches Victoria he bursts forth into poesy, using superlatives without stint.

* * *

When I first arrived in Victoria I frequently heard allusions to the splendid addresses made before the Canadian Club by Mr. J.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AND ST. JAMES EMBANKMENT AT VICTORIA—A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND
ON THE PACIFIC



THE VICTORIA LUMBER COMPANY'S LOG DUMP

S. Dennis, calling attention in a concise and exhaustive way to the great endowments and natural resources of British Columbia. He insisted that no province possessed richer natural resources, and put the facts into figures in a manner truly impressive. Western Canada, with a population of 1,000,000 people, a railroad mileage of 7,000 miles, and 3,000 more under construction; bank clearings of \$15,000,000; producing over 2,000,000 tons of coal; a timber output of 800,000,000 feet; with other mines than coal yielding \$20,000,000 worth of different kinds of ore—is it any wonder that the speaker grew enthusiastic in pointing out the great future of British Columbia? He demonstrated with concrete facts the great possibilities in the way of raising fruit in the valley lands of this province, dwelling on the fact that the product would always be sure of a good home market, and declaring that it will not be many

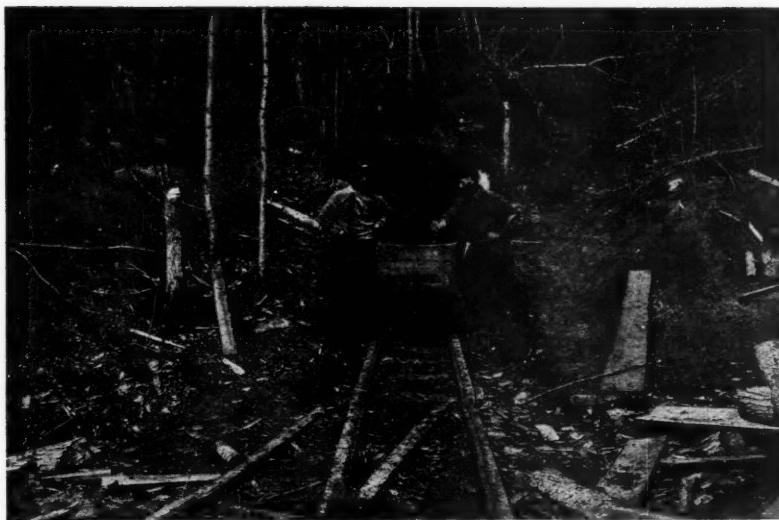
years before thousands of acres of arable land will be producing amazing horticultural wealth. As a climax, he predicted that he would live long enough to see a population of 10,000,000 people in Western Canada.

* * *

Across the way from Victoria is the apparently endless chain of the snow-capped Olympian Mountains, and there was San Juan Island, the subject of international conflict in the years gone by. Out at Race Rock, lies the passage taken by the boats en route for the Orient. These craft make their last stop on this side at Victoria, before entering on the twelve days' cruise necessary to span the Pacific.

The warning whistle of the Seattle steamer came all too soon, and we left Victoria to pass over the boundary line "written on the waters" of Puget Sound.





MINING COAL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN THE CROW'S NEST

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

ON the return journey, we struck Sicamous again which made the honorable George, the porter, smile, as he recalled the joke he had passed off upon his confrere upon the outward trip. It did not seem quite so funny, when a savage New York man came along looking for his shoes which had evidently been mislaid. Then the retort genteel reached George from the other car. "Don't you know, you big ugly nigger, that this is Shuswap," and he watched with glee while George hunted for the shoes which he had misplaced, to repay him for the joke that had seemed so poignant on the way out. So "shoe-swap" it was, sure enough—not far from Sicamous.

Among towering mountains, interspersed with placid mountain lakes, where little steamers plied to and fro, bringing the rafts and logs from the great timber districts, we passed Sicamous. The train runs south to the Okanagan fruit land belt, which has recently come into prominence. A large number of young men have fruit farms here

which have been a splendid success. In some parts of the district, tobacco was being raised. A rigid inspection is made of all fruit trees, with a view to excluding pests that might be imported in nursery grown stock. The railroads and provincial government have taken a great deal of interest in exploiting fruit culture, because of the fact that in the mining districts of Crow's Nest and the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta there is always a heavy demand for all kinds of fruit. Wages are high, and miners will pay almost any price for good fruit.

* * *

At Revelstoke the main line darts south for Arrowhead, the climax of scenic grandeur. This long lake, which is virtually part of the Columbia River, is of the bluest of Swiss blue, and lies between high mountains. On its bosom ply the handsome swift steamers of the Canadian Pacific Company. At times the scenery recalled the Hudson, and again there was a suggestion of Lake

Geneva in Switzerland, and of the lake district in England, made famous by Wordsworth. The landscape showed great variety, and rivalled in beauty the most bewitching lake scenery in the world. No, I did not indite a poem — but I felt like it. Our stately craft would sweep down the lake and turn her nose upon the beach, let loose the flying ladder-like gangway, and disembark the fruit farmer at his own ranch. These farms occupy the narrow strip of land just under

turbed their equilibrium and gave us an exhibition of real log-rolling, and incidentally some swearing of log-sailor kind.

At the Halcyon hot springs a landing was made, also at Nakusp, and, altogether, the delightful day's sail ended too soon.

In the evening we arrived at Robson, and from there took train to the bustling little metropolis of the "boundary," Nelson. Here, also, we found municipal ownership in operation, and they certainly had lights to burn in



WASHING GOLD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

the brow of the towering mountains, where the soil is especially adapted for fruit culture, sheltered from the biting winds and the frost.

* * *

The shores of the lake were lined with saw-mills, and the logs now and then were caught in the wheels of the vessel, so we had to pull up and use a giant toothpick. At one lumber camp, the vessel got even with the logs. At the landing, men were at work making up a raft, and with long poles and pipes were as gay as gondoliers, until the motion of the water caused by the vessel dis-

Nelson; for a generous row of electric lamps crossed the street at every corner, and impressed the stranger with the thought that a carnival might be under way to celebrate some gala day.

Excursions were soon planned from Nelson to come into touch with the real primeval forest and mountain wilds. Slocan Lake and Kitchener Glacier are reached from Kaslo, but that "boundary" trip was too attractive. This is known as the Kootenay district, and is so close to the boundary that it is called the "boundary country," having a close connection with Spokane to the south.



NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Nelson is the capital of the Kootenays, and is located on an island formed by the conjunction of the Columbia and the Kootenay Rivers. The 20,000 Club was in session the night that I arrived, devising ways and means to make Nelson, with its scenic attractions health-giving climate, fruit-growing resources and liberal supply of minerals, better known to the world. When they heard of the National—it was settled.

A well-governed little city is Nelson, with a progressive citizenship. The great supply of available water power supplied by the Kootenay River, and the close proximity to the mining and coal district, establishes the Kootenay capital as the great mining center of British Columbia. The West Kootenay Power Company have their plant near Bonnington, where they have developed 16,000 horse power, and are arranging for 16,000

more. The city of Nelson owns a lighting plant at Bonnington which cost \$200,000, and which has a capacity of development to 6,000 horse power.

The exhibits of fruit grown around Nelson are certainly interesting. Earl Gray, Governor General of Canada, is a land holder in evidence of his faith in the fruit culture of the Kootenay district. Near Trail F. A. Heinze, of Copper Mine fame, began his exciting career. He first secured a charter to build a railroad from Trail to the Rossland copper deposits, but soon sold out to the Canadian Pacific, meanwhile operating successfully a railroad from Robson to Trail. On this line, Brigham Young's old private car was used for many years.

* * *

The plant of the West Kootenay Company transmits all the power used directly over the mountain eighty miles distant to the copper mines. The climb up these mountains, passing through the Bulldog Tunnel constructed by "Big Smoke Stevens," of Panama fame, appears very hazardous, but in reality the tunnel obviates the peril of crossing the Bulldog switchback. No accidents have ever occurred here. Over the mountains we came into bustling little Grand Forks, where the Granby smelters reduce the ore brought from the Phenix mines.

Down the beautiful river valley, from Grand Forks, one looks upon a view that seems rather some imaginary fairyland melting away into the distance than a reality. Where the boundary line begins are towering mountains.

We drove among the foothills, where the fruit farms are situated, and to humor our fancy, the good cousin who had us in charge drove us across the boundary line and back again. The forty-ninth parallel is marked by bronze stakes, and when the line leads over a mountain the timber is cleared on either side, so that the boundary of the United States and Canada may be distinctly traced on the horizon. Scarcely less grand the scene at night, when the heavens were constantly illuminated with the glow of the smelters and the red glare when the great pots dumped the seething slag. The Granby smelters, although operating on low grade ore, make a good showing, because of the economical processes and large volume that is smelted every day.

It is said that President Hill, of the Great Northern, expended \$1,000,000 on a spur track, to secure part of the ore traffic, which altogether amounts to about \$400,000 a year in freight. This is an example of the aggressiveness of railroad construction, apparent all over the country. On the other hand, the "Hot Air Line," constructed from Grand Forks to Butler, was an utter failure because the ores mined there did not pay for smelting.

As was the case with the Hot Air Route, which stranded, leads nowhere in particular, has no starting point and no terminal of importance; mistakes are sometimes made in building railroads. In constructing the Kootenay Line, tariff changes were made such as prevented Mr. Hill from bringing the ore across the boundary line to Bonner's Landing, as he intended doing, and so Mr. Hill has one line where traffic is not congested, and trains run only at infrequent intervals.

* * *

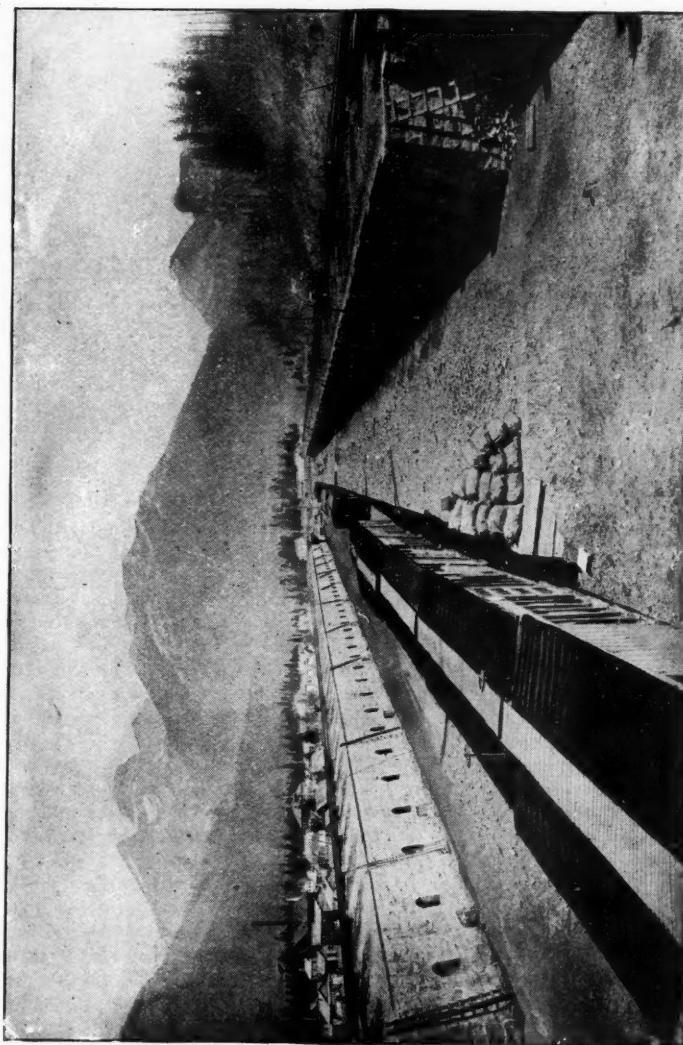
Here, by the way, I met "Gunner," a seasoned prospector, who had traveled for many years, all over the country, in search of ore, and locating mines. Sometimes he would be gone for weeks at a time, and, if successful, would return, to sell at a good price. Mining laws and customs are peculiar, but generally just. Should a prospector return, tell about his location, and simply say to someone, "You are in on this," that would transfer a half-interest in the location to the man addressed. Mining laws in the United States have been somewhat confusing, but in the Dominion the laws made simplify matters, and lawlessness in claim-jumping is decidedly a hazardous undertaking.

When the treaty with the Hudson's Bay Company was made, it was known that lead had been obtained in the Kootenay district by the Indians, and this brought about the discovery of the St. Eugene Lead Mine, one of the three largest in the world.

Great smelters at Nelson, Trail and Grand Forks are important factors in the development of the mineral resources of this district. About 6,000,000 pounds of lead, a goodly sum of gold, 3,000,000 ounces of silver, and 45,000,000 pounds of copper, estimated value \$20,000,000, was the output in 1906.

* * *

Canadian Pacific boats leave Kootenay in the evening, and what a night's rest we had



COKE OVENS IN THE CROWS NEST, NELSON DISTRICT

on the placid waters! In the morning we boarded a train, and sped on through the "Crow's Nest Pass" and the coal district. The track leads up the Goat River, through the great mountains of the "Nest." When the extension of the Canadian Pacific from Midway to Vancouver is completed—a veritable triumph of engineering, for stupendous difficulties in construction beset this line from the start—it will be a direct air line, but there

has been a popular objection to running the road too close to the States boundary.

* * *

It is always interesting for me to go over a country and "discover" scenes made familiar in novels. The "Man from Glengarry" and other novels of Ralph Connor, were written concerning this country, although some of the natives say that it would not be

wise for the author of "The Sky Pilot" to return there. Here I learned much of "Father Pat," a character famed throughout the district; a veritable nobleman he must have been, judging by the tributes paid his memory by the scores of people I met. While pastor of a prosperous Episcopal church in one of the Columbia cities, his wife died, and thereafter he gave himself with absolute devotion to his work. Of the rough and ready sort, he had a marvelous power over men. Father Pat was continually looking after the suffering and the needy, and his good deeds recall the Arabian tales of Aboul Ben Adhem. Father Pat was an Irishman named H. Irwing.

The "boys" raised a fund one time to buy a new suit for their cleric, since he spent his money on his flock, instead of supplying himself with clothes. He did not appear in the new raiment, however, and in a little while it leaked out that the money which had been given him for the suit had been spent on a needy family, so then the boys lassoed him to have his measure taken, and put the new garments on him by main force.

Father Pat would tramp the mountains for thirty and forty miles—for it was before the railroad days—and when he desired to play a practical joke on a stranger, he gently invited him for "a little walk from Nelson to Grand Forks," when the unwary tenderfoot was soon tuckered in the mountain walk. He was once challenged, when asking men to go to church, to play a game of cards; if he succeeded the men were to go to church; if he failed they were to stay away. So he took off his coat in the good cause, and—won the game! The boys were duly marched off to church, for they all loved Father Pat.

A modest monument to his memory is erected at Rossland. His death was a sad one for he was found wandering away one morning, with his reason dethroned by the privations which he had suffered in trying to help his fellowmen. He was truly a man among men, and perhaps did not conform to the conventional conduct of the average parson, but no memory is more revered than that of Father Pat, who made for himself an enduring place in the hearts of the rough and sturdy pioneers.

Traveling on Sunday morning through the lumber districts surrounding Cranbrook, I met Mr. Otis Staples, a leading lumbering operator, and a little later came to Fernie, the great coal district of Columbia, whose rapid development has been marvelous, and promises ere long to rival Pennsylvania mines in the production of coal which makes excellent coke, and can be supplied to the smelters and mines at a very low rate.

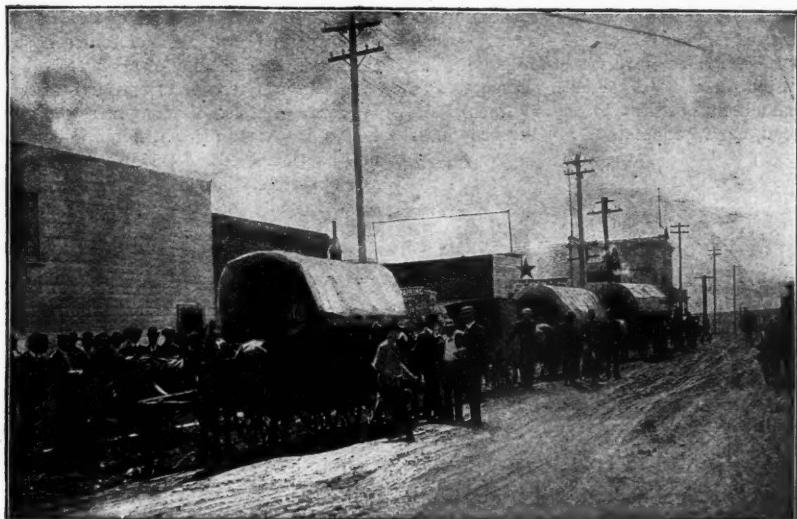
A branch line of the Canadian Pacific leads to Spokane, affording direct transit between that city, St. Paul and Minneapolis. At Franklin, just on this line, occurred the terrible landslide a few years ago, when a mountain broke in two and buried a city under fifty feet of rock and filled up the great valley for fifty miles. The road now runs fifty feet above that buried city of the West, which suffered the fate of Pompeii.

Over the summit to Macleod, in Southwestern Alberta, we rode through a country largely given up to stock raising. At Lethbridge, the Alberta Irrigation Project was well advanced, and already in part being successfully operated, reclaiming and putting into cultivation hundreds of miles of new farm lands. Here Mr. McGrath and Mr. Nasmith of the Alberta Railroad Company carried to completion a most remarkable project. At Raymond, the sugar beet mills and the triumphs of the agricultural methods of the Mormons are apparent. Not far distant is Medicine Hat, where natural gas has been discovered, and the city, in true Western fashion, has set about utilizing this gas for manufacturing purposes.

A few hours' run north to McLeod brought us back again to Calgary. On this train I counted in one coach fifteen babies, lusty, red-faced little mortals, who all took a notion to cry at the same time; when these Western babies lifted up their voices there was no mistaking the quality of their lungs. There is no need for any strictures from President Roosevelt as to race suicide in Canada.

* * *

Tempted to linger again in Calgary we hurried on to the "farthest North." Since we had left, the snowflakes had taken their departure, and seed-time was well advanced



A SCENE IN EDMONTON—PRAIRIE SCHOONERS BOUND NORTHWARD

AT EDMONTON, IN ALBERTA *TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST*

AGAIN running due north from Calgary, we had visions of pelts and live bears at Hudson Bay, as we started for Edmonton, the great fur mart. The splendidly equipped train recalled the express between Boston and New York. There is something fascinating in that oft-heard name, "Hudson's Bay trading posts."

En route, we passed acres of rich black loam on the rolling prairies, with now and then a glimpse of trees and brush land. No wonder the Iowa and Indiana farmers were fascinated when they looked over this stretch of country. The Chinook wind modifies the winter, which has no terrors for the Albertans. Along this route are scores of new towns—in fact, everything is new, and new buildings and new anticipations certainly have a fascination all their own.

Late at night, on the south side of the river, we arrived at Strathcona, named for the president of the Hudson's Bay Company. This city is the present terminus of the Canadian Pacific, and has been built up like magic in the past few years.

The new province of Alberta was created with appropriate exercises on September 1, 1905, attended by Governor-General Earl Gray, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and other distinguished persons, with an escort of 200 R. N. W. Police. This ceremony inaugurated a new province, which already has a population of 300,000 people, the distributing center of 3,000 miles of territory. Alberta is a big province, large enough to put in the entire population of Canada, without crowding, and with its resources developed is equal to feeding America. They call it "the land of sunshine."

* * *

Edmonton, the new capital of Alberta, has long been known as the great fur-trading point of the Northwest, where the chief supplies of raw furs are purchased. This thriving city greatly resembles Winnipeg, with its broad main street and the peculiar bend, indicating the trend of the Hudson's Bay Company trails. Today Edmonton has far surpassed the distinction of being a fur trading point—it is the distributing centre

for a vast area of thousands of miles, including the famous Peace Valley country, which furnished No. 1 Hard Wheat for grand prizes at the American expositions. Edmonton, as the terminus of the Canadian Northern Railroad, has a handsome depot, and has grown



HON. FRANK OLIVER, OF EDMONTON
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR FOR THE DOMINION

at a tremendous pace. When the citizens speak of territory tributary to Edmonton, they can point 2,000 miles to the north. It was but recently that a young society lady there made a trip to the Arctic Ocean, down the Mackenzie River, as a summer tour.

* * *

Years ago a newspaper man located here, made a good fight and held out and waited for the railroad. He was the Honorable Frank Oliver, editor of Edmonton's first paper, and now Minister of the Interior for the Dominion of Canada, at Ottawa. Genial, blue-eyed, with a drooping gray moustache and firm lips, one readily sees that the editor of "The Bulletin" is capable of using emphatic language not easily forgotten. He was in the city when I was there, looking after his Edmonton interests. In his own printing office, I found that he had just installed a Monotype and Miehle press equip-

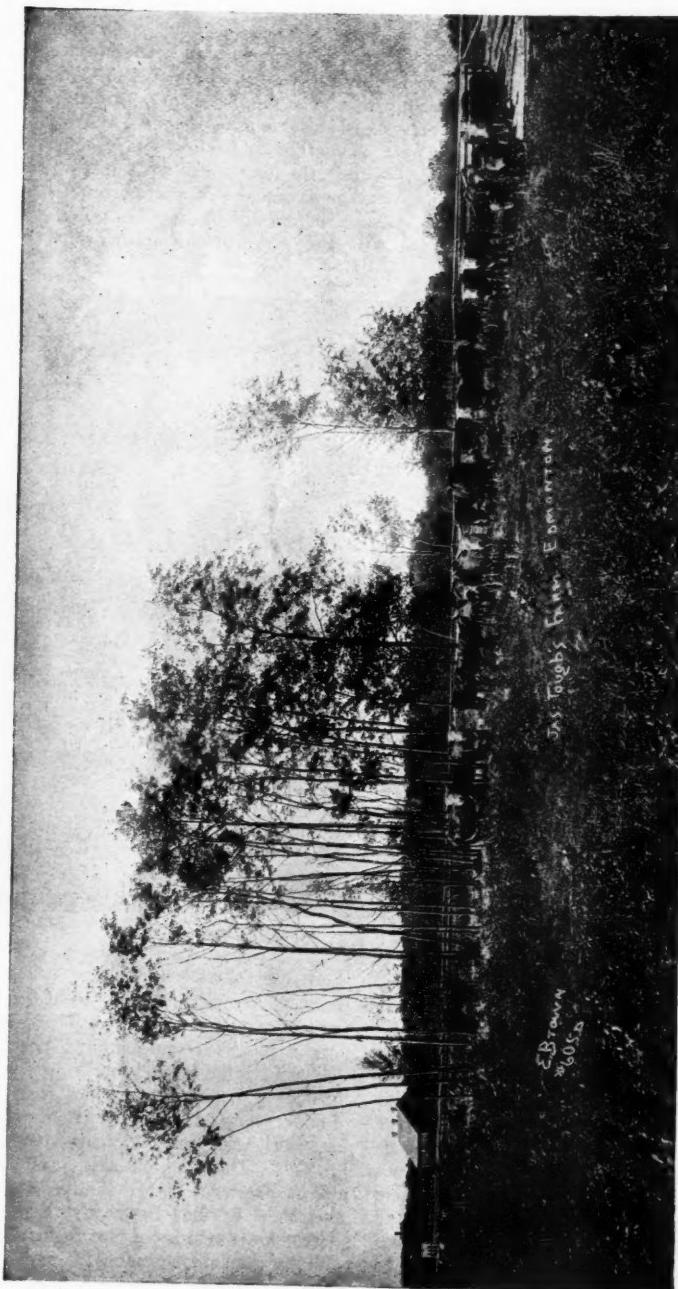
ment similar to that with which the National Magazine is printed, and of course he was at once a man after my own heart.

It is an every day occurrence to hear these Western people tell of young men who came here a few years ago without a dollar and now have achieved independence. On every side opportunity is spelled in big letters, and of opportunity, as known in the Canadian West, it may surely be said with truth, "They do me wrong who say I come but once."



SOME CORN GROWN IN CANADA WEST

The settlers come out and locate their lands and townships, and the first thing is to get an overseer, then a school committee; then a number is given them by the provin-



AN EDMONTON FARMER'S HERD OF COWS—SHOWING SOMETHING OF THE LAND AND TIMBER

cial government, and if they choose, they may add a name recalling the old name they have left back East.

The trend of Western politics is indicated by the fact that in the provincial Parliament of Alberta, out of twenty-five members, only two conservatives have seats. They assert on every side, there are no longer any British-American people—they are strictly Canadian.

The Alberta College has four hundred and fifty students, under the management of Dr.

lions of dollars in value. This establishment revealed the kind of people who reside in Edmonton and the Province of Alberta. Revillon Brothers, of Paris, own this great business, and purchase furs in exchange for merchandise, following the methods of the Hudson's Bay Company; for up in the fur country mere money does not count so much as flour and bacon.

The furs are brought in once a year to the city, and sent out in large shipments to



PRODUCTS OF AN ALBERTAN GARDEN

Riddell, which indicates the character and progress of the people of that province.

With Mr. Alleyne Jones of the Alberta Agencies, Limited, we visited Revillon Brothers', Limited, wholesale store which would do credit to any city. There was an air of business, and a million-dollar stock of goods such as one never could expect to see a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg. There was a fine display of Oriental rugs, and all manner of summer draperies and lingerie and costly woolens. Merchandise is brought to Edmonton in train loads, and aggregates mil-

lion. A consignment valued at \$160,000 was dispatched in one day. The price of furs is rapidly advancing, and now even wolf skins bring a good market price. On the floor of this business house were the pelts of mink, otter and choice specimens of silver fox, which bring prices ranging from \$1,000 upwards. This vast business is under the able management of Mr. Rourke, who represents the Revillon Brothers at Edmonton.

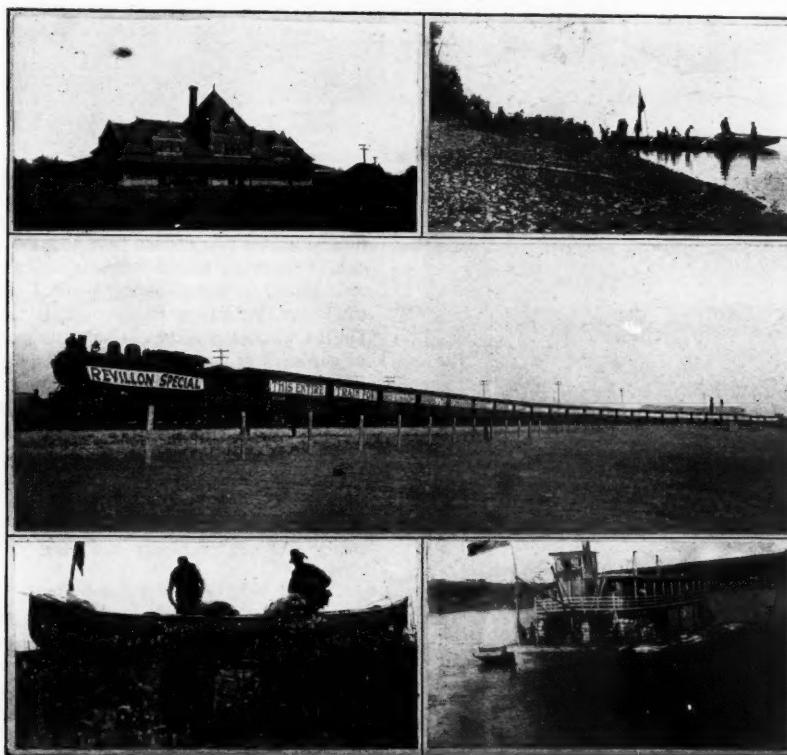
Near Edmonton is old Fort Saskatchewan, with its romantic memories of early days. The city is located on the crest or high bank

back from the river, and the new single tax system has been adopted. The buildings of Edmonton are not taxed, only the land. This forces the vacant lot owners to improve and build, instead of merely waiting for an advance in price of land. All the public utilities—light, gas, water and street railroads—are owned and operated by the city.

No assessments are made on personal property, in the way of a stock of goods or machinery. They are all assessed on a basis of the square feet occupied by the owners, from livery stableman to doctor, banker and butcher.

The complete list of business assessments I secured from D. M. McMillan, the sturdy

Scotch assessor, who started his tax experiments in Brandon, Manitoba. Music halls are taxed three dollars, and workshops one dollar a foot, each assessment being based on the valuation per foot, taxes being simply a question of so much a square foot under roof. Doctors, lawyers, dentists, undertakers, every one has to pay on this same schedule; hotels and ice cream parks pay extra, and banks head the list with seven dollars and a half per square foot. The necessity of variation in the schedule occurs each year. Real estate and loan companies pay a straight license in the course of development. The rate of taxation was ten and a half mills.

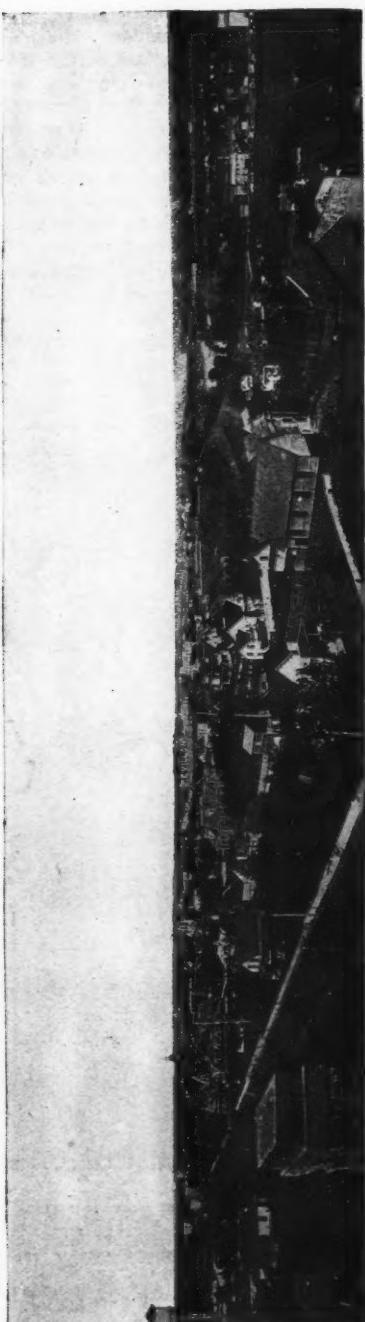


CANADIAN NORTHERN'S NEW DEPOT AT EDMONTON

WHOLESALE FREIGHT ROLLING INTO EDMONTON, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY OF AMERICA
REVILLON FRERES' FUR TRADER ON LESSER SLAVE LAKE

UNLOADING BOATS ON THE LESSER SLAVE LAKE

THE "MIDNIGHT SUN" WITH ITS CARGO OF FURS
ON THE ATHABASCA



PANORAMIC VIEW OF EDMONTON, ALBERTA

List of Business Classifications for Assessment per square foot, in Edmonton, Alberta	
Amusement Halls	\$3.00
Banks	7.50
Boots and Shoes	4.00
Butchers	4.00
Business and Professional Offices	4.00
Cigars	4.00
Confectionery	4.00
Drugs	4.00
Dry Goods (retail)	4.00
Dry Goods (wholesale)	2.00
Factories25
Factory Warehouses (permanent)	1.00
Florists50
Furniture	2.50
General Stores	4.00
Grain	1.00
Groceries (retail)	3.00
Groceries (wholesale)	2.00
Harness (retail)	3.00
Harness (wholesale)	2.00
Hotels (bars excluded)	1.00
Ice Cream Parlors	2.00
Jewelry	5.00
Laundry (steam)	2.00
Laundry (hand)	4.00
Laundry (first floor only)	1.00
Millinery	2.00
Manufacturers' Agencies (warehouses)	2.00
Photographers	2.00
Printing Offices	2.50
Pianos and Organs	3.00
Stationery	3.00
Undertakers	3.00
Warehouses (general)	1.00
Warehouses (implements)75
Workshops	1.00
Real Estate \$50 per year license.	
Insurance \$25 per year license.	

The inauguration of this system was interesting. Mr. Short, the former mayor, formulated the plans which have been carried out. Edmonton makes no specious academic claims in regard to the Henry George single tax, public ownership or utility idea, but the whole thing came about as a matter of necessity in the course of development. The city was growing rapidly; it was beyond the power of private capital to provide necessities, so they concluded to take the chance and set to work with material at hand. Now they have an assessed valuation of \$17,000,000; an income of \$1,600,000 in real money, and taxes of \$125,000 on incomes of \$2,000 per year and over.

* * *

The secretary of the Board of Trade, Mr. A. G. Harrison, was busy making abstracts of the figures showing the remarkable growth of the new capital. At his office was data in reference to Edmonton as a commercial and industrial center. Here I was informed that more than three-fourths of the area of Alberta is arable, also rich in other natural resources. The buildings erected in the city in 1906 were valued at \$1,800,000, and it is estimated that those built in 1907—including the new Parliament buildings—will about equal \$5,000,000. Twenty-three wholesale



SCENE ON JASPER AVENUE, THE MAIN STREET IN EDMONTON

houses are now shipping goods out of Edmonton, and bank clearings run over \$1,000,000 per week.

This city was one of the first in Canada to take up advertising for a specific business purpose, with good results. When they began building their water-works they were short of labor, so they advertised generally and particularly for labor, and secured it, which convinced them of the benefits derived from "letting people know about it."

* * *

The soil about Edmonton has an average of eighteen inches of rich black loam. The country around is partially timbered, and the light poplar and brush and willow scrub is easily cleared by fire for the large fields. Ploughing goes on late into November, and sleighing begins about Christmas, and continues until March.

As a bushel of oats weighs from thirty-eight to forty-six pounds, and barley from fifty to fifty-six pounds, an order has been issued by the railroads not to load the cars to their full bushel capacity, as the weight is too heavy in proportion to the standard bulk. An agricultural fair held in Edmonton is a revelation as to the resources of the Northland soil.

Looking out from Main street, one sees

miles of buildings erected or going up, and the visitor has to pinch himself to be sure that he is not dreaming, when he is told that this is all the result of a few years, and that all these great resources lay dormant through



THEODORE REVILLON

the centuries, awaiting the magic touch of the westward trek to develop them.

* * *

A new Methodist church, costing \$60,000, is now being built, which has the unusual feature of providing lunch counters, to be kept open day and night. A gymnasium and social hall for stenographers and clerks, who may desire to gather there at the noon

care of the legislative departments, and Mr. Pace is the commissioner who looks after all mechanical appliances for the city, such as water-works and other public utilities. The other commissioner has charge of the varied financial interests of the city.

* * *

All through Canada are located "Immigration Halls," over which floats the Union



IN AN ALBERTA GARDEN

hour, is another unique feature. The Rev. Mr. Heustis has certainly projected advanced-modern ideas, and is bent on making his church a practical part of the up-building of the city in the highest sense. The large church attendance in these towns must interest ministers throughout the United States who would desire to know how the large congregations are held together. True, there are no contra-attractions to draw the people away on Sunday, but more than this, the churches are a closely-knit feature of every-day life, and not merely a seventh-day tradition.

The municipal government consists of a council and mayor. Two commissioners, with the mayor, serve at a salary to look after all the affairs of the city. The mayor takes

Jack, and in these the settlers who come into the country without adequate provision are housed until they can be properly cared for elsewhere. One of the immigration agents remarked that Americans seldom come into these halls, the immigrants who use them being generally foreigners, who seem to be unable to grasp the requirements of locating in a new country.

Edmonton has thrown open her gates, and expects the advent of 250,000 new settlers within two years. With 3,000 Canadians, 230 Scotch, 200 Irish, 68 Swedes, 26 Finns, 28 Hollanders, 75 Frenchmen, 18 New Zealanders and 42 Australians arriving in one year, the proportions of the new population, which is decidedly cosmopolitan, is indicated. A large number of families came

from Pasadena and other districts of California to settle north of Edmonton—and Californians have a discriminating appreciation of a good climate.

This ingress of people from all parts of the world is occasioned largely by the desire for free homes—for one word in the language that conveys a sense of luxury to every ear is "Free." When new families have sampled these gifts of land, they are found to be so irresistibly valuable that when the news gets around in the "old home" district, there is a general stampede.

* * *

In addition to its wealth of agricultural resources, Edmonton is underlaid with a lignite coal formation, that is being mined

Canada, the cry is "Boost, Boost, Boost." The Vigilance Committee is after the "knockers," and the citizen with cobwebs in his head is soon shoved aside. An effort is being made by older communities in Lower Canada and the States to stem the tide of immigration with the assurance that "there is as good land to be had at home as anywhere."

"That may be true," says the enthusiast, "but the relative value of the land, as to what it will actually produce for a given quantity of work and outlay—these bear no comparison with the new lands of the West."

But even if this were not so, there are persons who are born pioneers; who love the excitement of the new country, and the joy that comes from overcoming obstacles in the



THE FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE IN ALBERTA

very extensively at present. While it burns as readily as wood, especially when used for locomotives, it is valuable as substantial fuel. It is in reality a petrified peat, the upper strata of coal. The sparks from lignite coal are a dread of wheat field owners.

A large plant is being prepared for sinking petroleum oil wells, near Pincher Creek, and whether here or elsewhere in

formation of new settlements. The land is being settled more quickly than it can be surveyed by the government, and farmers are requesting this official survey, in order that their title to the land may be firmly established.

We hear the plaint of the land men, asserting that there is only so much land on earth left for ownership. They figure it all out at such a ratio per head, until it makes a fellow

feel he really ought to hie him to the West and grab a piece before it is all gone. This desire acquires new force while one is looking at these vast tracts, the ownership of which is now so easily secured. It seems that the Anglo-Saxon always finds a way to settle the country sooner or later, even though it has heretofore been passed by as untenable.

* * *

To the north of Edmonton lies Peace River Valley, and Mr. A. M. Bezanson, just returned from that Ultima Thule, tells wonderful tales of this almost Arctic farmland belt. This almost wilderness country lies near the fifty-fourth parallel, has an area equalling Alberta, and has scarcely 3,000 inhabitants in widely-scattered settlements and lonely trading posts. The great Revillon Company, who have headquarters in Paris, London and New York, draw from this district a large proportion of their furs. The Hudson's Bay Company also do a gigantic trade, as in former years.

This last western frontier of the Northwest was never overrun with hostile Indians, nor is there any sun-scorched desert or alkaline plain to make the journey in the prairie schooner anything but a pleasure excursion—very different from the old pioneers' experiences in crossing the plains in the days of Sitting Bull, Black Kettle and Rain-in-the-Face.

* * *

It will interest the farmer to learn that the first prize at the Portland Exposition was awarded to wheat raised in this Peace Valley district. As the traveler goes west, he finds the trend of the northern boundary belt of agriculture bears ever to the northward, and corn is grown successfully in British Columbia, though Iowa was long considered the most northern land of the corn belt. Almost any product of the North Temperate Zone may be cultivated successfully in this section. Wheat, oats and vegetables are sold as regular produce of the soil, and at Fort Vermillion, a mere speck on the Arctic map, may be found flour and saw-mills operated by the Hudson's Bay Company. All this seems very strange to us, who have been accustomed to imagine this as a country of ice-bound rivers—whereas on these very waters steamers ply regularly up and down, and farms and fields blossom.

North of Edmonton is Athabasca Landing, an outpost distributing point for the Northwest. During the summer, fleets of scows are loaded with supplies, which go north with the current. The Hudson's Bay, Hyslop and Swigart Trading Company have a fleet of as many as eighteen of these trading craft, carrying goods for the Peace River Valley. The river current is very swift, and the great scows easily float along with it, but it is not considered worth while to endeavor to stem the current returning the empty boats, so they are broken up on reaching their destination, and the building of these fleets of trading boats each year supplies work for many hundreds of people.

Full-blooded Indians are rarely met with, but there are genial, happy-go-lucky half breeds, who appear satisfied so long as they have food and clothing. As boatmen they cannot be excelled, and they seem to have an hereditary aptitude for the navigation of these rivers. They navigate the scows with long poles, and have all the jaunty swing of Venetian gondoliers. The steamer, *Midnight Sun*, runs up the mouth of the Slave River, and furnishes very comfortable accommodation for passengers.

It was at Edmonton that the Board of Trade presented the gracious lady of our party with the splendid furs which she will always treasure, and which now adorn our modest Boston apartments, affording us a constant reminder of those pleasant days at Edmonton, where we felt the infectious spirit of the great new Northland.

Here are a few figures for you. C. B. Major, a farmer at Baptiste Lake, near Athabasca Landing, raised 7,000 bushels of wheat. Mr. Major is a fine type of the Northwestern pioneer. Very enthusiastic over his new home, he is firmly convinced that he has selected the right spot on earth to live life to the full.

An American colony is established five miles from Athabasca Landing, whence 900 miles of wagon road intersect a country rich in natural resources and as yet scarcely reached by immigration. A large timber belt stretches across the Northwest from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Thompson-Seton, the naturalist, left this spring for the Barren Lake Country. The more the land is explored, the more marvelous are the reports brought in from places hitherto overlooked.

At every trading fort there is a mission farm whereon the Roman Catholic priest and Protestant clergymen carry on their work of raising grain, grinding flour, erecting their buildings, but never failing to look after the spiritual needs of their respective flocks, and care for the education of the children. In all these posts may also be found the scarlet-coated soldier of the Royal Northwestern Mounted Police. That word "royal" means much in Canada. The presence of these sturdy representatives of the law has im-

where the music of the threshing machine is regularly heard. Tomatoes of good quality ripen on the vines.

The stock thrives on the rich, nutritious grass, and is kept out during the winter without any protection, roaming at large. No one seems to think of such a thing as putting up any hay or shelter for them through the cold months.

* * *

One of the liveliest towns of the Canadian



HOMESEEKERS ENCAMPED ON THE WAY TO PEACE RIVER VALLEY

planted in the breast of the frontiersmen a respect for the might of law.

* * *

According to Mr. Bezanson, there is, properly speaking, no Peace River Valley. The river perforates the continental divide for 150 miles, in a trough-like depression destined to become far-famed, and the bottom of which the eye of man has never seen. It goes through a district 950 miles in length. Mr. Alley Brick, a member of the provincial Parliament, who has lived here for twenty-four years, asserts that he has never known a crop failure on his 100-acre wheat field,

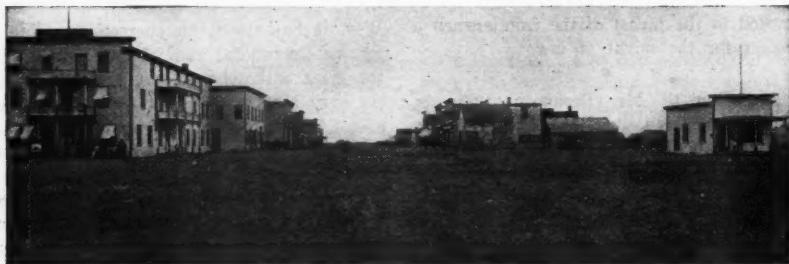
West is Saskatoon, an energetic candidate for the commercial and jobbing business of the great Saskatchewan country, located in the very heart of the vast wheat-producing area. One of the most promising developments of this district is the Saskatoon and Western Land Company. I was much attracted by the booklet which they have just issued, the cover page of which appears on the last page of the National as a back cover this month. It expressively shows the situation at a glance, calling attention to the lands within the heart of the great Saskatchewan country.



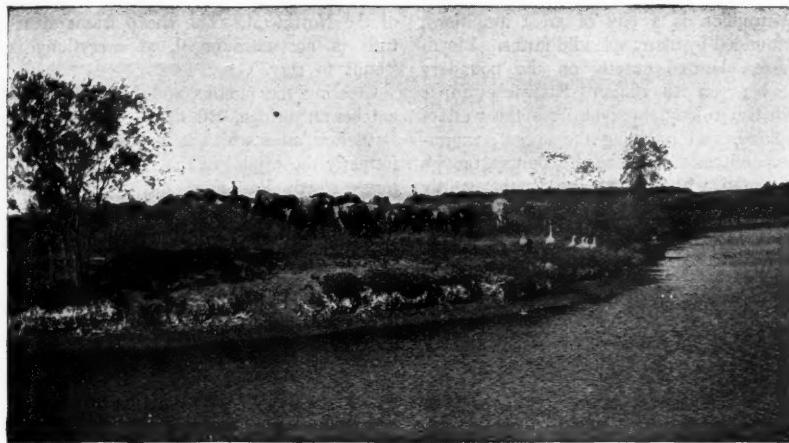
SWAN RIVER, A NEW TOWN ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN, SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY LINE



GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN



DRYSDATE, SASKATCHEWAN—JUST A YEARLING



FARM SCENE NEAR ROSTHERN, ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN

ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN *TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST*

WHEN you mention Saskatchewan Valley, you must assert that it is the special pride of the Canadian Northern Railway,—pronounced C-&R, which means "See and Rush." This road has been extending at a rapid rate during the past few years, conducting a great tide of immigration through the fertile basin of the great Saskatchewan Valley. Here, not only have mammoth crops been raised, pouring wealth into the hands of the tillers of the soil, but new social structures have been erected and new ideas have taken firm root. With hundreds and hundreds of rising towns along the line of the Canadian Northern, from Edmonton to Winnipeg, to say nothing of the wide-reaching branches built up in two years past, this district forms an exhibit which no railroad in the world can surpass, for these embryo cities are built to stay. A few hundred prairie settlers have grown as if by magic into a quarter-million souls and a great new province. The Canadian Northern has been a nation builder, though in reality it is itself one of the products of the country. Built almost without gradients, it draws along its level road-bed a great tide of immigration.

Incessantly extending its capacity, this road is still fairly overburdened with traffic, although 2,000 miles of steel reach across the rich country of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; it is not surprising that railroad builders are among the most optimistic of people when questioned as to the development of the country, past, present or future. The peculiarity of Canadian railroads is that they go where the people are, rather than build on the chance of the people coming and settling later. They run cross-lines, cross and criss-cross, through country already settled but longing for the coming of the railroad.

A mile of road every day for nine years has been the record of this company, which has come into close touch with the settlers and municipalities, and has considered all interests in developing the rich heritage which awaits the people of the Northwest. The time-tables, with their list of stations, include a goodly representation for every letter in the alphabet; no lack of originality there. Radiating out from the main line are many branches reaching out for still more traffic.

Vermillion is a city of great ambitions, surrounded by many splendid farms. Lloydminster, located exactly on the boundary line between Alberta and Saskatchewan, is a British colony, brought from the west of England, and retaining the accent, expressions and customs of the old country, though permeated with something of the sturdy pluck and thrift of the prairie.



MR. D. D. MANN

While en route on the C. N. R. R., I met the traffic manager, Mr. George H. Shaw, who is as full of Canadian information as an egg is of meat. His enthusiasm is founded on experiences, gleaned in twenty years of personal observation.

* * *

A farmer in Saskatchewan, digging a well, came upon a clay of peculiar appearance and texture, which is very plentiful throughout this province—a large fire brick manufacture has resulted; and these bricks are much used in building up the new towns

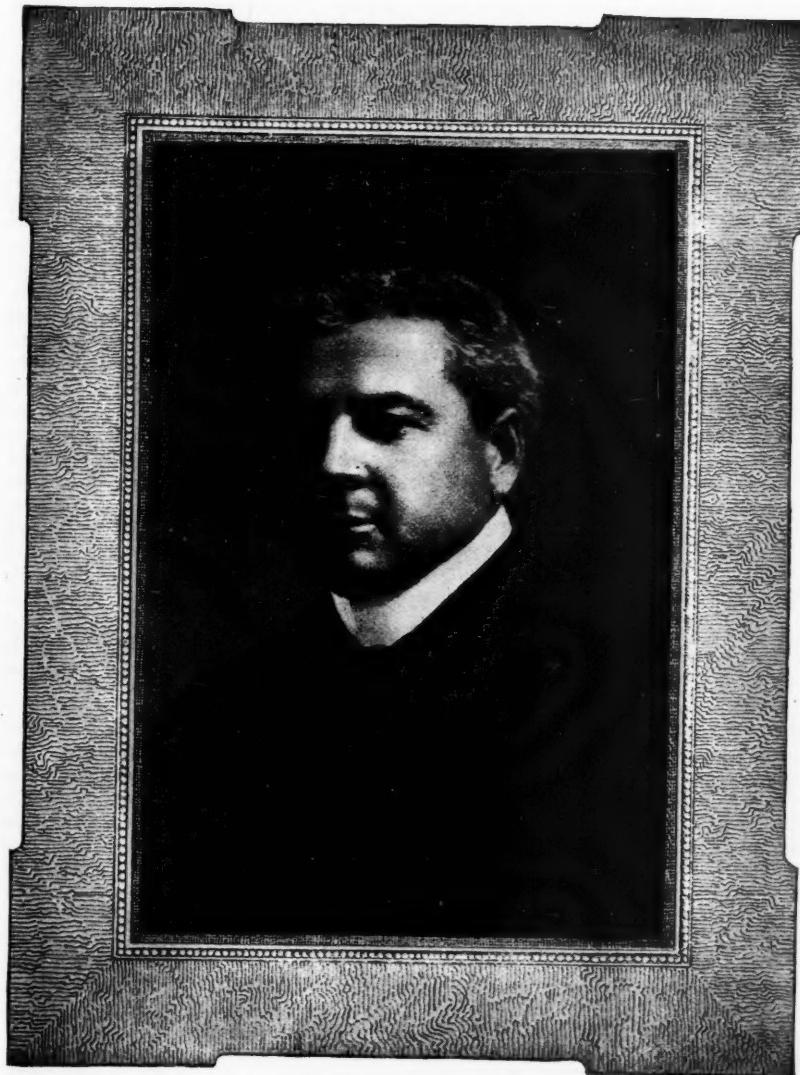
of the Northwest. The cheap frame structure is not encouraged, as everything is "built to stay."

Crossing the famous and handsome Saskatchewan bridge, we drove on to North Battleford, near which is located Battleford, formerly the capital of the Northwest Territory. North Battleford has set out with great purposes, and the land office is kept busy platting the rich soil whereon the town site is located. Farther on, we passed through the district settled by the Doukhobors. At this time, they had been ordered by the Dominion government to give up their



MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE

lands, because they had not obeyed the order to become citizens and mete out different treatment to their women, whom they insist on hitching to the ploughs, a practise enjoined probably by their peculiar religious views. The Dominion government is determined to stop this practise. These people will lose their land unless they take out their naturalization papers, for the Canadian



R. McBRIDE, PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

homestead laws justly insist on this in return for the free land. The Duoukhobors are thrifty, and are desirable citizens in many respects—but laws are imperial in Canada. At Langham Station there was a rush of new settlers for the prospective vacated lands of these eccentric people.

At Warman Junction, named after the famous railroad story writer "Cy" Warman, a Canadian Northern branch runs to Prince Albert, the terminus in Saskatchewan. This town has already felt the thrill of growth, and the opening of the new country to the northwest still goes on. A few miles farther north is Saskatoon, a division point of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and already an important wholesale center. When one looks at the map and sees the great Saskatchewan wheat belt reaching north for a thousand miles, and finds at Saskatoon the center of the largest area of wheat lands in the world, something of the prospects may be realized. Real estate in Saskatoon goes to high values as her future is pictured in glowing colors. Again figures—and always comparisons—which here are by no means odious, if you are on the right side of the comparison. As Cecil Rhodes remarked: "It is only by comparison that we gain an idea of progress made."

* * *

Off to the east is Humboldt, which I shall always remember as the place where I went out with a traveling man to find "a bachelor's button." Not a flower, mark you, but a plebeian button, to be put on without needle and thread. The thrifty housewives of that new city evidently don't use these modern appliances for the single man; for though every other kind of button was offered us, not a bachelor's button could we find, though

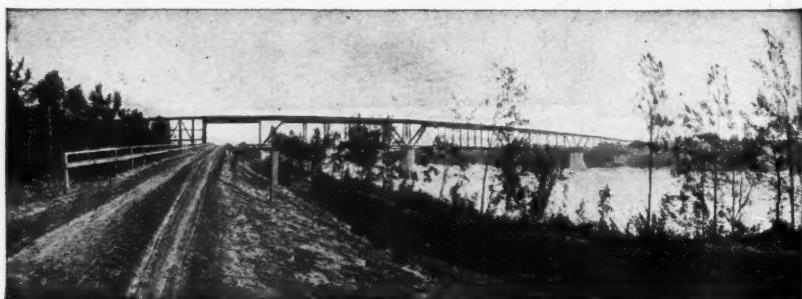
some of the shopmen facetiously suggested a shingle nail as a means of repairing, where a fellow did not know enough to use a needle and thread.

* * *

Near the beautiful lake of that name, the city of Dauphin is located, which is the center of a rich, well-settled agricultural section, where farms command fifty and one hundred dollars an acre, and all earn good money. The value of the land is somewhat determined by the distance from the markets, but with a network of railroads and branch lines constantly being built, there are good prospects for land at some distance from Dauphin. This little town has doubled in size within two years. Division machine shops are being erected by the Canadian Northern, and the town will soon have the Canadian Pacific system. There are electric lights and granolithic walks. The elevators show one of the largest grain capacities in Manitoba. Over \$200,000 was expended in building during 1906—you can say it in a breath, but think what it means! There are a large number of distributing warehouses here, and more are to follow. Here, too, I found the usual public spirit exemplified in Mr. J. A. Campbell and Mr. Meyers, who have much to tell of the town whose name recalls the oldest prince of the ancient French regime.

* * *

At Portage La Prairie, one can make a survey of modern railroad construction. This is headquarters for the railroad construction, where acres and acres covered with rails, ties and other supplies suggested the vigor with which the work is being pushed, and proves that Portage La Prairie is one of the chief junctional points of the transcontinental railroad of Northwest Canada.



THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

THE trail of the new transcontinental railway is now practically blazed from ocean to ocean. Already the builders are receiving and sending out mail on the new Pacific terminus, where there was only a voiceless wilderness yesterday, and which will be a bustling, booming city tomorrow.

The Canadian government, which backed the builders of the road, believed that there was immediate need of another transcontinental line, but no one guessed that 1907 would find the development of the West outrunning all the railways. The more trackage there is built, the more there is need to build; for the developing work west of Winnipeg has but barely begun.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is bending every effort to rail the new fields that lie between Winnipeg and Edmonton at the earliest possible moment; for there, in the great Saskatchewan Valley, half way between the "Chicago" and the "Denver" of the Dominion, is the center of a development that would be called "a boom," were it not that it has been of steady growth for a number of years.

They are also working west of Edmonton, and east from the Pacific terminus; but the task of locating a line of railway such as the Grand Trunk Pacific proposes to build is an intricately difficult one. It will pass through half a thousand miles of wilderness that was practically unknown when the preliminary pathfinders set their faces toward the three passes, which were supposed to lie somewhere near the headquarters of the Peace River.

Every river, gorge and canyon will be measured and sounded; every possible and doubtless many impossible passes will be examined before the final selection is made—before the president and the general manager "O. K."

the profile—before the chief engineer pens his official "Put her there."

If the men who are to be held responsible for the finished line were satisfied to build as the early transcontinental lines were built in the United States, the last spike could be driven years earlier than it will be. If they



CHARLES M. HAYS, PRESIDENT GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

had less faith in the future of Canada; if they could foresee a slump in the near future; they could build cheaply, have lower fixed charges to pay, and earn something on the money expended, even in "lean years," but they are building against a future in which they have unbounded faith. If Fortune favors them; if the good old earth continues to sweat "gold" at the rate of nineteen bushels

to the acre, as it has done for the past nineteen years, they will be counted wise in their generation.

By the same token, if they were to build cheaply, following the contour of the country rising and falling with the swell and swale of the billowing fields, and finish a line utterly inadequate and physically unfit for the traffic that is almost certain to come to them; they would be called bunglers, and the road would have to be re-built at a cost of millions. Profiting by the mistakes of others, they have set a standard for the construction of this new national highway, that is proving a surprise to the contractors.

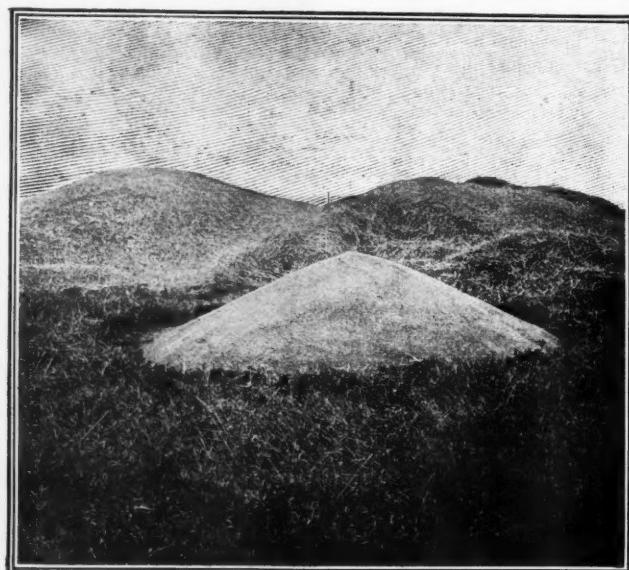
After the line has been properly located, the proper construction is the next step. If a valley be wide and deep, they bridge it from bluff to bluff; for a good line with bad spots, is a bad line.

Such a railway as the Grand Trunk Pacific will have from the wheat fields to the lakes—to the Atlantic, when the whole line is finished—will enable it to handle twice the volume of business that could be handled, say on a road of one per cent. grades. They believe that they will be called upon to move an immense amount of freight, and are building to that end; they believe that, as the years pass, the traveling public will be more and more in a hurry, and are planning a passenger service that will equal, if it does not surpass, the best between the Atlantic and the Pacific. These things make the builders anxious about every curve, cut and fill on the three thousand miles of main line; make them patient with the path-finder and the contractor, and impatient with the unknowing, who want it finished *now*.

Between Hanley and Lacombe, Battleford

and Swift Current, lies a little empire of itself, isolated and utterly void of railroads. In this vast valley country, two hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long; eighty per cent. of which is open prairie and arable land; hundreds of Yankees have bought land in the past twelve months, and thousands have come to settle and build homes. The land is fair and fertile, and that is all the born pioneer asks. He knows the railway will come, and it is coming.

The Canadian Pacific is cutting the little empire on the bias, from Moose Jaw to La-



A MOUND OF MANITOBA WHEAT

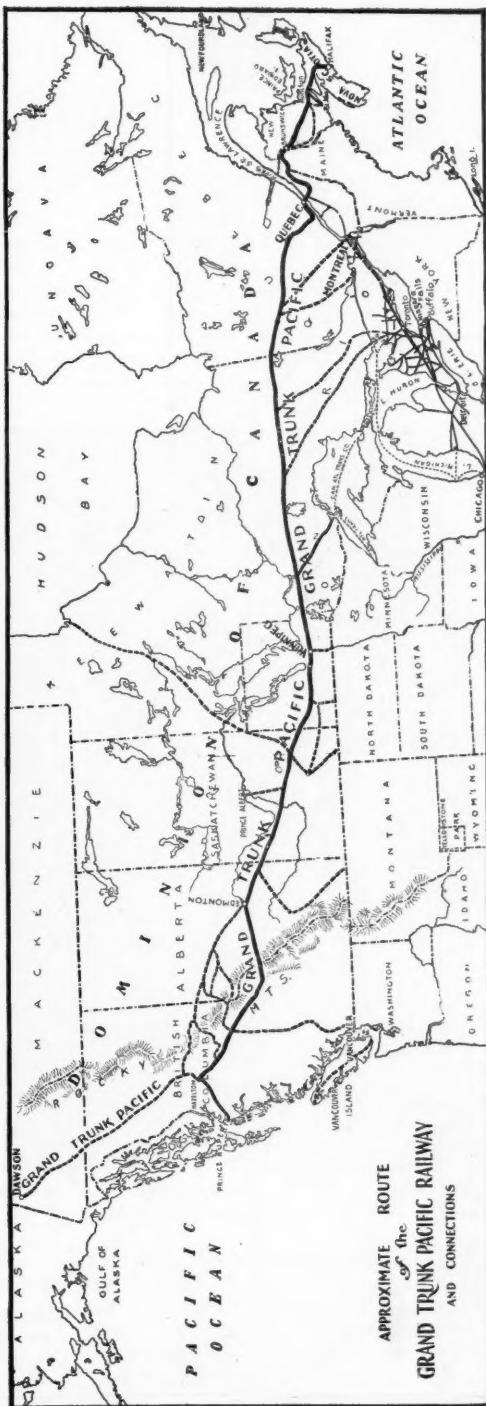
combe. The Canadian Northern is already surveying south of its main line, while the Grand Trunk Pacific, leaving the main line west of Saskatoon, will go to Calgary almost as the bird flies. In two years, this vast region will be served by at least three competing railways; in it will be the homes of hundreds of thousands of settlers. The soil here is not so rich as it is farther north; not so heavy as it is farther east; but it is far enough north to be fertile and not too cold, and far enough west to catch the breath of life that lifts from the Pacific Coast and blows down from the Rockies—the warm Chinook, that makes the Northwest worth fighting for. And it is for this; for these and other unploughed

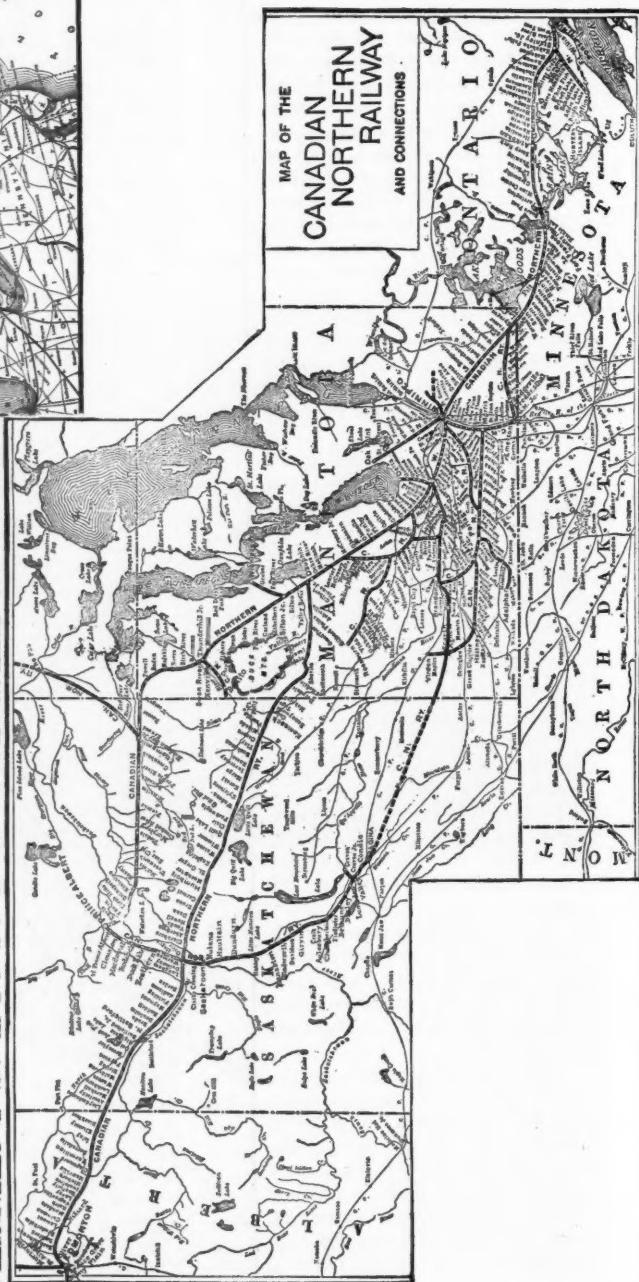
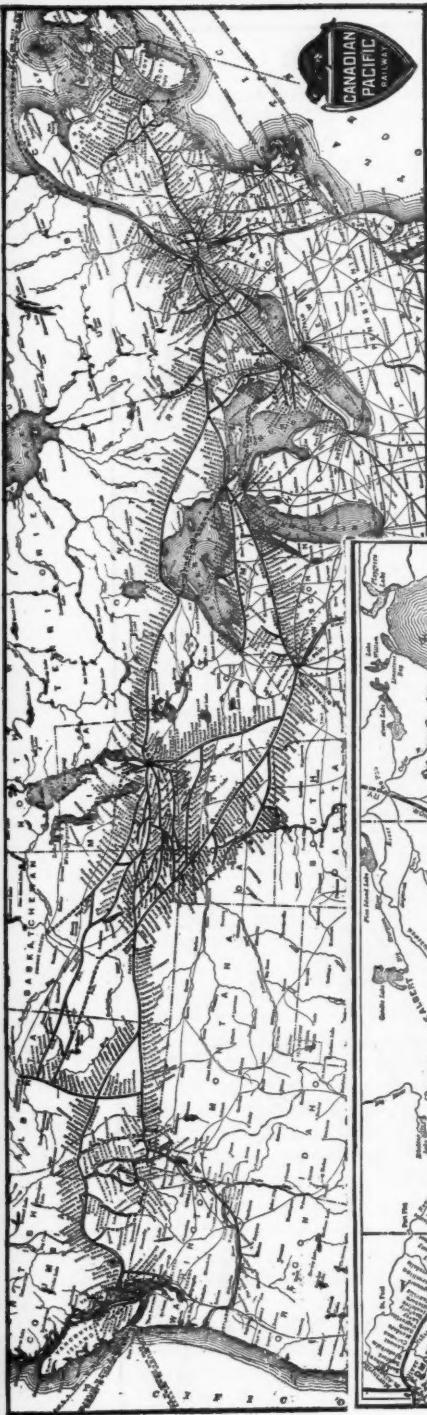
areas; that the Grand Trunk Pacific is being rushed with all the speed consistent with good work. A winter campaign was made; in the tunnels and sheltered cuts, the blasters and the graders worked without ceasing. At Fort William, vast stores and supplies and material were gathered, while at Portage La Prairie, nearly four hundred miles of steel rails were stored, ready to be rushed to the front and spiked down the moment the frost left the ground again. Much depends on the condition of the labor market. Yankees will not work with pick and shovel; nor will Canadians. Either labor must be imported, or work must wait until it can be finished with the labor on hand.

Much of the labor is done in the Lake Superior branch, but only a fair start has been made on the government section west of Superior Javestian to Winnipeg. This section traverses that rough country famous for its iron mines. Some extremely heavy work is on the schedule in this section. Between Portage and Touchwood Hills, McDonald McMillan & Company have a great deal of their work finished. West of Saskatoon, some part of the work is done, but there remains heavy work to be finished along the Qu'Appele Valley in the Touchwood, and again in the Eagle Hills. It is here that the management concentrated their work for the winter.

The traveler by the Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the very crest of the contract at Yellow Head Pass, on precisely the same grade per mile that lifts him from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

The close of 1907 will see the work well under way all along the line; but build as they may, the builders will not be able to keep up with the pioneer, the home-steader, the settler who is heading for the West, and who in 1907 will come and settle by the hundreds of thousands.





MAP OF THE
CANADIAN
NORTHERN
RAILWAY
AND CONNECTIONS.

WESTERN EMPIRE BUILDERS

TRIUMPHS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

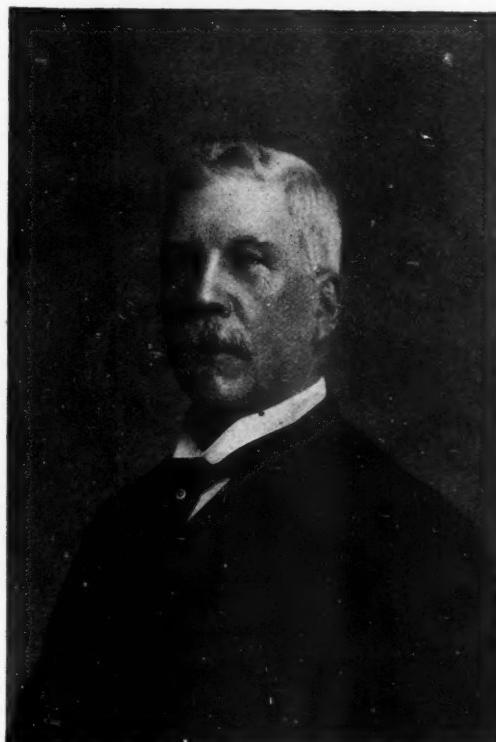
YEARS ago, Lord Dufferin, one of the ablest of English orators, referred to Manitoba as the "keystone of the mighty arch of the sister provinces, which spanned the dominion," painting in noble words a bold picture realized by Western Canada. And all this is the work of strong men.

At the metropolis of Manitoba I met Mr. William Whyte, the vice president of the Canadian Pacific west of Winnipeg. His handsome home is situate on the banks of the river, in Winnipeg. He is a tall Scotchman, with a moustache and imperial; he came to this country years ago, in the day of the frontier and pioneer railway construction. No man has been more prominently identified with the permanent expansion which follows in the wake of railway construction than Mr. Whyte. Everyone seemed to know and love him. He appeared to be personally acquainted with every railroad employe on the C. P. R., as well as everyone associated with him in the development of the country. It was interesting to hear him talk of those early days. Years ago he insisted that the tide of immigration would veer to the Northwest in Canada, when the free homes in the States had all been taken up. He predicts a great future for the country, but considers that the mere colonization idea has never been altogether a success, because it does not bring the people who have the spunk to get up and come without help. A man who has pluck to come out unassisted, and fight his way, is worth a dozen protected men as settlers.

Mr. Whyte is to the Canadian West what James J. Hill has been to St. Paul and Minnesota—the great constructive force. A firm

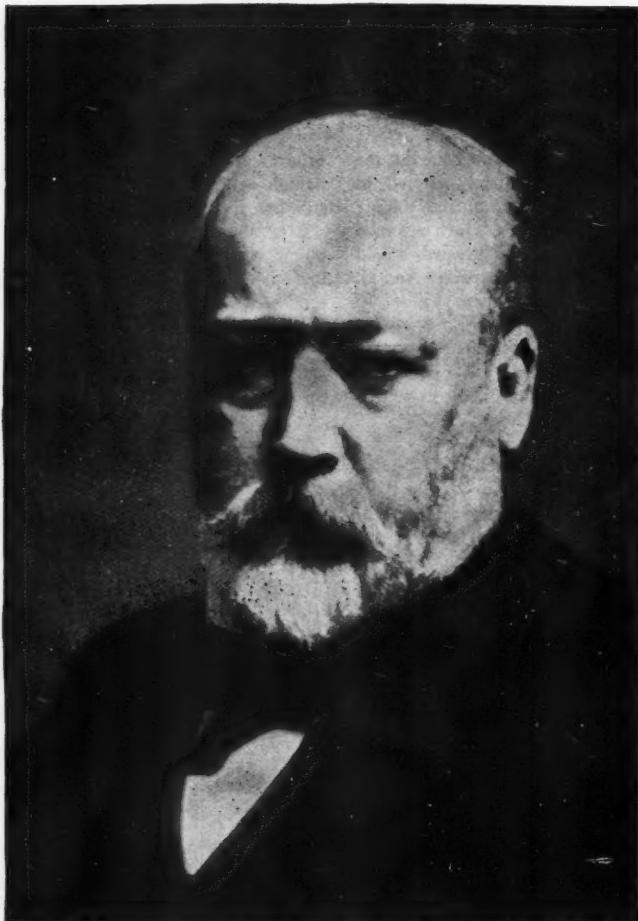
believer in young men, and young ideas, although he has passed three-score years, he still has the vigor and optimism of youth.

Mr. Whyte received his education in the public schools of Charleston, Scotland, leaving school at the age of seventeen, at which time he secured a position as junior clerk in



WILLIAM WHYTE, 2ND VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL
MANAGER WESTERN LINES

the office of the factory of Lord Elgin's estate. His first experience in railway work was in May, 1862, when he accepted the position as station agent on the West of Fife Railway, with which company he remained for one year, and in 1863 came to Canada. Here for



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

twenty years he was identified with the Grand Trunk Railway, and in that time rose from the position of brakeman to that of superintendent.

In April, 1883, he left the Grand Trunk Railway to become general superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway. In the course of that year the Credit Valley became a part of the Canadian Pacific Railway system, and from October to the following May he was general superintendent of the western division, with headquarters at Winnipeg, and

after a long and full ten years' work, he was made general manager of all lines and branches from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast. In 1901 he was advanced to the position of assistant to the president, and relieved from all routine work, in order to look after the extension of the system in the West. With these objects in view, Mr. Whyte made a trip through Russia over the nearly-completed trans-Siberian Railway, and upon returning to Canada, pointed out how Canadian trade with Russia might be extended.

In 1904, Mr. Whyte was made second vice president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with complete charge of all the company's affairs between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean.

In the large terminal station at Winnipeg was Mr. F. T. Griffin, the land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific. He keeps a large force of clerks busy looking after millions of inquiries. With the thorough knowledge built up by years of experience, Mr. Griffin is perhaps handling more land than has ever been cared for by any one company before. Maps, blue prints, correspondence and literature have all aided in building up an empire on a business basis. Everything is made simple, showing just what any settler may produce on 640 acres, on the ten-instalment plan. The first cash payment at the rate of eight dollars an acre would be \$191.70, and the first year's interest would be \$69.25. The nine instalments would be \$160 per year, for nine years. Those who take up actual residence on the land are required to pay only one-sixth of the purchase money, in five payments, with interest at six per cent. The real settler is what counts. At the station were scores of families, each one weighted with boxes, bags or bundles, en route for their new homes in the West, and all keeping an eye on the bulletin board.

* * *

A rather casual insight into the Canadian banking system was obtained from Mr. J. W. de C. O'Grady, for nine years manager of the Chicago branch of the Montreal Bank, and now general manager of the Northern Bank, the only institution of its kind with headquarters in Winnipeg and the West. Branch banks are looked upon as necessary to the elastic development of the new country, and they do business with a great deal less banking capital than American banks.

The system encourages large banks to establish their branches all over the country, so that each bank can put its money wherever it is needed, and keep in touch with the demand. Instead of buying government bonds, each bank can issue notes to twice the amount of its capital stock, and is taxed on this very heavily, so that it is desirable to retire them as fast as possible. The taxes are paid into a general fund, which guards all the banks from possible failure, and the bills have only

the credit of the combined Canadian banks, and the fund designed to protect the notes and look after the weaker institutions; but the percentage of bank failures is very favorable.

* * *

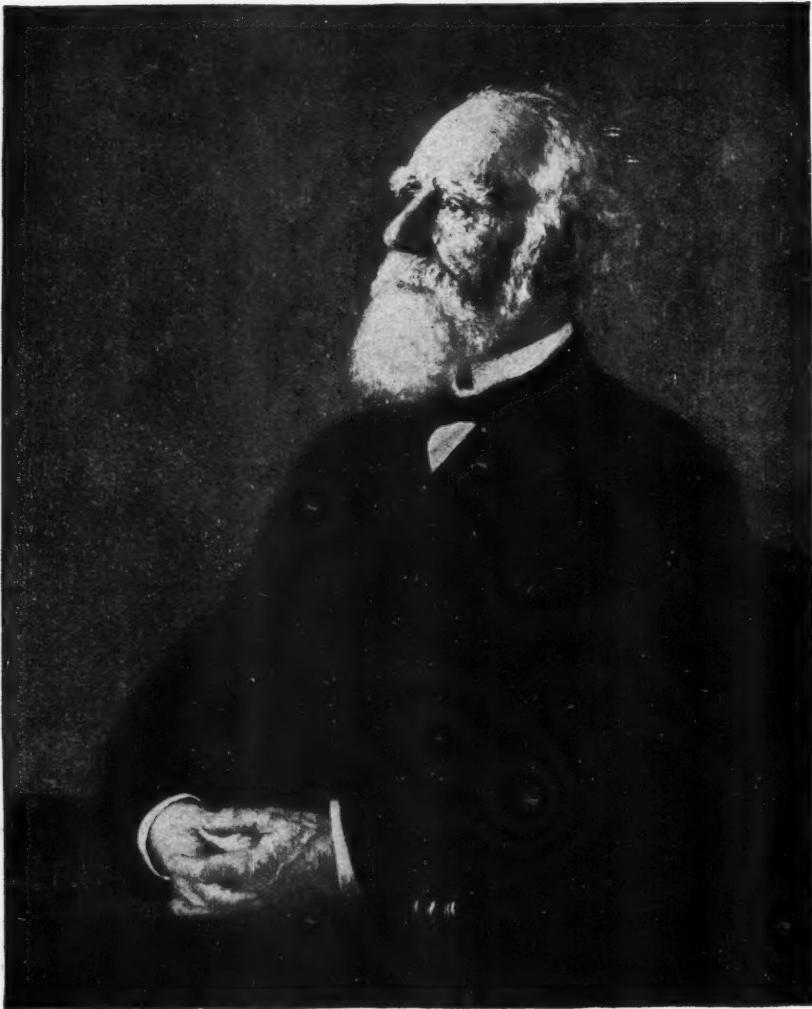
When mention is made of the empire-builders of the Canadian West, the name of Lord Strathcona instantly comes to mind. As Donald Smith, he played an important part in the exploitation of the great undeveloped country. He equipped a regiment, the Strathcona Horse, in the South African war. He has done much toward stimulating the ties that bind the Imperial and Colonial governments.

Lord Strathcona was knighted because of his public work, and was raised to the peerage because of his philanthropy. This latter point in his character was well brought out by the celebrated English novelist, Dickens, in his representation of the Cheeryble Brothers mentioned in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It is not generally known that Lord Strathcona was the original of this sketch.

His lordship's native place is in the Macbeth country, Forres, in the highlands of Scotland, where he was born in 1820. It is stated that, in early life, he was a "shy boy," a characteristic which seems in some measure to have followed him all through life; for he is still of a very retiring disposition. Lord Strathcona went to Canada at the age of eighteen, and entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which his uncle, William Grant, was a prominent member. After that the young Scotchman went to Manchester, England, and engaged in the manufacturing business.

Lord Strathcona drove the last spike in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the year 1885. He accompanied Wolseley in his march to the Northwest, during the time of the first Riel Rebellion and Fenian raid, which was quelled without the loss of a single life. Sir Charles Tupper then remarked that: "Without Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian Pacific Railway would not have been in existence."

He was associated with James J. Hill and Mr. Stevens, his cousin, a banker who was connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, and the three gentlemen united in the work of buying the bonds of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway in the crisis of '73, a purchase which amounted to \$20,000,-



LORD STRATHCONA, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CANADA WEST

ooo, and was obtained by them from the Dutch, who held the bonds. The price paid was eleven to seventy-five cents to the dollar.

Louis Riel, at the time of his escape, seeing Sir Donald in the distance, said to one of his companions:

"There goes the man who upset my plans."

Sir Donald was elected to the legislative assembly of Winnipeg, and a short time afterward he represented Selkirk at Ottawa.

With the prairies and valleys dotted with schools and churches; a blacksmith's shop here and there, and the buzz of building everywhere; the banks helpful and prosperous; a constant increase in homes, cultivated farms and elevators; wheat by millions of bushels constantly going over sea, Canada certainly presents a picture of progressive conquest, prosperity and growth, that may well be recorded as "The Triumphs of the Canadian West."

THE SEATTLE OF TODAY

SINCE the geography of the world became known, the fact has been generally recognized that the Pacific Northwest holds the key to the trade of the wide Pacific. Transportation alone was needed to make this key useful. That transportation has been supplied in abundance, and by leaps and bounds, the Pacific trade of this region is growing at a rate unparalleled in history. Sixty-two years ago, at St. Louis, Thomas H. Benton predicted the course this trade would follow, and his words were regarded as the utterances of a dreamer. His prophecy has been fulfilled; and today, the prophecy that ultimately the site of the world's commerce, of wealth and civilization, will be centered in the Pacific Northwest, is much more likely of fulfillment than was Benton's prophecy in 1844.

Seattle occupies a unique position, situated upon the shortest route of travel and transportation between the Eastern States, and the countries of the Orient and Alaska, at the point where the transcontinental roads from the east, the south and the middle west, meet the ships of the world in the large and growing commerce of the Pacific Ocean. This fact gives her natural advantages, surpassed by no other city in the world.

The population of Seattle in May, 1907, as indicated by the city directory for this year, was 217,395. The total was reached by multiplying the 96,620 names in the directory, by the multiple 24. Whereas there are 96,620 names this year, there were 81,747 in that publication for 1906, a difference of 14,873 representing a gain in population in one year of 33,564. In 1897, there were 24,500 names in the directory; in 1899, two years later, there were 30,757; in 1901 there were 47,142 in 1903, there were 61,504; in 1905, there were 75,623.

Recently, the Washington State Railway Commission, compiled the estimates of a commission of real estate experts on the realty holdings of the railroads for terminal purposes in Seattle. These estimates were based on the bare land, not taking into account any of the improvements. The

appraisement was made for July 1, 1906. The valuation on the Northern Pacific real estate alone was given conservatively at \$22,394,580.97; that on the Great Northern was placed at \$19,961,720.49. Thus, these two transcontinental lines, have an investment in Seattle, exclusive of the cost of their tracks, warehouses, docks, stations, tunnel and other improvements, of between forty and fifty million dollars.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, which is hastening its extension to the Pacific Coast, has invested enormous sums in terminal property at Seattle. The Union Pacific, through its local corporation, the Oregon & Washington Railroad Company, has within the past two years, spent \$10,000,000 in buying terminals and rights-of-way within the city, and is now having plans made for the largest individual switching yards and freight terminal grounds on the Pacific coast.

The Canadian Pacific enters the city by a traffic arrangement with other lines, but is expected before long to seek entrance by providing its own road. The Burlington reaches Seattle over the Northern Pacific.

The expansion of railroad facilities at Seattle is equalled in extent by the growth of means for water transportation and ocean commerce. The increased population and transportation connections are but an index of the growth of the entire northwest. The State of Washington now has, approximately, 1,000,000 people. Conservative estimates hold that within the next twenty-five years, this will reach 5,000,000, with one-fifth of the total in the city of Seattle. Within the boundaries of Washington could be placed all the states of New England, with room remaining for Delaware and the District of Columbia.

On the shores and the mountains, beside Puget Sound, is the finest body of timber in the world; this supplies the material for the leading and only fully developed industry of the region at present,—the manufacture of lumber and shingles. The soil produces marvelous crops of fruit, grain, vegetables,

THE SEATTLE OF TODAY

and hay, while the entire section is admirably adapted to dairying. Underneath the surface, the mountains contain great deposits of coal, iron and other minerals. The streams offer water power sufficient to run all the factories of New England. The Sound and the ocean nearby, abound in the choicest food-fishes, and shell fish industries, such as oyster raising, are growing in importance. The world's salmon market is fixed and controlled by Seattle brokers.

The resources behind Seattle are almost innumerable and their development has only begun. Many important lines of business are as yet entirely open to enterprising men.

As the gateway to Alaska, Seattle has, during the past ten years, built up an enormous business in that territory, and has laid the foundation to increase it in volume many times over with the unfolding and development of the riches to the north. Commerce passing through the gates of this city to the Orient, is advancing with astonishing rapidity, and is carried by such vessels as the Great Northern Steamship Company's liner, Minnesota, the largest cargo craft afloat, and by the big ships of the Japanese lines across the Pacific. Commerce in all directions from Seattle seeks other coast ports, in Hawaii and Australia, on the west coast of South America, and all parts of the world, and is becoming more extensive. Here are some figures on the subject:

In 1906, the foreign exports of Seattle were \$21,349,288; in 1897, they were only \$2,811,000. In 1906, the foreign imports were \$13,738,299; in 1897, they were but \$1,124,553. The lumber shipments for 1906, were 68,920,000 feet; for 1897, only 34,933,000. In 1906, coal shipments from the port reached 461,324 tons, while in 1897, they were but 281,513 tons. The custom-house receipts, which were only \$61,611 for 1897, amounted to \$1,250,000 in 1906.

Evidence of the substantial nature of the growth of Seattle is given in the figures on the bank deposits: In 1906, at the beginning of the year, the deposits amounted to \$48,257,667.13, as compared with \$2,710,370, in 1897, an increase in ten years of 1680 per cent., while the deposits of the entire country grew only 130 per cent. But, since 1906, the deposits at Seattle have increased so rapidly that on May 20, 1907, the total in nineteen banks of the city had reached

\$60,403,647.98. The bank clearances in 1906, amounted to \$485,920,021, compared with \$36,045,228 in 1897.

No other city in America showed such a percentage of gain from 1905 to 1906, in the value of buildings, represented by the permits issued for their construction. Those for 1905, were, \$6,684,784, while the permits secured for the inauguration of building construction in 1906 represented \$11,920,438, an increase of more than seventy-six per cent.

As a means of impressing the world with the marvelous progress of Western America, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition will be held at Seattle in 1909. It will be an important international fair, exploiting primarily the resources of the Alaska and Yukon territory, and promoting the commerce of the countries bordering on the Pacific ocean.

The exposition will represent an expenditure of \$10,000,000 when the gates are opened. It will occupy 250 acres of the campus of the University of Washington, on the gentle slopes and terraces overlooking Puget Sound, Lake Washington, and Lake Union. The citizens of Seattle raised in one day, \$650,000 for the preliminary financing of the exposition. The State of Washington appropriated \$1,000,000 for the undertaking, making an average of \$1.00 for every man, woman and child of its estimated population of 1,000,000. At least twenty-five states of the Union will erect buildings and install exhibits. Foreign exhibits will be limited to the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, but Great Britain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands will be invited to make exhibits representative of their interest in Pacific trade development.

The United States Government will participate on a large scale and make exhibits from Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Canada will erect a Canadian building, and structures for Yukon Territory, and British Columbia. Low railroad rates will be made from all points, which will afford an unparalleled opportunity for persons living at distant points to see the Pacific states and visit the exposition at little cost.

And while preparations are under way, for the fair, Seattle continues to grow. She extends to the world at large an invitation to visit her, before and during the exposition, and see the evidences on every side of present progress and future promise.



SWINGING around the circle—after a complete inland tour spanning the Canadian arch—my impulse was to pass on to Seattle. Puget Sound floats a commerce that is today surprising the world. The good steamer, Princess May, sweeps along the Olympian range of mountains on the right, past Port Townsend, and on toward the boundary line on the left; though boundary lines are now almost eliminated. The trip from Victoria, Vancouver, to Seattle is no more than going from New York to Boston. A few hours on the boat brought us within sight of the young Giant of the West. It was afternoon, and lying in the sunlight, fringing the shore, were the wharves teeming with shipping. Off to the right, on the point, were great flour mills grinding away, and on the undulating hills, with the streets terraced far up, was the city of Seattle, which from the sea presents the picture of a magic city. It is not surprising that the Victorian and West Canadian people are as much interested in Seattle as they are in the commerce of their own section, for its development has been as phenomenal as that of their own country.

* * *

It is impossible to keep mental record of the growth of this city, which is in years just out of its swaddling clothes, but has already assumed the responsibilities of mature years. Far out on the hillside we could see those modern insignias of growth—the towering sky-scrappers.

Seattle is now becoming a great convention city. The Christian Endeavor Con-

vention was held in July, and the energetic Chamber of Commerce in charge of the city are constantly reaching out vigorously for national conventions. No trip to the Pacific Coast is complete without a visit to Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle, for Puget Sound has announced itself as the gateway for the Orient and the terminal point for all tourist traffic to the Northwest. In Seattle they say, "See Seattle and stay," and certainly for many a day after the visitor leaves the city, the buzz of its "spirit" rings in his ears. Much has been said of its wet and dry rain, and the citizens will tell you they feel twice as well when it rains, and that they are sure to cough if they don't have plenty of wet. I coughed. The sign worked. The rich green foliage speaks well for climate, but it is not the trees nor the climate that has made the city famous—it is the people—just their indomitable Pushativeness.

* * *

ON the shores are beautiful inland lakes, and just over the adjacent hills are the homes of Seattle, that would do credit to any community.

The government work on the canal to Washington Lake is a project close to the hearts of the people, who vigorously push Uncle Sam into doing things. The activities of the Alaskan traffic centering in Seattle were just opening. Throughout Alaska you hear of Seattle, and in Seattle you hear all about Alaska. This constant interchange cemented binding relationships. Whether you voyage to Skaguay among the islands, over

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

the inland route on the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's route, or brave Pacific billows toward the Aleutian Islands to Nome and St. Michael, there is always one place where the lines on the map focus—that is Seattle.

* * *

In the very heart of the city stands the totem pole, emblem of that great empire to the northwest which Seward secured from Russia, which is well illustrated by Seattle. The



AGNES DEAN CAMERON

best definition of this spirit I have heard is that "It is the combined effort of all the people, set in motion at the right time, to achieve that which is for the common good," in other words, "doing the right thing at the right time." This was illustrated when 2,500 people responded in one day with \$650,000 cash subscriptions for the exposition.

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IT is the proud distinction of the National Magazine that among its contributors are many who have reached fame in literary circles, and on this list is Agnes Deans Cameron, whose style is one of the most attractive, of all the Canadian authors of today.

In her early life she was a school teacher, in British Columbia, and her keen eye for values, and quick analysis and appreciation of matters of interest, and of the humorous side of things, formed a combination rarely met with, which soon pushed her to the front as a writer. She has created a literature of her own; and what Kipling has done for India, Agnes Deans Cameron is doing for British Columbia. Her grasp of subject, her clear style, her wonderful facility of expression, her freshness of thought, all combine to make every line she writes of interest to a large, and ever increasing *clientèle* of readers. To those familiar with her, Miss Cameron's personality is an added attraction—tall, commanding in figure, with clear-cut, intellectual features and firm mouth, but ever with a gleam of humor lurking about the eyes, she is truly a woman in a thousand.

She is warm-hearted, and surcharged with keenest sympathy for her fellow mortals, while her calm and clear thought is most restful in these days of hurry, and query, and misuse of language.

Her appeals have all the heartiness of that great, varied expanse of territory known as the "Northwest," and no one person will be entitled to more credit for what Canada may achieve in the future than Agnes Deans Cameron, whose tireless literary work has awakened an enthusiastic interest in the new movement toward the "Last West." It is to the credit of the great Northwest that her people take a generous interest in the literary work of so ardent and earnest a Canadian writer.

Miss Cameron is vice-president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and a director of the Dominion of Canada Educational Association.

* * *

WHEN calling on Mr. F. D. Waterman, president of the L. E. Waterman Company, recently, he showed me the new "Signagraph" which will soon be on exhibition at the Waterman Booth in the Jamestown Exposition, and I am privileged to give National

I FORGOT TO GET



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¶ Don't you forget to get Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Everyone knows there's no shortening equal to *pure* leaf lard, and everyone who has ever used it knows there's no lard like Armour's "Simon Pure." It comes in tin pails, sealed under government supervision (threes, fives and tens). It costs less because it's best—so don't you forget "Simon Pure"

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¶ Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder; into this work one large teaspoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard until it is of the consistency of corn



meal, then add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled; roll out one-half inch thick, place in greased pan and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven; brush with yolk of egg and milk; return to oven to glaze.



OLD FASHIONED SUGAR COOKIES

¶ One cupful Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard; three cupfuls sugar, three eggs, one cupful buttermilk, one level teaspoonful soda, one-half nutmeg grated, pinch of salt; beat egg and sugar together; melt the lard and add with the nutmeg and salt; add



the milk; sift soda with two cupfuls pastry flour and add; then add enough more to make a dough easily handled; cut out one-eighth of an inch thick; press a raisin in each center; cover with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

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readers a little advance information on this clever device.

The Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen has long been considered a great time-saver, but it is now planned to make it not a double time-saver, but a twenty-fold time-saver, and if a single Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen has proven to be the best possible writing instrument for signature work, as indorsed by the leading captains of industry, then the new invention is to be twenty-fold perfect.

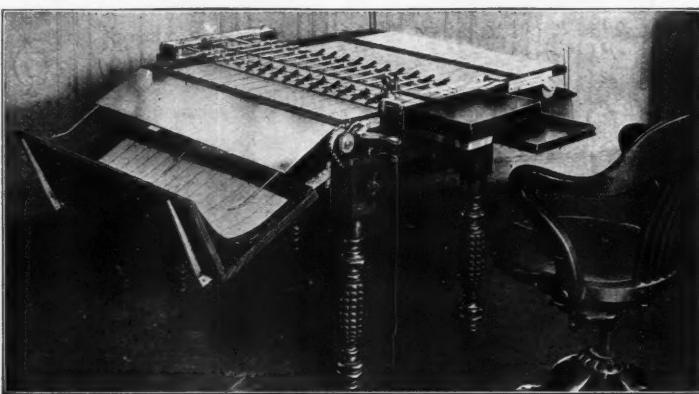
This instrument, with its attendant system, enables the writer to sign a number of documents separately and simultaneously, twenty being the number now provided for

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* * *

A REPRESENTATIVE of English manufacturers was sent to Canada to see why more British products were not sold in the Canadian Northwest. The average Eng-



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lish representative comes to Montreal, looks about, has a good time, and chums in with some broker there, who says to him: "Don't bother to go out there; I understand the Northwest Territory, and will act as your agent." So this gentleman is appointed agent. Probably he is agent for a number of other people as well, and though he may do a little business for each, it will not amount to much for any one concern. Having made this arrangement, the Englishman goes and takes a little jaunt around the country, a peep at "Niagara," and goes home. Meantime, the States manufacturer has been to Winnipeg, opened a warehouse or a factory, kept experienced salesmen going constantly through these thriving towns, "carrying the message to Garcia," and in a little while these traveling men come back and know how much

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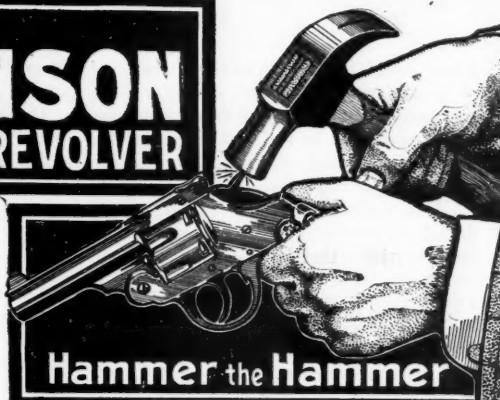
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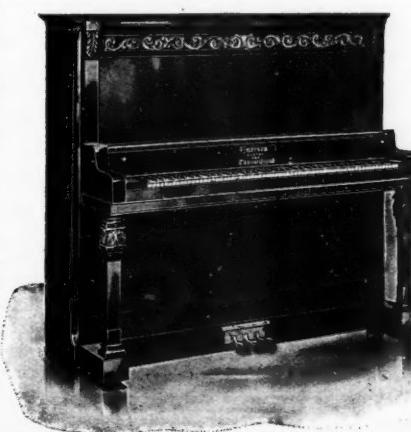
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wheat there is in a certain locality; what kind of goods are wanted there; how the crops are running; and have established a thriving trade, which will be maintained by personal intercourse, without which no business can succeed. The young manufacturer who starts for Winnipeg with a few hundred dollars, soon finds that he has come to the right place; always provided that he is willing to hustle and see to his business personally. That is why the merchants in Canada will insist on having American-made goods; either those from lower Canada or the United States—in preference to British manufactures.

* * *

HOME life in Western Canada is a study in itself. One who lived on a homestead in North Dakota in the early years, and knows what it is to construct sod barns and pioneer on the rough, raw prairies, will appreciate the home life of the Canadian, where lives the same spirit of buoyancy and helpfulness that comes as the result of bountiful crops, good prices and markets, even though the first years have been somewhat hard. An area of 160 acres is about as small a farm as anyone would tolerate in the West, and 320 acres can be farmed to advantage. The successful farmer lives by the land. One portion lies fallow one year, keeping the rest in crop every alternate two years. Even in the rugged days of seed time, I could see in fancy the ripening fields awakening to the busy click of the harvester each morning. The great problem here is to have the grain cut and housed in the elevator along the railroad track. In the wayside stations were little granaries for use when the elevators are crowded; for the sturdy farmers are equal to all emergencies. Over 22,000 harvesters were taken into Canada last year on the railroads. The management of the various roads exercise a careful scrutiny of all the crop results, which mean as much to them as to the farmers. An outcry for help goes forth in harvest time all over Canada.

* * *

ON the train, traveling west to Winnipeg, was an elderly woman, going to help her son make a new farm home in the Cypress Hills. She had her books with her—real solid books, although past three-score years. She was looking forward with all the ardor of

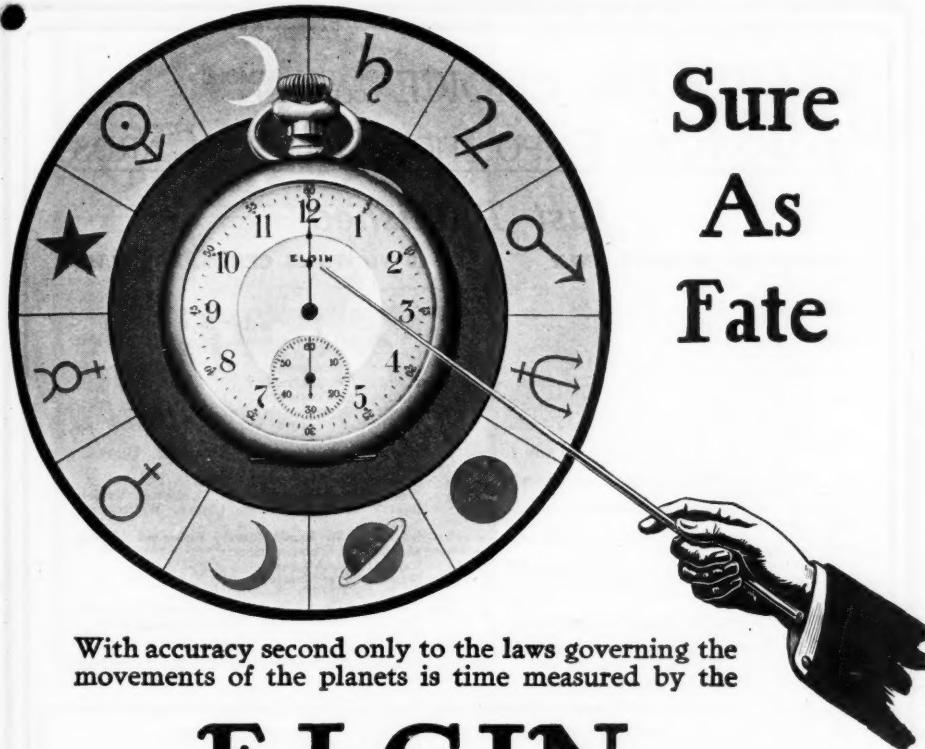
youth to the building up of a new home which would absolutely belong to her "boy." "He is a good son," said the proud mother, "and has been working a rented farm in Ohio, but now he owns a farm himself, and has built a house, which we are going to live in, and we shall sleep under our own roof for the first time in our lives."

* * *

On another train was a family going out to find a new home on the fruit lands of British Columbia. One of the little girls, a lovable little miss, a bright little creature, had only one hand. Her sweet face and affliction endeared her to everyone. The passengers quickly made friends with her, even the distinguished former member of the English Parliament making overtures, and the chilly young lady from the old country, who was evidently determined to make no "promiscuous" friendships on the train, finally succumbed to the charm of the little sweetheart. She was soon up in the berth of the dignified young Englishwoman, and sitting on the knee of the young bride, who was oblivious of the miles and miles we were passing, that set her farther and farther from the old home she had left, and the father and mother to whom she had bidden a tearful farewell for her new home and climate; and when the child was leaving the train how pathetic it was to see her throw her handless little arm about the neck of this young girl and bid her an affectionate good-bye, and when the little golden-haired playfellow had passed out of the train, we all felt that we had lost the sunshine.

* * *

An amusing story is told of a London nurse, who came out to British Columbia with the idea that she would find more scope for her profession than at home. After she arrived, she found that there seemed to be no such thing as illness in the place where she settled. Everybody continued in the rudest of good health, ate and slept so well that the nurse soon began to feel that the best nursing that could be done was to take a quarter section of land to care for. She went into farming and before long had her own prosperous home, where she lives today, and now says she has nursed a good bank account instead of attending the wants of complaining aenemics.



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There are on the market many concoctions labeled "Extracts" of which this cannot be said—in fact many of them do not contain a **particle** of the fruit whose name they bear. Knowing this difference, **which do you prefer?**

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are almost absolutely essential in sweeping the sick-room, convenient in sweeping up the crumbs around the dining-room table, or in sweeping up the ashes in the smoking-room—while nothing picks up the clippings, threads, etc., from about the sewing-room as quickly and easily.

Then, too, as an investment, a Bissell's costs less than two cents a month, and will save many times this every month in carpets, time, labor, besides saving human energy, preserving the health.

Buy a Bissell "Gyro"-Bearing Sweeper now, or your dealer, send us the purchase slip **within one week**, and we will send you **FREE** a fine quality card case with no printing on it.

BEWARE of frauds who claim to be sent out by us to repair Bissell Sweepers. We employ no agents of this kind.

Dept. 107
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Largest and only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



THE MORRIS CANOE



Special model, for safety unequalled. Perfection in design, strength and finish.

Send for Catalog.
B. N. MORRIS, - - - Veazie, Me.

There is nothing so soothing as a mother's kiss, except

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Granted under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number 1038

Millions of Mothers will tell you

It softens the gums.
It allays pain.
It cures wind colic.
It is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
It is absolutely harmless.

For sixty years it has proved the best remedy for children teething. Be sure you ask for

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

and take no other.

If an Advertisement Convinces You, Stay Convinced

DHEN you read in this magazine the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used, to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinced you, it is because of the element of truth which it contained. We accept only such advertisements as we believe truthfully describe the goods for sale.

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A land of innumerable waterways, 1,000 feet above sea level
In a cool rarefied atmosphere

SURE CURE FOR HAY FEVER

SOLID
VESTIBULED
TRAINS

THE
BEST OF
EVERYTHING



A LIKELY SPOT, C. N. O.

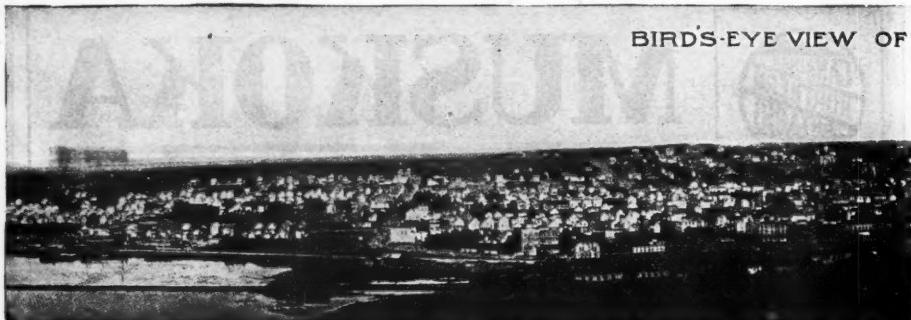
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Runs from Toronto direct to the centre of the Muskoka Lakes District.
One of the most beautiful scenic routes on the Continent. The remembrance
of this journey is something that will not end with a summer holiday.

OBSERVATION, DINING-PARLOR CARS

Write PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN NORTHERN BUILDING, TORONTO, for
free, handsome illustrated booklet, "The Lake Shore Line of the Muskokas."

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF

PRE-EMINENT in its possessions and possibilities as a great city stands PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO, at the very head of Lake Superior. It is beautifully situated on commanding hills and slopes, and stands fifth among Dominion cities in the value of buildings erected during the year 1906 — \$2,894,760 having been expended according to government reports.

It will be the great Flour Milling, Manufacturing and Distributing Centre of the Canadian West within a decade

Besides its commanding natural advantages for manufacturing and merchandising, Port Arthur offers unique economic conditions for new industries, being the only city in Canada that owns and operates its public franchises, viz:

1st. Nine miles of fully equipped Electric Railway operated at a net yearly profit of \$25,000 under present conditions giving eight rides for twenty-five cents during morning and evening hours.

2nd. A Central Energy Telephone System present rentals only \$24.00 per year for mercantile and \$12.00 for residential use.

3rd. A Water Works and Sewerage System that is a model of excellence.

4th. A Water Power Plant on Current River generating 2000 H. P. Electric energy with an estimated available power of 12,000 H. P.



CANADIAN NORTHERN ELEVATOR CAPACITY
7,000,000 BUSHELS

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY DOCKS

COAL DOCKS, PORT ARTHUR

DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

PORT ARTHUR, CANADA



PORT ARTHUR owns 1428 acres of land and water front for accommodation of Industrial enterprises and will sell electric power cheaper than any other city in Canada—from \$17.00 and lower, per H. P. per year, according to quantities used.

Receipts from public franchises already pay more than one half the taxes—rate of taxation only 15 mills on a 50 per cent. valuation.

With excellent School Buildings, Churches, Business Blocks and Beautiful Homes, Port Arthur is recognized as the best place in Canada for locating new industries while prices on real estate are at their present low valuation.

Decidedly interesting statistical reports on the city, and specific information may be secured through

JAMES McTEIGUE, City Clerk

FRANK JACKSON, Sec'y Board of Trade

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO

AT THE HEAD OF THUNDER BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR



CURRENT RIVER, SHOWING MUNICIPAL POWER DAM

EDMONTON

ALBERTA - - CANADA

If You Are Interested in a City that has had sense enough to retain and operate its Telephone, Electric Light, Street Railway and Water Works Systems.

That taxes unimproved real estate the same as improved.

That is underlain with three seams of Coal, insuring cheap fuel.

That is surrounded by 150 miles of rich black soil, the kind that made the Red River Valley famous.

That is the Gateway to the famous Peace River Country, The McKenzie River Valley and The Yellow-Head Pass.

That is the meeting point of three Transcontinental Railways, namely The Canadian Pacific, The Grand Trunk Pacific and The Canadian Northern Railways.

That had a population of 2,652 in 1901 and 11,534 in 1906, with an assessed valuation of \$17,046,798 and a tax rate of 10½ mills on the dollar. (Present population 15,000.)

That has Bank Clearings of \$1,000,000 per week, and has 4 Hospitals, 13 Banks, 10 Schools, 1 College, 13 Churches, 3 Flour Mills, 3 Saw Mills, a MILLION-DOLLAR Pork Packing Plant Building, a \$500,000 Brewery Building, etc., etc.

That is admitted to be as favorably situated in regard to its future as St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Winnipeg were in their early days.

Then You Are Interested in Edmonton and should write to A. G. Harrison, Secretary Board of Trade, for a Beautifully Illustrated Pamphlet entitled

"FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH EDMONTON Canada for THE BUSY MAN OF THE 20th CENTURY"

Containing maps, cuts and facts about this RAILWAY JOBBING WAREHOUSE and WHOLESALE CENTER of the Vast Province of Alberta.

NOTE:—

Edmonton is the Coming 20th Century City of the West



CITY OF PORT ARTHUR CANADA

Population in 1900—5,000 1907—20,000 1910—30,000

The incorporation of Port Arthur as a City will this year have a record-stiffening effect on real estate values. Of all growing centres in the west there is no single one which can show a better future prospect in view than Port Arthur. Industrial development in Port Arthur in 1907 is going to establish the city firmly and permanently as a manufacturing centre, as a home city, a railroad terminal, marine headquarters and prosperous business community. The East End of Port Arthur is attracting the manufacturers, and this year will see a building boom in the locality of the new industries now being established.

A FEW FACTS

Port Arthur, Canada, has the finest natural harbor on the great lakes. Port Arthur is the Lake Terminus of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Systems and Canadian Northern railroad.

Port Arthur offers any amount of cheap power from development of Kakabeka Falls, 15,000 h. p. now available for consumers at \$25 per h. p.; has among her undeveloped resources unlimited quantities of hematite and magnatite ore to which the iron world is now looking for future supply; is the great bulk-breaking point between the east and west.

The C. N. R. has 3,000 miles of railway bringing freight into Port Arthur, Canada. The C. P. R. has 5,000 miles of railway bringing freight into Port Arthur, Canada. The Grand Trunk Pacific Terminal location comprises 1600 acres of level land with 6 miles of harbor frontage.

\$4,000,000 will be spent in the next three years in developing this terminal. The contract has already been let for the construction of the largest elevator in the world, which will have a capacity of 7,000,000 bushels of grain at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Grain Shipments for the Year 1906

PORT ARTHUR, CANADA

Wheat, Canadian Ports	27,920,428	bushels
Wheat, American Ports	16,451,900	"
Oats, Canadian Ports	5,741,564	"
Barley, Canadian Ports	683,759	"
Flax, Canadian Ports	284,923	"
Flax, American Ports	97,130	"
Total	51,179,713	"

Grand View Addition

Is a particularly valuable property. It lies in the East end of the city, where all the industries are springing up. It is close to the property which is to be devoted to industries, and on which the *Meigl Manufacturing Co.*, makers of Threshing and other heavy Machinery; the *Seaman Kent Co.*, manufacturers of Hardwood products, and other industries, will be located. Other influences which will augment values in *Grand View* during the coming summer are the *enlarging* of the C. N. R. coal docks, which will be the largest in America; the *extension* of the C. P. R. yards, and the building of the *new station*, the *building* of two-million dollar *breakwater*, the *erection* of *pulp and other mills* at *Bare Point*, the *erection* of the *Mackenzie & Mann rolling mills*, and the continuation of the *railway to the blast furnaces*. These enormous works mean much to Port Arthur and to Grand View. A glance at the above drawing will show how the View must reap the benefit. This residential property is situated, as the name suggests, on the gentle slope of a beautiful hill, and commands a very fine view of the bay. It is close to the electric street railway on Cumberland avenue, and lies high and dry where good sanitation and every other comfort is easily obtained. No better investment has been offered the public. It will make good homes. It will yield good profits. Invest in the View.

Price of lots \$100. Terms as follows—\$25.00 cash, balance in four, eight and twelve months, with no interest.

Outside enquiries will receive prompt attention. When in Port Arthur drop in and

**C. SHERRY. Cumberland Street Port Arthur
Lake Superior, Canada**

WINNIPEG

For the Manufacturer, the Business Man
and the Man of Ability

The City of Opportunities The capital of the Province of Manitoba, and the commercial and financial center of all that vast area known as Western Canada, Winnipeg is necessarily the ideal location for the manufacturer—clothing, foodstuffs, footwear, metal goods, hardware, woodenware, prepared foods, flax and jute goods, cement-working machinery, contractors' supplies, pumps and pumping machinery, electrical apparatus and supplies, mechanical and civil engineers' supplies, Portland cement, chemicals, agricultural implements and machinery, underwear, hats and caps, jackets, boat-building, and other lines too numerous to mention.

Winnipeg is now seeking an extension of her industries to keep pace with the ever increasing trade that is multiplying yearly, and offers **you** an opportunity to come in and develop the great natural resources of Western Canada, and utilize the enormous quantities of by-products that can be profitably turned into dollars by modern methods.

A fixed tax valuation for assessment is given to the manufacturer for a period of years.

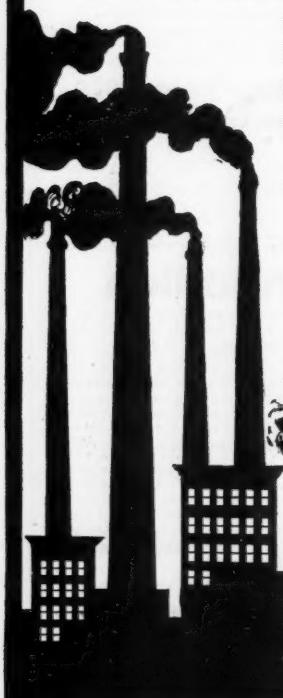
Write now for information to

CHARLES F. ROLAND

Industrial Commissioner

DEPT. W.

WINNIPEG, CANADA



Scene on Main Street, Winnipeg

WINNIPEG

The Wholesale and Financial Center of all
Western Canada

In Winnipeg the greatest opportunity of the twentieth century awaits the manufacturer, the capitalist, and the man of ability. Winnipeg is the key to the whole situation. Winnipeg is the pivot of all three Canadian Trans-continental Railway systems, and the foundation of the great industrial center is now firmly laid. Winnipeg is the metropolis where the demand exceeds the supply—a veritable city of opportunity.

No other point in Western Canada can present the same combined advantages to the young man, the manufacturer, jobber or capitalist, as Winnipeg does today.

The banking and building investments of Winnipeg give a sound guarantee to all.

SOME FIGURES

POPULATION

1885	19,574 people
1902	48,411 people
1904	67,262 people
1906	101,057 people

PROPERTY VALUATION

1900	\$27,000,000
1906	95,000,000

BANK CLEARINGS

1904	\$294,601,437
1906	504,585,914

CUSTOMS RETURNS

1905	\$2,705,051
1906	3,620,072

NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED

1905	\$10,840,150
1906	12,760,450

IMMIGRATION INTO W. CANADA

1905	146,266 people
1906	189,064 people

RAILWAY FACILITIES

C. P. Ry.	4,400 miles
C. N. Ry.	2,489 miles
G. T. P. Trans-Continental	Building

LET US SEND YOU FULL INFORMATION

CHARLES F. ROLAND, Industrial Commissioner

WINNIPEG DEVELOPMENT &
INDUSTRIAL BUREAU

DEPT. W

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Organized by The City Council, The Board of Trade, The Banker's Association, The Manufacturers' Association, The Real Estate Exchange, The Grain Exchange, The Builders' Exchange, The Commercial Travelers' Association, The Trades and Labor Council.



The
Gateway of
The Canadian West

SOME FACTS

The most progressive city in Canada.

Third city in size in Canada.

Broad and well-paved streets.

Municipal ownership of public works.

316 Acres of Public Parks.

Largest tonnage in Freight receipts.

Highest increase in Bank clearings.

Leads all in new buildings erected.

Six different Railway systems.

Greatest British Grain market.

Leads in Live Stock exports.

Best labor conditions in West.

Hold annual Western Ind. Exhibitions.

Home of 1,500 Commercial Travelers.

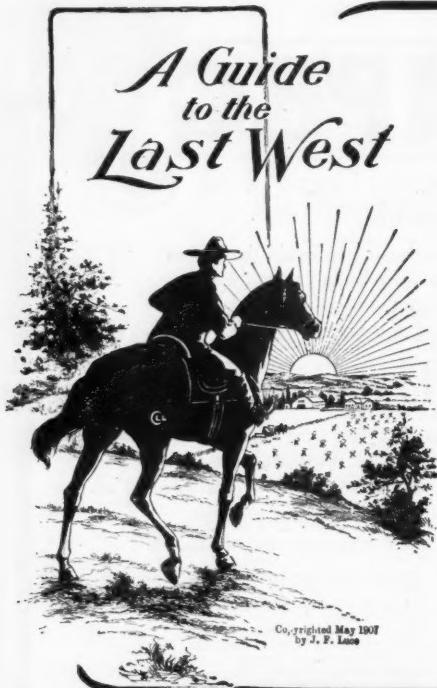
Wholesale center for Western Canada.

The financial cen-

Leads as a pub-

The city for

The city of



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WE SELL DIRECT
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An unparalleled opportunity to buy rich and fertile farm and wheat lands at bottom prices. We are the first and only company with the determination and nerve to sell land direct by mail, thus giving you the agent's commission.

Let us send you **free** our "Guide to the Last West." It gives as complete information as any agent could. It also describes our famous guarantee of **\$10.00 per day and expenses.**

Make a Profit by Saving One

Write us today for full details of **our** method.



Would an Investment

**Yielding from 6% to 10%, with ABSOLUTE SECURITY
GUARANTEED, interest you?**

**We can invest your money in first mortgage securities on the rich,
fertile wheat and stock growing lands of**

WESTERN CANADA

We are owners of over 27,000 acres and have listed with us over 500,000 acres of the best selected and most fertile wheat growing lands, which we are now offering to the investor and homeseeker at prices which in a very short time will double and treble. We can sell these lands on very easy terms if desired.

WESTERN CANADA has been rightly designated "**THE LAST WEST.**"

We guarantee absolute security, whether you have private funds to invest or can spare only a few dollars per month. Write us at once for full particulars and prospectus. It places you under no obligation, but will show you how your dollars can be made to grow.

We are authorized by the Manitoba Government to accept money on deposit, on which we pay 4% interest. \$1,000 grows to \$2,000 in less than 18 years.

Imperial Investments Ltd.,

(BANKERS)

Capital Stock \$100,000 614 McIntyre Bldg., Winnipeg, Manitoba



LAST MOUNTAIN VALLEY

SASKATCHEWAN



WHEAT LANDS

COMPARE THE YIELDS!

	BUS. PER ACRE
American Wheat Growing States	10-15
Last Mountain Valley	29.2

COMPARE THE PRICES!

	PER ACRE
American Wheat Growing States	\$30 - \$120
Last Mountain Valley	\$10 - \$20

What do these figures signify? If they mean anything, they mean that Last Mountain Valley Lands must move up until their price is at least equal to that of American wheat lands. This means

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

to the Farmer and to the Investor. Five years ago these lands were selling at \$5 per acre. Five years hence they will be selling at over \$50 per acre. The moral is plain—Invest now and Reap Rich Rewards for your Foresight.

In addition to being owners of over 100,000 acres of Last Mountain Valley Lands we own many splendid city properties in Western Canada. Read the three following propositions if you are looking for investments in the Canadian West. All of them are gilt-edged money makers. Further particulars on request.

PROPOSITION 1

640 acres open rolling prairie, half mile from town limits of **Southey** on Kirkella branch C. P. Ry. Clay loam surface, clay subsoil. Choicest wheat land to be got anywhere. 620 acres can be plowed, balance haymeadow. \$20 per acre, five or six year payments, to suit purchaser.

PROPOSITION 2

46 acres adjoining **Winnipeg City Limits**. Street car building past property. Canadian Northern Ry. crosses it. Three other railway systems within 1-4 mile. Magnificent factory or warehouse sites, or for residential subdivision. Price \$425 per acre. \$100 cash.

PROPOSITION 3

94 acres within City Lim's of **Port Arthur** (great shipping port, head of Lake Superior, blast furnaces, etc.) overlooking the Lake and 1 1-4 mile from P. O. Beautifully wooded with spruce, elm and birch. Residential subdivisio's on three sides; selling at over \$1000 per acre and offered at \$300 per acre. One-third cash, balance one and two years.

Send for our Souvenir Booklet "The Lake and the Land of the Last Mountain Valley"—a work of art as well as a mine of information. Free upon request.

W. M. PEARSON CO., Ltd.
320 Northern Bank Bldg.

Winnipeg, Canada

*It is pure of the purest, with a sparkle its own,
Of the delicate flavor that long lingers on;
Thorough-bred, thorough-ripened, for long years it has lain,
Till it's rich, rare and royal—The Great Western Champagne.*



The fine wine grape, possessing the same qualities as those grown in France, with the French method of making, give

Great Western Extra Dry Champagne

the exquisite taste and sparkling effervescence of the best foreign wines. Great Western is made under the same identical methods as the most select French Champagnes, and it is aged for five years in the same kind of cellars. This gives Great Western an excellence which the French connoisseurs themselves recognize.

Nearly one hundred years of cultivation of Great Western vineyards in New York State have given the soil the elements that produce the same peculiar quality Champagne grape as grown in the famous vineyards of France.

At the Paris Exposition Great Western Champagne was awarded a gold medal for quality.

Great Western Champagne costs 50% less than the imported. The U. S. Custom House receives no revenue from Great Western and you get 100% wine value.

Try Great Western—we like comparisons.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers, RHEIMS, N. Y.
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Leading mining, financial and investment magazine, containing up-to-date information on mining, oil and other money making industries.

It gives latest news from the great Nevada camps. It describes the principal companies and the best dividend paying stocks.

It also describes a wonderfully successful system whereby heavy speculative profits may be quickly and easily made on absolutely safe investments.

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If you have made or contemplate making any investments of any kind, write for it at once without fail.

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Remingtons \$20 to \$75
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1000 new **Visible Sholes** machines, built to sell for \$95—our price while they last \$45. All leading makes, \$10 to \$75. We rent all makes of machines for \$3 a month and up. Send for **big free catalog** list of rare bargains. Write today before sale closes.



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Will Make Your Teeth
Pearly White and Sound

REMOVES TARTAR
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100 Years in Use

Imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath

Contains the most valuable vegetable anti-septics for cleansing the mouth

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HAIR ON FACE NECK AND ARMS

INSTANTLY REMOVED WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN

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Modene supersedes Electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety-mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.
MODENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 213, Cincinnati, Ohio

We offer \$1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

Rich, Oriental Silk Kimono FREE!

Ladies who see this advertisement: You know that Oriental Kimonos are always in season. You wish to have one of these dainty garments—house dress which can be worn on all occasions with up-to-date-ness and attractiveness. Will you order one for your wardrobe at following special prices, which include my OFFER TO GIVE YOU ONE FREE soon after you have ordered yours?



No. 1	{	Full length, usual price	\$13.50	Now \$10
		Short "	"	5
No. 2	{	Full "	"	6.50
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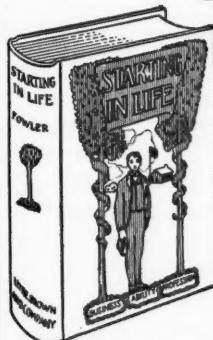
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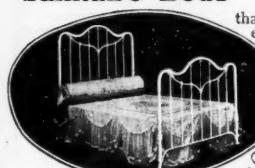
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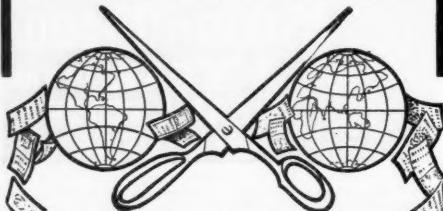
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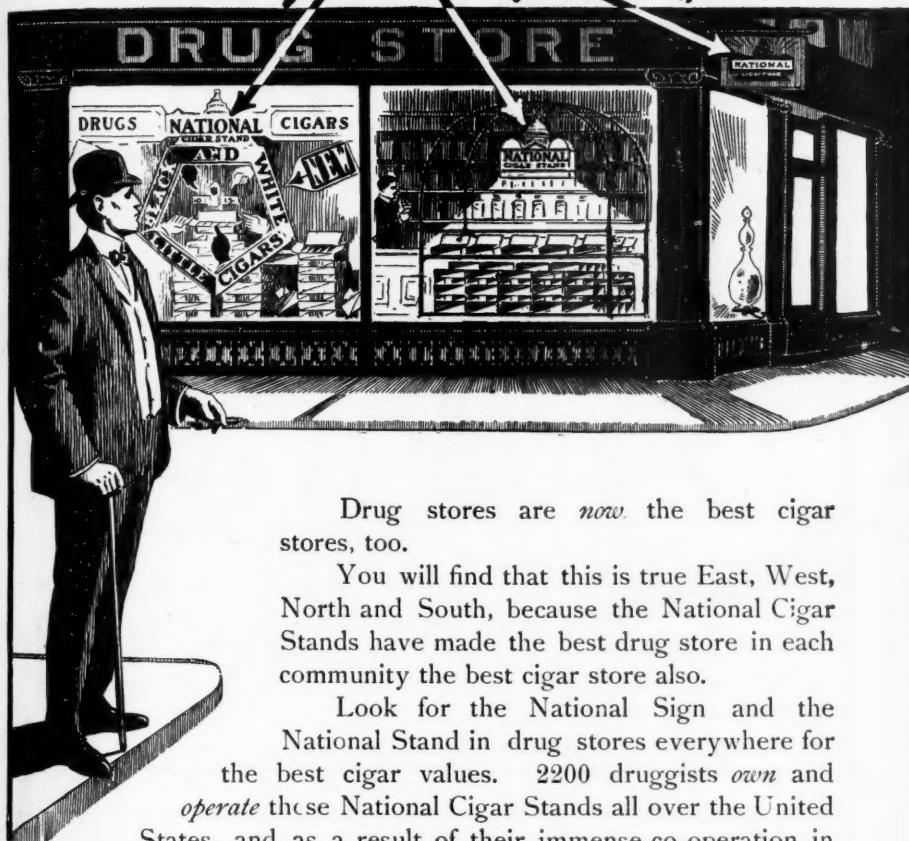


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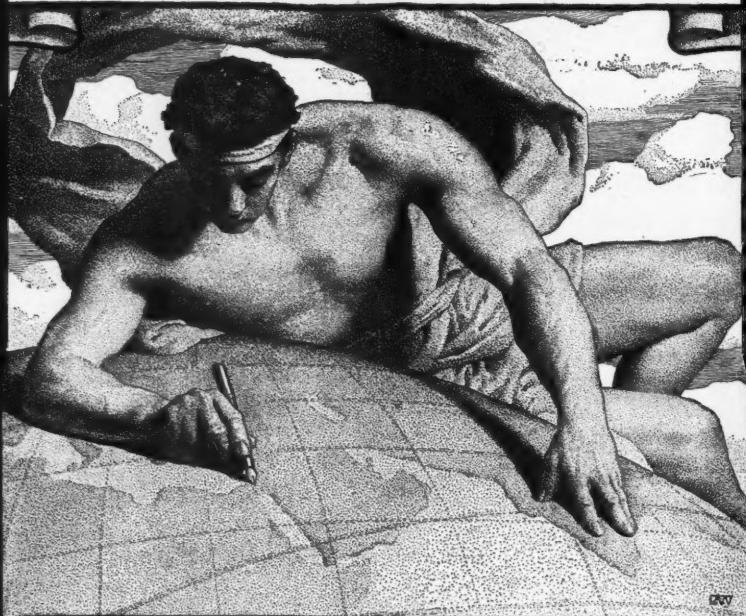
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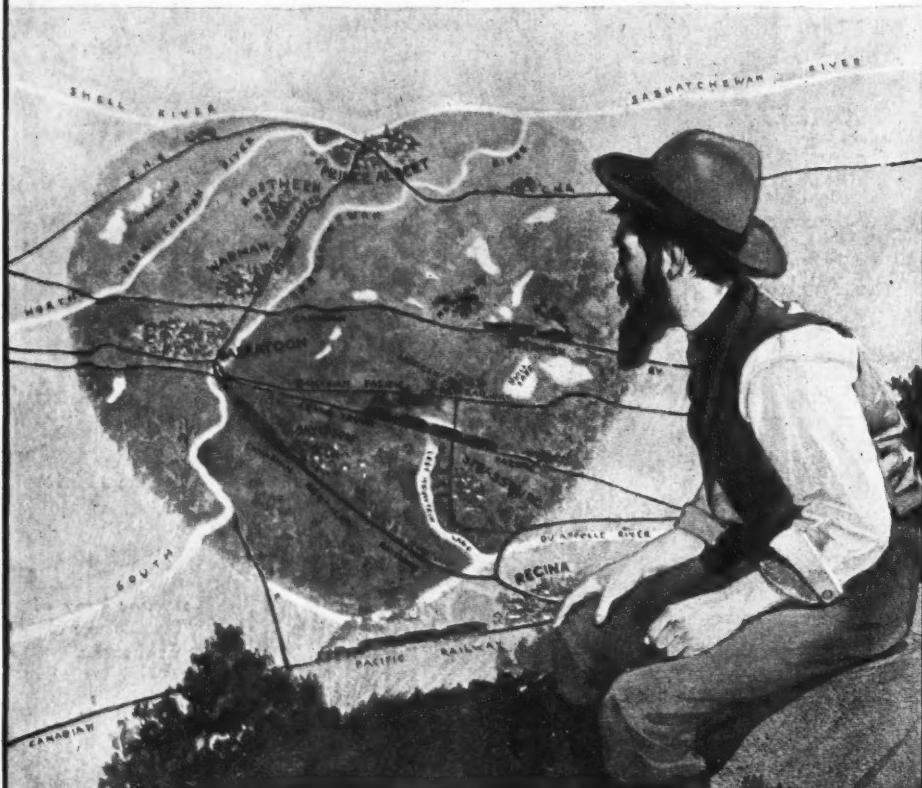
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